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WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FORTRESSES OF GERMANY.

IN the last three numbers of the *New Monthly* we have found opportunity to examine into the military resources of Germany, and have furnished such details as must convince our readers that too great importance cannot be attached to the eventual turn which German politics may take. We have attempted to prove that ample resources are at our command, if we only know how to employ them rightly, and that our only reliance is to be placed in the selfishness of the minor German rulers. Austria and Prussia have refused to accept the glorious situation offered them, and the former power is wasting its energies in tortuous policy, aiming at the definitive occupation of the Principalities. The struggle will yet take place on the Danube, and then, but not till then, shall we be able to judge what faith is to be placed in the princes of the House of Hapsburg. We trust that our anticipations may not be realised, but we entertain great and unfortunately too well-founded doubts as to Austria's honesty of purpose.

But, before quitting this interesting subject, there is one point further to which we feel inclined to draw our reader's attention—namely, the internal defences which Germany possesses, in case she followed the suicidal policy of assisting the Czar in his encroachments upon Europe. We hope that we shall have it in our power to show that, in spite of the efforts Germany has made to render her frontier almost impregnable against France, there are some points still left undefended in which the Allies could do her a vital injury. Our views may be theoretical—and, indeed, it appears most improbable that Germany should combine against us when she has so much at stake—but the subject is an interesting one, and our readers will probably pardon us for drawing their attention to it. Prussia undoubtedly takes the first rank in the defence of her own frontiers, and, consequently, those of Germany.

With the exception of Austria, who possesses many very large fortresses in her non-German territories, Prussia has erected more fortresses than the whole of the Germanic Confederation, and at the same time constantly paid her full quota, according to the number of her population, to the expenses of the federal fortresses. If we take, in the first instance, the line of the Lower Rhine, which played so considerable a part in all campaigns, we find that it has been almost entirely defended by Prussia's exertions. The fortresses of Wesel and Coblenz, with the Ehrenbreitstein, one of the strongest Germany possesses, and the fortifications of Cologne, which may be regarded as a large entrenched camp, have been built and main-

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Austria has undertaken the defence of the German frontier on the Italian side, and performed the task in the most satisfactory manner, as she had to protect her own territory at the same time. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces, which would always be exposed to the first attack, are very powerfully defended by the immense works of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Venice. Verona, which has been so strongly fortified during the last twenty years, is now a fortress of the first rank, and we all know what value it possessed in 1848 for Austria. Venice, too, is of great importance, and the strength of its natural position cost the besiegers a fearful sacrifice in 1848.

If, then, a hostile army tried to enter Germany from Italy these fortresses would be no small obstacles to its progress. In the second line would then come the fortifications in the defiles of the Tyrol, more especially the Franzensfeste at Brixen, and the entrenchments in Finster Mûnz pass, on the road from Gratz to Augsburg or Innsbrûck. Highly favoured by nature, works have been thrown up here which an enemy could only storm at a fearful expenditure of men.

The large fortified camp at Linz, formed by the well-known towers of Archduke Maximilian, also possesses great value. Linz, with its thirty-two towers, would be well adapted for the formation of a reserve army to protect a beaten army, which would here be enabled to re-form; and in a future war circumstances might occur when this would be of the greatest possible importance for future operations. It would be far more difficult now to seize upon Vienna than was the case in 1805 and 1809.

Although Austria displayed such energy in the defence of her western frontier, until recently she almost entirely neglected the eastern side. The whole of Galicia and the Bukowina was almost entirely exposed, or, at the most, had a few defenceless fortresses. This was the more remarkable, as the cabinet at Vienna must know that Russia has ever been, and ever will be, the most dangerous foe of Germany, and that, in spite of the cordial friendship between the two governments, which was founded more on the personal friendship of the reigning monarch than on the similarity of the mutual interests, before long a hostile collision must result. It seemed, however, as if they wished to excite Russia to take possession of Galicia, so utterly defenceless was this valuable province left. Very recently the immense error which had been committed, in a military point of view, was recognised, and with that praiseworthy energy characterising all the military measures of the present emperor, every attempt has been made to rectify it while there was yet time. No slight exertions have been made to fortify several important points in Galicia—for instance, Cracow and Lemberg, and the great entrenchments at Premszyl—and, as we hear from trustworthy sources, the highest success has rewarded their efforts. It is surprising how much has been effected in so short a time. Hence, if a war were to break out between Austria and Russia, the latter power would learn to her own injury what a great change has been effected in Galicia during the last four years. But if another interval of peace is allowed, the fortresses in Galicia and the Bukowina will be thoroughly completed. As the security of Germany against a dangerous neighbour will be greatly promoted by this, Austria

certainly deserves the thanks of the Germans, even if she only had her own safety in view; as we dare say was the case.

Olmütz, an important fortress for Austria, also possesses considerable value for Germany. So long as Galicia was undefended, it was the first strong place which would have impeded the march of a Russian army on Vienna, and the capital was also greatly protected thereby from any possible attack on the Prussian side. It was consequently natural that every possible effort was made to fortify so important a point; and, according to the opinion of experienced officers, the result has been quite satisfactory. The fortresses which Austria possesses on her Turkish frontier have but slight value for the rest of Germany, as no danger threatens it longer from that side, and a siege of Vienna by the Osmanli will, probably, never occur again. Comorn, one of the strongest fortresses in the empire, possesses some importance, as the German element in that country gains considerable support from it.

The Bohemian fortresses are a result of the seven years' war, and were especially built to guard against any inroad on the part of Prussia. They are of little service for the protection of Germany against an external foe, whatever importance they may possess for Austria specially, so we will pass them over.

The kingdom of Saxony, as a purely German inland territory, has no fortresses with the exception of Königstein, and, in our opinion, there is no necessity to build any there. The same is the case with the Thuringian and Anhaltine principalities, as well as the two Hesses. Each of these lands has mountain forts, which are principally employed as prisons. The fortification of Bingen on the Rhine would probably serve the interests of Germany, although we consider other works far more important just at present. Nassau also has no fortresses, and its position does not allow the erection of any.

If we now turn to the German frontier opposed to Russia, we find that had not Prussia interposed, it would be as defenceless as was Galicia a few years back. The fortifications of Posen, almost the largest to be found in Prussia, then those of Königsberg, which are not yet quite completed, and the fortress at Loitzen, in East Prussia, may be here mentioned. The fortifications of Posen and Königsberg possess the same value for Germany as those of Ulm, and ought to have been equally built at the expense of the Confederation. At the same time, the fortresses of Graudenz, Küstrin, the Silesian fortresses Glatz, Glogau, Neisse, and Silberberg, would also be of importance in a Russian war, although lying within the second line of defence. In addition to these frontier fortresses, the Prussian state possesses in its interior several considerable fortresses, which are always kept in the best condition, and no small sums are expended on them annually. Minden, the only fortress along the whole of the Weser; the Elbe fortresses Magdeburg, Torgau, and Wittenberg; Erfurt, which is of great importance for the defence of the forest of Thuringia; Spandau, which protects Berlin on one side; the Oder fortresses Küstrin and Stettin. Although these fortresses do not possess such importance as those situate immediately on the frontier, still they indubitably would prove of no slight service in the defence of Germany.

If we now turn to the German coast range, we find that Prussia has

done her best to defend her havens on the Baltic. The fortifications of Pillau, Colberg,* Swinemünde, the exterior harbour of Stettin, and Stralsund, may be here mentioned, and would be of no slight service in preventing a hostile landing in the Baltic. Though they might impede troops, they could not, however, for a moment stand a bombardment from such fleets as we now have in the Baltic.

The remainder of the German Baltic coast not belonging to Prussia is perfectly undefended, and the Mecklenburg ports of Warnemünde and Wismar, Travemünde, the outer harbour of Lübeck, and the Schleswig-Holstein ports, if we may reckon the latter as forming part of Germany, have not even the slightest works for their defence. If Germany were to be engaged in a war with any naval power, it would be no difficult task for half a dozen steamers of light draught to take possession of the rich ports of Rostock, Wismar, Lübeck, and Kiel, and land several thousand men. Although these troops would not be able to maintain their ground for any lengthened period, still a visit of this nature, if only for a few days, would have a most injurious effect. In 1849, during the war with Denmark, the greatest apprehensions were entertained of a hostile landing, although the enemy only had a few frigates and a very slight force at their disposal. The Danes would not undertake such an expedition for fear of causing the Germans to carry on a more energetic war in Jütland, else nothing would have prevented them from taking possession of Lübeck, Wismar, and Rostock, though it might only have been for a short time. It is true that a few earthworks had been thrown up under the apprehension of such an attack, and a couple of field-guns had been mounted, but they would not have been able to check the advance of even a single frigate had it felt any inclination to make a serious attack.

If, however, Germany is ever engaged in a contest with any great naval power possessing a fleet in the Baltic—and this may happen under present circumstances very easily—this defenceless condition of the Baltic littoral would entail the very worst results for Germany. From Rostock, Wismar, and Lübeck, railways run through Mecklenburg into Prussia, by means of which hostile troops that had unexpectedly taken possession of these havens could easily undertake an incursion. If a couple of light steam corvettes were to sail into these ports, they could soon take possession of the railway stations; and though they might not hold them for any length of time, still a momentary occupation would have a very injurious effect. To afford any effective resistance against such a *coup de main*, it would be indispensably requisite to fortify Warnemünde, and the havens of Rostock, Wismar, and Travemünde. A few detached forts, armed with heavy guns, would be amply sufficient for this purpose. It is curious, that while every nation has striven to put its seaboard in a state of defence, in Germany this measure of precaution has been almost entirely neglected.

It is the same, again, with all the ports in the German Ocean. Cuxhaven is entirely undefended, and only a few works have been thrown up

* This fortress is ever memorable for its heroic defence by the townsman against the French in the war of liberation. We hope some day to give our readers a more detailed account of it.

opposite Bremerhaven on the Hanoverian side. The same fears prevailed at Hamburg of a hostile visit from a Danish frigate, and most lamentable were the defensive measures taken to guard against it. We can remember, for instance, perfectly well, the so-called battery built at that period on the Wilhelmsburg promontory opposite to Hamburg, and armed with a few light service guns belonging to the civic artillery. It was a pitiful sight that a country like Germany, once great, glorious, and free, could not furnish more effective defences for its richest and most important commercial port. Such a battery might possibly have checked the progress of a couple of gun-boats, but a squadron would not have found the slightest difficulty in forcing its way. Had not the Danish frigates had sufficient reasons to refrain, these trumpery batteries could have been blown to pieces without an effort of resistance.

But this defenceless condition of the northern ports affects not merely the interests of the coast towns, but also those of all Germany most closely. It is not merely that the ports could be bombarded and destroyed, but considerable forces could be landed, who could exercise a most injurious effect on the course of a campaign. Let us assume, for instance, that Germany were engaged in a war with a large naval power: the first thing would be, that small steamers, of light draught but heavy armament, would sail up the Elbe or Weser to Hamburg or Bremen. What unmeasurable injury could not such vessels inflict on these flourishing cities, the effect of which would be felt to the farthest corner of Germany, by the stoppage of all mercantile traffic? Indeed, Bremen and Hamburg are of more importance to Germany than are Riga and Odessa to Russia, and yet the latter are defended, while the former are quite exposed to an enemy. Let us suppose that a hostile fleet destroyed the Hanse towns, which could be effected in a very short time with the present state of the defences, and the blow would be felt for many, many years. Who would undertake the transatlantic trade, and bear to their new home the thousands of emigrants who annually flock from Germany? It almost seems to us incomprehensible, when we regard all these dangers to which Germany would be exposed in the event of a war, that the six years of peace since 1849 have again passed away without the slightest steps having been taken to alter this. The Russians assuredly regard this defenceless condition of the German coasts with silent triumph, for they know better than the Germans appear to do where the unguarded spot is at which the blow would be struck. In this respect the Germans seem quite to have forgotten the golden rule, "*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*"

But not only are the ports of the German Ocean quite exposed to the attack of an enemy, but it would be a perfectly easy task to land a large body of troops, and so threaten the whole of Northern Germany. Suppose Germany were now engaged in war with France, a corps of 50,000 or 60,000 men, with artillery, and a few regiments of cavalry, could be easily collected at Havre, Brest, Cherbourg, and other French ports on the Channel. From Havre to Hamburg or Bremen a steamer goes easily in two or two and a half days, and by employing transports a *corps d'armée* could be landed within a few days at one of the ports in North Germany. Supposing, for instance, troops were carried by

steamers from Havre to Hamburg, the ships would only require provisions for four or five days, and the proper quantity of coal, and hence could carry a larger amount of men, horses, artillery, and ammunition, than is usually the case. Nor would they require to take a great number of horses with them, especially for the artillery, as the northern provinces are well known to be stocked with good horses, and the artillery and cavalry remounts could be easily obtained there in a few days. In addition, these countries are so overstocked with provender for man and horse, that the troops could be landed at once without any dependence on the commissariat. What an advantage this would be is seen in the delay which occurred in carrying the allied forces to Turkey.

At present there is nothing to prevent the disembarkation of such a corps. The Germans have no fleet, for the attempt to found one was nipped in the bud, and, as we have seen, the harbours are unfortified. If a French corps of 50,000 men were to land suddenly at Hamburg or Bremen, the injury inflicted thereby on Northern Germany would be incalculable. Strange to say, through the whole of the northern states there is not a single fortress to check the progress of such a corps. From Bremen or Hamburg the important cities of Hanover, Brunswick, Schwerin, Strelitz, Lübeck, and Oldenburg can be reached very easily and quickly, without leaving a single dangerous fortress in the rear. Stade in Hanover, and Domitz in Mecklenburg, both situated on the Elbe, have, it is true, a few works, but they are so inconsiderable as not to be worth mentioning. The first important fortresses which we arrive at in North Germany, starting from the sea, are the Prussian fortresses of Stralsund, Spandau close to Berlin, Magdeburg, Torgau, and Wittenberg on the Elbe, and Minden on the Weser, but all at a distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from the sea-coast. Now, although a corps such as we described of 50,000 men could not probably hold its ground for any length of time in North Germany, but be forced to return to their shipping, still even a temporary occupation of the above-mentioned cities would give a most serious blow to the German military system. With a little caution, the commander of such a corps would be enabled to make rather extensive and apparently bold inroads into Germany. His ships of war would always secure his retreat, and if he were to throw up an entrenched camp under the protection of their guns, he could defend it against a large body of German troops. The guns of men-of-war are of very heavy calibre, and would soon knock to pieces the light field-guns opposed to them. Again, in the present state of things, if the Germans wished to guard against any such hostile landing, they would be compelled to keep large bodies of troops in all the northern ports. It would be impossible to foresee at what place and time such a landing would take place, and as there is no railway as yet built along the sea-coast, the number of troops detached for this purpose would necessarily be the larger, as there are no facilities for concentrating them on a given point. But even if no landing were attempted, the presence of a hostile fleet would hold a large body of men in check, and so weaken the force sent to oppose any army entering Germany on the land side.

But, even supposing that the German ports were placed in such a state of defence as would prevent the landing of an enemy (and this could only be effected at the expense of the Diet, as the German states are too poor

to undertake it individually), still it would be requisite—and in this we are borne out by eminent military authorities—that a strong and large German federal fortress should be erected at some suitable spot, to check the advance of a foe into the interior. It was a great mistake that, in 1851, the fortress of Rendsburg was restored to the Danes unconditionally, for it would have admirably served for the purpose in view. A slight outlay would have converted Rendsburg into a fortress of the first class, which could be converted into a *place d'armes* for a large *corps d'armée*. In three or four hours it is possible, by means of the railway, to go from Rendsburg to Kiel, the finest German haven on the whole German coast, to Glückstadt, a very good harbour on the Elbe, up to which point ships of considerable burden can sail; in four hours you can reach Hamburg, in eight or nine, Lübeck and Schwerin; in twelve or fifteen, Berlin, Magdeburg, or, by a rapid passage of the Elbe, Brunswick, Hanover, and Bremen; while, on the other side, Rendsburg would form an admirable defence of the German frontier against Denmark. But at that period the designs of Russia were not seen through, and the Allies played the game of their present enemy when they sought to cripple Germany, as they did at the termination of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign. At the present time the Danes could march unimpeded upon Hamburg, and there is no knowing whether they may not eventually do so.

As, then, Germany has lost Rendsburg, and the Danebrog Cross is again fluttering over its walls, the best plan would be to look out for another spot adapted for the erection of a German federal fortress. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the locality to know whether the country would prevent the building of large fortifications, but if not, the Hanoverian town of Stade, on the left bank of the Elbe, twenty miles below Hamburg, according to its geographical position, would be well adapted; or else Harburg, opposite Hamburg, or any other favourable point on the left bank of the Elbe in Hanover. We trust we have shown that by building such a fortress the march of an enemy on the interior of Germany would be prevented. When the German Confederation was founded at the termination of the great Napoleonic wars, and a few fortresses were commenced by the aid of the French contribution, no thought was taken of anything but protecting the frontier as far as possible against France. No one thought for a moment of the defence of the sea-coast, for in all the late great wars, whose experiences were alone kept in sight, it had never occurred that a French fleet had attempted a disembarkation on the North German seaboard. But the supposition that it would always remain so, which alone prevented steps being taken for the defence of the North German ports, is no longer correct. In the first place, in all the wars Germany carried on with France from 1793 to 1815, England was ever her ally. The powerful British fleet commanded every sea, and prevented the French from hazarding any expedition. But now England and France are firmly allied, and will assuredly remain fast friends in case either power is engaged in a war with Germany. When united, their fleets will sweep every sea, and then, unless the Germans set about the task of defending themselves much more energetically than they have done during the thirty years' peace, the eventualities to which we have alluded would very soon come about.

The empire of Austria has not yet defended her seaports in the Adriatic so fully as is requisite, and more especially at Trieste much still remains to be done. But Austria just at present has more important matters to attend to, and we have no doubt, seeing the energy which she devotes to all her military affairs, that nothing will be neglected which is necessary for the defence of her frontier.

In addition to the troops and fortresses of Germany, which we have striven to describe to the best of our ability, there is one more subject which we do not think it right to neglect—namely, the German railway system, which appears to have become a very important element in all military calculations of the present day. The campaigns of 1848, 1849, and 1850, amply proved their value. Among the more important railways recently completed we consider that from Augsburg to Ulm as excessively valuable in a strategic point of view. At the present moment troops and *matériel* can be carried from Dresden, Berlin, Magdeburg, and the other large Prussian fortresses, to Ulm or Rastadt in two to three days. This can be effected even more rapidly from Munich and the other Bavarian *places d'armes* situated on the railway, and troops and ammunition can now be carried to these fortresses from Prague and Olmütz, or even from Vienna, although a long detour by Dresden would have to be made. We are convinced that it would be possible to transport a *corps d'armée* of 25,000 men, with all their ammunition, &c., in four or five days from Pesth or Lemberg to Ulm or Rastadt; a circumstance which ten years back would have been regarded as a myth, and laughed at accordingly.

It is also a very important move in the right direction that the Baden railway, running from Mannheim to the Swiss frontier, and which was hitherto broad guage, has now been so regulated that, in case of need, the carriages and engines of other lines can run upon it. The Baden railway is the most important, in a military point of view, in Germany, for it not only runs parallel to the French frontier for a considerable distance, but forms, at the same time, a connecting link between the three most important federal fortresses, Ulm, Rastadt, and Mayence. Recently great exertions have been made in Germany to establish "through trains," and a traveller can now go from Königsberg to Vienna, Pesth, Stuttgardt, or Cologne without changing carriages. We need not allude to the immense importance of this in transporting troops and artillery.

A second railway, most important for Germany in a strategic point of view, is the recently completed Prussian Ostbahn, or eastern line, running to Danzig and Königsberg. This line is of the highest value for the defence of the German eastern frontier in the event of a war with Russia, for it has rendered it possible to concentrate large masses of troops on that side of Germany within a very few days. This frontier was hitherto too remote from the larger German *places d'armes*, and it took a very considerable length of time to move large bodies of men upon it. *Vice versâ*, the east and west Prussian *corps d'armée* can now be transported very easily to the Rhine, in the event of troops being required in that quarter. The strategic importance of the eastern line induced the Prussian government to make it at the expense of the state, and in

a very short space of time, and the advantages it affords to the rest of Germany are incalculable.

The other German lines possess mostly a mercantile rather than a military importance, and so we can pass them over. Some railways, however, are now in course of formation which will be of value in the defence of the frontiers. First, a railway along the right bank of the Rhine from Cologne to Frankfort. In a military view this will be most valuable, for there is a great defect in the line of railway communication along the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence. It would also be advisable to build a bridge across the Rhine at Cologne, to connect the Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin railways. The former line is quite isolated, and yet, under circumstances, might be of the greatest value in the transport of troops. If, for instance, it were required to concentrate a large body of men in Belgium, the Aix railway would have to be employed in carrying them, and the separation of this line from the other Cologne railways by the Rhine would be a great impediment. In the same way a bridge ought to be built across the Elbe to connect the Hamburg and Harburg railway termini. Many German officers who arrived at Harburg by railway in 1848 and 1849, have told us of the difficulty and loss of time they experienced in being conveyed across the Elbe in steamers. In the same way it would be very valuable were Hamburg and Altona connected by a railway bridge, but it would take a long time to induce the Danes, who regard Holstein as a conquered province, to consent to such a step.

Another line of great value in a military view would be one connecting Munich, *viâ* Salzburg and Linz, with Vienna. This would prevent the immense detour by Dresden. If ever the line from Salzburg to Innsbrück, and thence through the Tyrol to Verona, is completed, it would prove of the greatest value for the defence of Upper Italy. The only railway now running from Vienna to Italy is *viâ* Trieste, and the weather frequently renders the passage from Trieste to Vienna very dangerous. Hence, however great the natural difficulties may be, Austria will be compelled to establish a direct railway communication between Vienna and Milan. When the Swiss lines are completed and connected with the Sardinian railways, the security of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces will be greatly imperilled unless connected with the other *places d'armes* of the empire by railway. Troops could then be sent from Strasburg, Metz, or Paris, *viâ* Basel, into Lombardy, sooner than could be the case from Vienna, and Austria would never allow that. Besides, in case Austria was at war with a maritime power, the communication between Trieste and Venice would be interrupted, and that would infallibly entail the loss of the Italian provinces.

Another important railway in a strategic view will probably be made by Prussia along her eastern frontier. It will run from Breslau, pass the strong fortress of Posen, and join the Berlin-Magdeburg line at Bromberg. The important fortresses of Königsberg, Graudenz, and Posen would then be connected, and this would render it possible to concentrate large masses of troops upon the Prusso-Russian frontier. In the event of a war with Russia this would be of the greatest value. A corps stationed at Königsberg could be conveyed in a very short time to Upper

Silesia, if its presence were required there, or *vice versa*. Austria is also making very valuable railways in Galicia, for which Germany must be deeply indebted to her. It would be desirable to connect Prague and Bamberg, and thence reach the Rhine.

When all the railways we have alluded to are completed, then the military communications in Germany will be perfect, and if Germany is granted a few more years of peace, we fully believe this will be the case. Railways will then run along all the frontiers, which will allow the concentration of large masses of men wherever their presence may be required, and the more important fortresses and capitals will be connected together by an iron way.

Another most valuable point is the introduction of the electric telegraph, which is now general through the whole of Germany. Prussia, indeed, attaches so much importance to it, that all her fortresses, even if lying off the line of railway, can communicate with each other by means of the electric wire.

We have now brought to a conclusion our remarks with respect to the military resources of Germany, and we believe that the subject has been one which has excited the attention of our readers. We have attempted to show that there exists in the centre of Europe an amount of strength which, were it moved by a *vis energica*, would speedily put an end to the present war. We have seen that the resources of Germany, if once united, could bid the Russian giant defiance, and hurl him back, discomfited and crippled, upon his frozen steppes. Austria and Prussia, together, might raise Germany to a point which would command the respect of Europe. But, unfortunately, their policy keeps them apart; each follows her own tortuous course, and the name of Germany has become a byword, a reproach among nations. The remainder of the empire sits with its hands folded awaiting the possible result, despairing of the present, hopeless of the future. The net of Russian intrigue holds them tightly encompassed, and neither of the two great German powers will draw the sword and free them from the pernicious influence. The hopes that were once entertained of Austria's co-operation have faded away, and we know not whether we must regard her as a lukewarm ally, or a malicious foe. Vacillating, hesitating, letting "I dare not wait upon I would," she has let slip the glorious opportunity when she could have thrown off the trammels of Russian protection and have displayed herself in her real colours, as a great nation worthy to take her place among great nations. The excuses she has brought forward are as contemptible as her policy; whether through gratitude for past services, or through fear, she has done all in her power to promote Russian interests, and doubtlessly chuckles secretly over her cheap acquisition of the Principalities. But the time will come when she will be bitterly undeceived, and will find that, in trusting to Russia, she has indeed leaned upon a broken reed. She will then repent that she has listened to the artful whisperings of Russian advisers, and once her dream of Russian invincibility is dissolved by the destruction of Sebastopol, she will be only too eager to display her readiness to assist the Allies. But forewarned is forearmed: by this time we know what we may expect

from Austrian promises (*punica fides*), and our ministers can hardly be so infatuated as to listen to the charmer, charm she never so sweetly.

If it could be possible, Prussia has played even a more contemptible part than Austria: a nation, which owed its position to the sword, has become pre-eminently *la nation boutiquière*, and for the sake of a huckstering overland trade shuts its eyes to the eventual designs of Russia. Such a nation we can afford to treat with contempt, and leave its punishment to the Nemesis which raro antecedentem scelestum deseruit.

What, then, has been the result of our review of the military resources of Germany? our readers may be inclined to ask; and we answer, in all humility, that it is a most lame and impotent conclusion. Our only hope is that some attempt may be made, in the event of further troops being required (*quod Dii avortant*), to allure to our banners the troops of the smaller German powers. The speech with which the gallant Sir De Lacy Evans closed the door of the "House" showed but too plainly that our administration had hitherto neglected many home resources whence our Crimean contingent (for, in truth, it is not more, when compared with the French army) could be recruited, and as our government seems resolutely bent on going the dearest way to work, our object was to show them where they could buy ready-made soldiers if they would only bid high enough.

But, hush! we have forgotten one great point—the German influence! Only a few days back we assisted (to use a Gallicism) at a meeting where the formation of a Polish legion was mooted. What could be meant by the hisses with which Sir R. Peel's allusion to the "German influence" was greeted? And this leads us to other dreamy thoughts. Why was Odessa spared? Why Riga? Why Revel? In those towns the "German element" is very powerful. German money is largely embarked in trade. Is the "German influence," which the aforesaid meeting hissed with all the strength of its lungs, the cause of all this? If so, the less we say about subsidising the smaller German powers, the better.

But no! we will not believe in this myth—although the continual repetition of the cry, by all the rules of logic, ought to compel our faith—we will still hold fast to the idea that Odessa was spared because the non-bombardment of the town kept a great number of Russian troops on the *qui vive*, whose presence would have been disagreeable in the Crimea; we *will* believe that Revel and Riga were impregnable—in short, we are disposed to throw the "German influence" overboard, and regard it as harmless as—what shall we say?—as one of Jacobi's infernal machines. What, then, is to be done with Germany? Are the Allies still to bear the burden and heat of the day? We are waging a war in which we have, in fact, but a slight interest compared to that of continental Europe—we are piling up million after million in the bottomless abyss of our national debt—we are sacrificing our best blood in behalf of a nation whose battles we have fought ever since the House of Hanover ascended the throne, and that nation sits calmly by—it toils not, neither does it spin—and leaves us to beard the lion in his den without stirring hand to assist us.

But if Germany be disposed to look idly on while we are fighting the good fight of liberty and emancipation from the thralldom of the Cossack—we cannot be expected to wage a disinterested conflict; the sacrifices we have made demand a recompense—and if our demands for compensation at the termination of the war gyve the heel of Austria too roughly, she has only herself to blame. Had she come forward boldly at the outset, and stated that she was prepared to fight for a “consideration”—say that slight trifle of the Danubian Principalities—we dare say the English government would not have been too hard on her. That ancient myth, “the integrity of Turkey,” could have been maintained without any severe thumb-screwing of principle. But when she attempts to take possession of those Principalities without affording us the slightest assistance, but rather helping our foe by setting his legions at liberty, it is almost time to give her a rap across the knuckles; and as soon as the Sebastopol question is settled, we have not the least doubt she will get it.

But, in sober sadness, the prospect is a melancholy one. After eighteen centuries of Christianity and progressive enlightenment we are engaged in a murderous contest, and those nations whose freedom we are assuring by a fearful outlay of blood and treasure refuse to assist us. If we had followed the selfish example of Germany, and shut ourselves up in our island home, strictly carrying out the principle of non-intervention, what would have been the lot of Germany? The worse half of Napoleon’s prediction would have been fulfilled, and Europe would have become Cossack. Instead of that, we have rushed into the breach, we have shunned no outlay—we have even regarded a double income-tax as a necessary, though decidedly odious, evil—we have lent money in every direction—we have assumed the functions of Rothschild for the nonce—and for what? To prove that we are not a military nation, and to afford Germany an opportunity to take advantage of our *bonhomie*, and laugh in her sleeve at our Quixotic endeavours to prevent the destiny of nations being fulfilled.

But whatever our mistakes may have been, we hold fast to the one ruling principle: we have engaged in the war manfully, and we will strive to bring it to an honourable conclusion. Whether Germany side with us or against us, we possess such vitality that, like Antæus, we rise with renewed vigour after every check, and, careless who we have to help us, we still hold fast to the irradicable belief that Englishmen never can be conquered. The sacrifices we shall have to make do not affect us; we have gone into the contest with our eyes open, and we shall never give it up until we have so utterly crippled our foe that he will be glad to cry for mercy, and own that the alliance between England and France is the *murus aheneus* in which he will strive in vain to batter any practicable breach.

FROM PARIS TO SEBASTOPOL.

DR. FELIX MAYNARD was, indeed, born under a fortunate planet, for his first literary offspring has been ushered into the world by the illustrious Dumas père, Marquis de la, &c. The unapproachable, in a preface full of that amiable egotism which he takes every opportunity of airing, recounts to us that, whenever he comes across a MS. bearing marks of genius among the thousands which are sent in to the *Mousquetaire*, he runs off from paper to paper, from publisher to publisher, and "by force of entreaty, as we did for Conscience the Fleming, for Saphir the Viennese, for Autran the Marseillaise, we arrive at the great day of publicity, at the sun of printing." (What this exactly means we must leave our readers to decipher for themselves; in our view, the Assyrian cuneiform characters could be interpreted with greater ease.) However—

One morning, then (it must be understood that M. Dumas is accustomed to read MSS. in bed, between the hours of twelve and two, when common people are in the habit of being asleep), the illustrious historiographer came across two or three articles full of "savour" on the now well-worn subject of Turkey. The next morning they were sent to the *Mousquetaire* office with a "*bon à imprimer*" written in the corner, and addressed to M. Dubuisson. See the fourth page of the *Mousquetaire*, under the words "*Le propriétaire, rédacteur en chef. ALEX. DUMAS.*" The first of these articles appeared on the same day; and on the next, le Docteur Felix Maynard "had the humility to bear me his thanks, when it was my place to thank him."

By that magnetic power inherent in Dumas the Great, the doctor had told him all his family circumstances within five minutes. He had been so and so many years surgeon on board a whaler, then sanitary officer on board the *Paquebots d'Orient*; he had visited many strange countries, and had written about all he had seen; he possessed MSS. on paper of every hue—grey, yellow, blue; of every grain, fine and coarse—such as he had found on board the vessel when his own stock was exhausted. All that he wanted was a publisher, but that generation was notoriously perverse. He had swelled his shoemaker's bill to no purpose by leather expended in search of a discriminating editor, when chance threw him into the expectant arms of Alexandre Dumas! who speaks to him in this wise: "Collect it all for me, arrange it, dear doctor, and I promise you, I, that it shall all be printed." This was a personal satisfaction M. Dumas was preparing for himself, for he was gloating over the idea of reading pleasantly in print what it would have cost him so much trouble to read in MS., for he is bound to add, the writing was not excessively good.

The self-same day he set to work. He went to Girardin, "that king of the press, who has not been dethroned by all the conspiracies by which he is beset, for the simple reason *qu'il domine par l'intelligence.*" The conversation was short between the two giants of the press. "You guarantee this to me," says Girardin, "I'll take four volumes." And he did take four volumes, which will appear immediately in the *Presse*.

Away speeds Dumas to two other newspapers. "Will you have the 'Paquebot de Crimée?'" "What's that?" "Dame, it is an itinerary from Paris to Sebastopol." "By whom?" "By Doctor F. Maynard." "What has he done?" "Two things—the voyage first, then the book." "We don't ask you that, we ask you what he has published." "Nothing as yet." "Then he's not known?" "No. Well—what?" "You know better than any one that we only publish names."

So the great Dumas returns with the MS. in his pocket and a flea in his ear. On hearing of his ill-success, it naturally occurs to the doctor that M. Dumas might publish the "Paquebot de Crimée" in the *Mousquetaire*. But, unfortunately, the *Mousquetaire* does not pay: it has only 2500 subscribers, and scarce clears its expenses. To this the doctor, "That is no consequence to me: I would sooner be published for nothing in the *Mousquetaire* than be paid four sous a line elsewhere." The bargain, as may be conceived, was straightway struck, the "Paquebot" was printed in the *feuilleton* of the paper, and then brought out in the "Bibliothèque Nouvelle," edited by A. Dumas.

Does not all this read like a sorry jest? but we assure our readers that we have quoted the *ipsissima verba* of the illustrious French author. We certainly thought English puffery bad enough, but this out-Herods Herod. Could any one imagine Sir Lytton Bulwer or Mr. Ainsworth writing such a preface for a book of Messrs. Routledge? and yet M. Dumas aspires to the same rank in French literature as these two *lucida sidera* so worthily hold in our own. Fortunately for Dr. Maynard, his book is a good one, and cannot be injured by such clumsy puffing to any great extent, although many persons might feel induced to throw it down in disgust with the editor. It is merely a journal of a voyage from Marseilles to Sebastopol performed in 1855, and we propose to cull a few passages from it, with the intention of sending our readers to the same source whence we draw.

One of the most curious facts to be noted in the literature of the East is, that no two persons can be found agreeing on the vexed question of the Turks. One party has nothing but praise to bestow on them; others, and among them our author, regard them as effete, and only worthy to return to those steppes whence they invaded Europe. We can believe that many travellers, fresh from a perusal of Lamartine or Ubicini, may find themselves terribly disillusionised upon landing at Constantinople, but it surely cannot be all so bad as Dr. Maynard represents. According to his showing, in summer you are blinded by the dust, in winter you are up to your ankles in mud. Then there are dogs in every direction—dogs mangy, scabby, and leprous, wandering about masterless, and ready to take your legs as bones to gnaw at; a population almost naked or in rags, and wandering lazily about the streets; drunken sailors; soldiers in the garb of bandits; beggars crying for backshish; perambulating confectioners; hammals bending beneath their burdens; sakkas carrying leathern sacks like the Spaniard bears his guitar; arabas; Armenians in tall pointed caps; Jews in long robes; a few Turks of the old school, with colossal turbans; some effendis in frock coats and the reform fez—such are the components of the mob you pass through, and look after your watch-chain as you force your way along the streets. The Arab steeds have become wheezing, short-breathing and verminous abor-

tions, with grooms still more verminous, who await you at the landing-place of Topkhané or Galata, and offer you, for twenty-five centimes an hour, a seat on an embowelled saddle. The palanquins, the litters have been thrust from the streets by the oldest *coucous* of the Parisian barriers, proscribed and deported to Turkey, where they still possess the prestige of novelty. But the Turk does not look into matters so closely: he does not sit in our manner on the cushions of these fashionable landaus; he crouches on them cross-legged, or lies stretched out on them like a divan, and the coachman, instead of mounting the box, gallops by the side of the horses, which he belabours with a huge stick. We will here give our readers a couple of fancy portraits, as drawn by our author in his own colours:

That woman who is passing (and they are rarely to be seen) in yellow boots, or with naked feet thrust into wooden pattens, wears huge cotton trousers, and has her head and body wrapped in the folds of her dingy white swaddling-clothes. Draw near her, and you will immediately recoil in disgust, repulsed by the scent she leaves behind her—a scent reminding you of the stench of those *pastilles de serail* which industrials, in ambush under the porte cochère of our old Paris, burn beneath the noses of passers-by.—But who is that stout man between two ages and with a vast abdomen? His green frock-coat is buttoned up to his chin; his shoulders and head are fastened together by an apoplectic neck, he wears spectacles, and shoes like a hackney-coachman's. He is surely the *bakal* (grocer) from the corner of the street. No, indeed! it is a pacha, a great pacha, perhaps, of so or so many tails—a general, a minister—one of the most noble Osmanli; and three or four poor devils who follow him are his janissaries, now called *kavasses*, gendarmes with hungry looks and flat stomachs, dressed in tatters of blue or red uniform, with seams worn white by use, and armed with a long sabre, a caricature of the Damascus blades. Oh, the East! the East! what have you made of it, you degenerate children of Mahomet? what have you made of Byzantium, the rival of Rome? You have polluted everything; you have destroyed and suffered everything to fall in ruin. There is only one thing which you could not destroy, and that is the magnificent scenery which surrounds you, and yet your presence has been fatal to it. How true is the proverb, "wherever a Turk places his foot the soil remains for seven years unproductive!"

According to our author, the Allies are still regarded by the Turks as *Giaurs*—as dogs of Christians—in spite of blood and money lavished daily in their defence; and wherever any concessions have been made to the spirit of reform, they have only been effected by force. Our vices alone have found enthusiastic adepts among them, for Galata, lately rebuilt after a fire, is now filled with drinking-shops and houses of ill-fame. In the real Stamboul, where no Christian may live save the Armenians, who have a separate quarter, and the Greek *rayah*, nothing can be seen but ruin after ruin, for the Turks never repair a building. It is true that the artist, tourist, or painter may discover at each step most picturesque studies, but our author, more sternly, can only see in this the deplorable consequences of an inveterate laziness, of studied carelessness, of a barbarous interpretation of their holy books, which teach the children of the Prophet only to regard themselves as birds of passage in this world.

In wandering about the streets of Constantinople, Dr. Maynard naturally found his way into the great bazaar of Stamboul, and his words of advice to the French are equally applicable to our own soldiers.

I will tell the truth to that compatriot soldier who, on returning from the Crimea, does not like to leave Constantinople without a visit to the bazaar, to purchase an Indian shawl, a Persian carpet, a Broussa robe, a Damascus scimitar, a Syrian scarf, a narguilhé, a chibouque, a fez, a jacket, a pair of slippers, or any Eastern thing, a souvenir to present on his return to his beloved wife, to the mother who wept for him, to the father who was proud of his absence, to the brother or sister who awaited his return, to the first friend who clasps his hand. Let my hero in traversing the bazaar, accompanied by a cunning Greek or obsequious Jew—his indispensable and inevitable dragomans—let my hero, I say, expect to be cheated and put up with it. He has only one way to escape the mystifications of commercial free-trade—let him solely purchase, as the produce of Mussulman industry, what he sees made under his own eyes—embroidered slippers, rosaries of sandal wood, chibouques, amber mouth-pieces, &c. Round the bazaars patient Mussulman workmen may be found working publicly for twelve hours a day, and they can be trusted. But the scarf, the robe, the shawl, the carpet, come from Lyons, Mulhausen, Aubusson, everywhere, in fact, save from Persia, Broussa, India, and Syria. Only a few rich Armenian brokers can guarantee the non-French nationality of such merchandise. The red fez was made at Orleans, the scimitar tempered at Châtelleraunt, and the glass bowl of the narguilhé is imported from Baccharat or St. Louis. The fact is patent, incontrovertible: the West at the present day supplies the Levantine markets.

M. Théophile Gautier, in his admirable work on Constantinople, has mentioned a certain Armenian broker of the name of Ludovic. Well, one morning, owing to this notice, Ludovic awoke and found himself famous, and is now on a fair way of becoming a millionaire. He makes numerous trips to Paris, where he buys up all sorts of knicknacks and rococo ornaments, which the French take the trouble of re-importing. Smyrna furnishes him with medals, cameos, stones, coins of past ages, which the artists in the Armenian quarter manufacture with so much art and truth, that the most expert numismatist, armed with the most powerful glass, would not venture to impeach their legitimacy.

Some of the bazaars, however, possess a certain peculiar physiognomy and originality, more especially the Bezestan (market of arms). It is more curious on account of the speculators who resort there than for the scourings of the arsenals which are sold. There may be found, in all his primitive amplitude, the old Turk of the old school. The quarter of the bazaar occupied by the Armenian jewellers and goldsmiths also possesses some peculiar features. These Armenians do not follow the pattern of our jewellers, whose shop fronts are crowded with rings, chains, crosses, earrings, &c. They, more modest, but at the same time much richer—for Turkish families always expend very large sums in the purchase of jewellery—shut up their treasures in a small coffer, place a pair of scales on the top of it, and piously await their customers, while the representatives of Frank houses close to them have their boards covered with mosaic and galvano-plastic articles. The shops of the furriers, amber merchants, perfumers, confectioners, tobacco sellers, &c., are found in swarms, and as no merchant lives in the bazaar, but closes his shop at sunset, and goes home to his house in another quarter of the city, it follows that during the day he eats and drinks at his place of business, and you are suffocated by the smoke of the Kababjia, and stumble every step over an ambulating kitchen.

The only thing of which Dr. Maynard can speak in unqualified terms of praise is the abundant supply of water. The city contains five

hundred fountains, and, in addition, there are shops where water, nothing but water, is sold. Water from such or such a spring, from a sacred or miraculous source; water of Tenedos, of Scutari, of Barbyces, of the Danube; the sweet waters of Asia, of Therapia, Balbek, Beicos, Buyukderé; snow water, rain water, &c.; and for a para per glass you can gorge yourself with every sort of salutary or fashionable water. There are some old bibbers whose palate is so subtle, so refined, that they can recognise the species, nature, and source of the water sold them. The reform has made progress; the Turk neglects his fountains somewhat. He drinks much less water than formerly, and many drunkards may be met with in the streets. Next to water, coffee is the most prevalent beverage, of which our author discourses in the following manner:

Let us enter a Turkish café, the handsomest café in Pera, opposite the little cemetery. Bitter disappointment! The Turkish café, the paradise of the poets, is only an ignoble and dirty barber's shop! While you are *eating* your coffee (I say *eating*, as the coffee pods, coarsely pounded, thicken the liquid), near you a customer is having his head shaved, another is being bled, another having a tooth extracted, another—horror of horrors!—is having his bunions attended to; and if you ask for a glass of water, or a fresh cup of coffee, the waiter will hand it you with his fingers covered with blood or soapsuds. Usually, a wooden bench, covered with a cloth more or less thin, runs round the room. There is no table, but footstools, serving at once as a seat and a table; in a corner a bourgeois has gone to sleep, while smoking and counting his rosary, whose thirty-three, sixty-six, or ninety-three amber beads represent the number of the attributes of Deity. Here two idlers are playing chess; they are crouched on the bench with stockingless feet—and what feet! They smoke as they play, and appear to be propped up by the long stems of their pipes, whose bowls rest on the ground. A stove of red copper gleams in the middle of the room. In summer, it is adorned with a huge bouquet of flowers; in winter, an immense boiler surmounts it, in the shape of a dome. The kitchen has no mysteries, and occupies one corner of the room; it is a furnace of brickwork, on which are drawn up in line a quantity of long-handled coffee-pots, for a pot is required for each cup, and the infusion is made ration by ration. When the water begins to boil the lad throws in a spoonful of powdered sugar, and another of crushed mocha: then he serves it immediately. The handsomest establishment in Constantinople is not comparable to the poorest estaminet in a French provincial town. The whitewashed walls are ornamented with rows of chibouques and razors, and shelves bearing narguillés of all shapes; here and there are a few oval mirrors, the frame and handle inlaid with metal and mother-of-pearl. A tchiboukji has the special management of the pipes: he lights them himself, and when the customer is leaving he offers him with great humility a mirror, on which every gentleman deposits a bakshish. Such is the Turkish café, in all its reality. Add some ragged bards, vagabond story-tellers, and beggars; and distrust all perfumed sherbets, lemonade, rose decoctions, kalvas, ralekoum, and a thousand other sugared and odorous compositions.

The Latakia tobacco, which has a very peculiar and agreeable fragrance, owes it to a curious circumstance. About a hundred years back the tobacco crop was very abundant in Syria, but the mountaineers, then in a state of insurrection, could not dispose of it, but hung it up in their huts. The winter passed, and in spring, when commercial affairs had been placed on their old footing, Alexandrian merchants bought all this tobacco at a low figure, thinking it was injured. On the contrary, the consumers found in this tobacco, blackened by smoke, qualities superior to those of the tobacco sold in the previous year, and inquiries were

instituted among the mountaineers to discover the *modus operandi* to which it had been subjected. The mountaineers replied that the tobacco had been impregnated, during the winter, with smoke; now, on Mount Lebanon, the principal wood used is the *azer*, or species of fragrant oak. From that period it has been customary to expose the tobacco to lengthened fumigation before disposing of it to the merchants.

But we are delaying too long at Constantinople, when we proposed to visit Sebastopol; so, after going with our author to have a Turkish bath, we will immediately set out *en route* for Varna.

Let us now proceed to the Turkish bath, that other humbug of the longers for an Eastern life. Of course we are understood as only alluding to the public baths. How damp, melancholy, and gloomy are the vestibule through which we pass, and the cabinet in which we deposit our clothes! Perfumes, bitter and unknown, seize us by the throat, and we begin to totter, half confused by a feeling of painful and heavy intoxication. We find ourselves in the common hothouse, elbowing in the midst of the steam, which is scarcely lightened by the bull's-eyes in the cupola, a multitude of silent and naked phantoms. But let us hasten to quit the bath, for we are threatened with suffocation! The bathing lads seize hold of us, and spite of our instinctive resistance, they accomplish their task: warm ablutions, cold ablutions, soaping from head to foot, furious pounding, relaxation of the muscles, cracking of the joints. You must undergo all these balneatory gymnastics; and when they have finished thus kneading our poor body, as if it were only an inert lump of paste, they wrap us in red-hot cloths, and place us on a couch. Then, instead of the promised *bien être*, you are a prey to an attack of insurmountable disgust. These cloths, these coverings, these beds, these mattresses, these sponges, all have been used a thousand times already by unknown persons, of an unknown state of cleanliness, and you swear, but a little too late, that you will never again abandon your epidermis to such impure media. It is worth knowing the reality of the Oriental bath to prevent your longing for it any more. Those horripilations produced by the horsehair brush, and the variations of temperature from the highest to the lowest degree, will leave ineffaceable impressions. You are promised that after an hour or so of rest and half sleep, after a pipe and a cup of coffee, you will rise active and happy, in feeling more comfortable than ever you were before. It is a mistake! You leave it battered and aching, and you may regard yourself as favoured by accident, or the gods, if the next day you are neither foundered nor pleuretic. I declare that you must be a Turk by birth to love the Turkish bath; you must from your cradle have been innocent of sheets, linen, or calico; your skin must be used to the immediate irritation of wool to find any enjoyment in having yourself so scrubbed and kneaded.

In mentioning a voyage which our author made from Broussa to Constantinople with a cargo of redifs, and describing the shameful way in which they were exposed to the cold, without covering, he finds opportunity to show that such neglect was not peculiar to the Turks; and we gladly quote it, for we remember that the outcry made about the neglect of our troops in the Crimea was aggravated by allusions to the great care displayed by the French for their soldiers:

It may be supposed that such carelessness, such contempt of the health of men could only be cited against the Turkish government. Alas! with us, too, the comforts of the soldier-passengers have not always been regarded: they have suffered frequently and severely between Varna and Marseilles, spite of the sacrifices made by the *Compagnie des Messageries Impériales*, who had the contract for the principal portion of the transports. I will quote a fact. One Sunday evening, in the month of August last year, our vessel was just leaving

Constantinople, when two clerks of the French Military Intendance brought on board 375 convalescent soldiers who had escaped from the murderous fevers of the marshes of Varna and the choleraic epidemic. The rain was falling in torrents, and the cold was felt the more acutely, as the temperature on the previous days had been very high. We were just doubling the point of the old seraglio, when I perceived that not one of these poor fellows had a blanket, and the voyage would last ten nights, and they would have to pass them in the open air, sleeping on the deck of the vessel. I called the commander's attention to this, and he applied to the clerks. They replied that the men had left the blankets behind them probably on quitting the hospital; each man on leaving France had been provided with one. What had become of them? they did not know, and it was not their business to find out.

This answer did not satisfy our captain; humanity forbade his departing with passengers scarcely recovered, and threatened with an inevitable relapse were they not protected against the rain and the coolness of the night. It was impossible to lodge them in the hold, which was full of merchandise, and imprudent to confine them in the limited and badly-ventilated fore-castle. What was to be done? The clerks were already calmly packing up their papers and preparing to return to land. Then, in my quality of sanitary physician, I protested energetically against the embarkation of these soldiers in such a state, and Commander Bochet, delaying his departure, jumped into his boat, ran to the office of the Intendance, and pleaded the cause of his passengers so effectually, that he returned on board with four hundred blankets. I feel certain that, without them, our voyage would have been fatal to more than one soldier, whom the hope of soon seeing his country again had already recalled to health. Other vessels of the company, *Le Caire*, *L'Egypte*, *L'Alexandre*, were less fortunate than ourselves under similar circumstances; their convalescent passengers were refused blankets, and during the passage from Constantinople to Marseilles several were lost.

Dr. Maynard has not much that is new to say about Varna, the next place he arrives at in his peregrinations, but the following anecdote deserves quotation: "The sales are only made for ready money, and it is even expected that goods should be paid for before delivery. This last demand has given rise to frequent disputes: but it was soon seen that the salesmen were not in the wrong when making this demand, and folk grew accustomed to it. The reason was this: change is so scarce that a five-franc piece loses fifty centimes on the agio. Well, when a soldier had a drain, bought tobacco, or any other article, which only cost a few centimes, he never failed to offer in payment a large coin, and if the seller was unable to hand the difference, he would take back the coin, keep his drain or his tobacco; and the trick was played, and would have been played for some time longer, for the soldier was proud of this 'carotte.' But commerce lost patience: there was a coalition among the tradesmen of the place, and the purchaser was obliged to make up his mind to pay beforehand."

The port of Varna, during summer, is one of the best in the Black Sea, but its commercial importance has fallen off greatly since the foundation of Odessa. Vessels come there to load cereals, principally maize. The vine is cultivated in the vicinity, but the wine is so badly managed, that it turns off as soon as vatted, and cannot be exported. The cultivation of the grape formerly brought in great profits; but the rapacity of the tax-collectors and governors was so great, that the vintager, no longer hoping to reap the crop for himself, has given up the growth. The cultivation of the potato is less propagated than in the

most desert portions of New Zealand. M. Blanqui, on arriving at Constantinople, uttered a shout of joy at the sight of the dish of potatoes, which he had ordered in vain at all the Bulgarian hostelries; but if the potato is deficient, haricot beans are abundant—the whole of Europe could be supplied from this quarter. Certain districts in Bulgaria are entirely planted with roses. In spring, these flowery glades seem to be the asylum of happiness, for, as soon as the picking commences, the young girls, so meanly dressed, usually so apathetic, are transformed into sylphs, and revel in the perfumed fragrance of the roses. The essences sold in Germany and the west of Europe are obtained from Bulgaria: but this branch of trade is daily lessening in importance. Chemistry, continually progressing, no longer requires flowers to make rose-water. It obtains it from the detritus of the organic kingdom, just as it has borrowed the scent of vanille from pit-coal.

The inhabitants of Varna and the environs did not sympathise in the arrival of the allied armies. They proved their hatred by devastating their gardens and vineyards. The vegetables, which were so necessary for the soldiers, were quite wanting last summer; and in the expectation that the occupation of Varna would last some time, soldiers were selected in the various regiments who had a knowledge of gardening, and were set to work to grow vegetables. The Turk being the natural foe of the Bulgarian, the latter regards us as his enemies also. As we are fighting to defend the Turk, this is logical enough—the speculations of politics are to him mysteries, and he cannot understand that if his country became a Russian province, his slavery would be redoubled. The following is an instance of this feeling:

The crew of a boat belonging to a man-of-war, the *Napoléon*, I believe, or the *Valmy*, had gone to a spring some distance from the coast, where it was attacked and fired on, because some of the men had plucked cherries. The tree was not in enclosed ground. One of the sailors died in consequence of his wounds. It is said that his companions abandoned him, and that, after defending himself alone against a dozen of assailants, and killing one or two, he had sufficient strength and courage to return and die on board, holding up with one hand a portion of his intestines, which protruded from a gaping wound, and in the other brandishing his cutlass. The sailors who had abandoned him in so cowardly a manner were punished, and publicly branded by an “ordre du jour.”

On approaching the Heracleontic Chersonese, one of the objects which comes out most prominently to view is the Tchatir Dagh, or Tent Mountain, which would remind English soldiers belonging to the Indian army of their Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope. The newspapers have said a good deal about it, but they have not said all: it would seem even as if the Russian government had a secret or two about it. The majestic summits of this mountain command the fertile valley of the Salghir, where are grouped the white houses of Simpheropol, the new capital of the Crimea, Mountain of the Tent to the Tartars, Mountain of the Trapeze to the Greeks, and Palata Gora to the Muscovites—this rival of Dimirdgi has three names—this giant of a chain of mountains separating the fertile valleys of Southern Crimea from the desolate steppes. Thanks to this screen, the Siberian winds are checked in their course, and the fruits of Baidar, the wines of Magaratch, and the flowers

of Alupka, never fail. About this mountain our author enounces some new and curious facts, if true :

If England and France were to take possession of the whole of the Crimea, and wished, without keeping up an army of occupation at a vast expense, to prevent Russia from ever re-establishing her power, they have only to decree that henceforward the Crimea should be an independent state, self-governed. And to attract thither in less than a year as many millions of inhabitants as could be lodged on the soil, it would be sufficient for them to declare the ports free, and to plant on the summit of the Tchatir Dagh a banner inviting the gold-seekers of every nation to come and search its sides. *In the rocks of the Tchatyr, the Dimirdgi, Sinab, and Aluchfa, there is enough to pay the expenses of a war if it lasted a century.* Perhaps my readers may feel astonished at my making such a statement; they would be less astonished if they knew the authorities on which I rely. I do not merely appeal to geographical documents and the history of past times to prove infallibly that the gold mines of the Tchatir Dagh exist and have been worked; I also invoke the testimony of those who, *de visu, de manu*, have seen and touched veins of gold more abundant, a thousand-fold richer than those of the Ural and all the known mines. It suited the policy of the Czars to leave these mines unworked, and to efface the recollections of them as far as possible. If they were worked by free men, that would have attracted from every corner of Europe a multitude of adventurers, men of an enterprising character, on a single point of the empire; it would have been kindling a conflagration which they could not have mastered. If, on the other hand, serfs and prisoners were employed as miners, the Crimea was not, like the Ural, so remote from Europe that the groans of the slave martyrs could be smothered, and they might have escaped from the fangs of the despot. The Russian government, consequently, proclaims the auriferous strata of these mountains, which evidently attach the Alps to the Caucasus, to be fabulous. In the time of the Argonauts, a portion of the golden fleece was drying on the Tent Mountain. The Romans and Greeks, and above all Mithridates, helped themselves. The Tartars, the Mongols, nomadic and pastoral tribes, despised gold as useless; but the Genoese, following the example of the Eastern emperors, mysteriously worked these inexhaustible riches; and not to arouse the cupidity of their rivals, the Venetians, the Catalans, the Pisans, and the Barons of the Holy Land, they pretended that all the gold they imported into Europe was obtained by the commerce with the East Indies, which then followed the land route. Baron de Tott, whom the Court of Versailles sent as ambassador to the Krim Guerai, alludes in his Memoirs to the unexplored mines of the Tchatir Dagh, and asserts that the Khan of the Crimea does not work them for fear of exciting the cupidity of the Padishah of Constantinople, his suzerain. Our good friends the English have already turned their eyes on this Eastern California, and you may be certain that they will benefit by it first of all. The Crimea, within ten years, will become the El Dorado of the Old World.

This is rather an astounding statement, and we felt inclined to end our paper with it at once, leaving it to our readers' digestion, did we not wish to say a few words about Sebastopol, the *ultima thule* of our friend's voyage. He was not fond of battles, murders, and sudden death, and; consequently, whenever his fortune took him to the Crimea in his periodical voyages, he retired within himself on the platform of the Chersonese lighthouse, whence he could calmly survey the scene of war. This is the result of one of his reflections :

I defy any man, the most enthusiastic for the glories of our France, to pass an hour on this lighthouse gallery without cursing politics and war. In the presence of this city and its destroyers, in front of this battle-field, where five

hundred thousand men were sacrificed in eight months for the defence and the conquest of a political preponderance, of a suzerainty which the arts, industry, and commerce ought alone to give to the most skilful, the most enterprising, and the most worthy, we do not tremble from cold, but really from fear and horror. No country, in any part of the world, had made such progress as the Crimea during the sixty and odd years of peace which it had enjoyed. Greek sailors for the coast trade, German cultivators for the interior, workmen of all nations for the arsenals, and Russian soldiers to defend it—all these collateral branches from a common trunk were rapidly developed. The Russian aristocracy, imitating the empress at Oreanda, and Prince Woronzoff at Alupka, lavished its wealth to build palaces in the valleys of Taurida. The white wines of the Crimea rivalled those of the Champagne: Marseilles received annually thousands of vessels loaded with her grain, and our soldiers know how their fortresses are built, and their arsenals stored, and how their soldiers fight. The Russian government never prevented strangers visiting Sebastopol: they were only obliged to ask permission, and it had to be renewed every twenty-four hours. But they were always accompanied by watchers, and were not allowed to take any notes or make any sketches. Sebastopol, then, was not hermetically closed against travellers, as is the fashion to-day, and the allied governments could have easily procured plans of its fortifications as well as of the surrounding country. How many times did I have the arsenals, fortresses, and defensive works of Sebastopol described to me by the pilot of the *Pharamond*, a Ragusian, who had for a long time sailed from Taganrog to Odessa, and from Odessa to Sebastopol, with cargoes of grain. When the expedition to the Crimea was decided on, no one would have dared to believe that the marshal was not in possession of the most exact and detailed plans of the southern peninsula. Alas! it was but too true. . . . It is a matter of surprise that the Russians did not defend Balaklava and Kamiesch: formerly a chain prevented pirates from entering. The English engineers have destroyed a great number of houses to construct magazines. Those still existing are under the shade of lofty poplars, and Biscuit Quay separates them from the sea. You are not, perhaps, aware of the origin of this Biscuit Quay. Last winter, vessels loaded with biscuit arrived daily at Balaklava, and each day the number of consumers diminished; the English army was reduced to two thousand strong and healthy pair of jaws, and the biscuit still kept arriving. It was necessary that it should be discharged; and so much was discharged of this biscuit, which bears a strong affinity to bricks, that no further trouble was taken to store it, and so—Biscuit Quay was gradually formed by the piling up of the barrels.

And so we take our leave of Dr. Maynard, recommending our readers to his volume for much further matter, both novel and strange, which it contains, and with a sincere desire to see the other four volumes which Dumas the Magnificent disposed of to the *Presse*. By the way, out of curiosity, we should like to know what commission he obtained; but from his antecedents we have no doubt he made a very good morning's work. It is evident, however, that literature in France must be in a very unhealthy state, when M. Dumas's name must be *affiché* to sell a really good book. The next time we meet Dr. Maynard, we trust he will hold an independent position, and not require any puff preliminary, even from Alexandre Dumas, to recommend him to the attention of his readers.

NEW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES.

THERE is something rather alarming in the number of life assurance companies which have sprung up of late years. From the very circumstance that there can be no dispute but that the principle of life assurance is undeniably good, and that the more it is carried into practice the more rapid will be the advance of the moral and social welfare of the community, the anxiety becomes greater that no mischief from faulty machinery should impede the progress of this benefit, or create a doubt as to its being an unmixed advantage. The extension of the system of life assurance is an arduous task. There are multitudes among the classes to whom the subject is most important who cannot even yet be induced practically to acknowledge its value, and if there should arise any such untoward circumstances as a kind of panic among assurance offices, and several should have to close their operations at a considerable loss to their policy-holders, it would be a long time before the injury would be remedied and confidence restored.

Without, however, prejudging the question and deciding hastily that the number of new offices is an evil, let us see whether there is anything on the surface which would seem to give any clue to their singularly easy and plenteous production.

A very tolerable estimate may commonly be formed of a joint-stock undertaking through an examination of its board of directors, and a close scrutiny of its officers. It is true that many respectable men have connected themselves prominently with unsound projects. But respectability should not be the only point ascertained. Intelligence, and industry, and business knowledge, are quite as necessary to a director of a life assurance company as means to bear losses, should they accrue. It may be, that so long as a man with a heavy purse shall continue a director or a shareholder, there is a certain amount of comfort in looking at him, and remembering that, should anything go wrongly, here, at all events, is a responsible victim whose ruin will stand between ourselves and loss. But then this worthy and respectable man, who, unwittingly, has been a sort of candle to a parcel of silly moths among the public, may—after most culpable negligence, after allowing the reckless or virtually dishonest among his colleagues so to undermine the undertaking that a few years hence, when he has become quit of his liability, prostration shall ensue—decide suddenly to wash his hands of the connexion, and totally destroy all the pleasing vision of security with which his known wealth had dazzled us. Experience has taught that there is a strange and unintelligible fascination about a directorship which leads to the position being filled, in very many cases, by men of honour and of credit, but who yet are quite unqualified for the duties they undertake, and who are very sadly careless of the responsibilities they incur; responsibilities which may either bring very unexpected results to themselves, or—by their being evaded or parted with at the first convenient moment—may form foundation for a charge of real dishonesty urged by those who had a right to think they were meant to be retained and fully discharged.

If, however, it shall appear that the directors of a new assurance com-

pany are not simply respectable, but clear-headed, sensible business men—men not likely to allow themselves to be thrust or persuaded into a paltry or even a doubtful project “just to make a situation for Jones, who is out of a berth”—then there is fair ground for supposing that the effort contains the elements of success, and that it will go forward and prosper.

Now, therefore, comes the question. Let us look at the names of the directors and officers of most of the recently-created assurance companies. What is that which immediately strikes a very careless observer? He traces pretty clearly one hand, one influence, extended over several companies. There are not many instances of a man being a director of two companies, but the extent to which various officials of companies have been mixed up with the formation of other companies is quite surprising. We will not now enter upon the consideration as to the motives leading to this result, but we content ourselves with a statement of the fact, and it is one known to all persons connected with life assurance. Is a secretary well placed himself, relatives and friends need assistance, then start new companies and provide them with situations. Does a lawyer want business, then start an assurance company, and render a bill for preliminary expenses equal almost to the first year's premiums. Is an incompetent or questionable manager discarded, then let him found another company (it is an easy matter), and secure an appointment by a clause in the deed of settlement. In short, when you are “hard up,” when there is no occupation which would naturally suggest itself to you as one for which you would be well qualified, and which would be creditable and respectable—when you cast your eyes gloomily around, being very sad, for difficulties seem gradually closing upon you—then let a bright thought enter your brain, take courage and a pen, call to your aid Jones, Brown, and Robinson, dear friends who are even more seedy than yourself, and make the first bold dash at fortune by flourishing at the head of a sheet of foolscap paper “Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company. Capital, 500,000*l.*, in 50,000 shares of 10*l.* each.”

No; we confess that, looking along the lists of directors of new offices, we do not receive confidence—we feel distrust. We see that the greater number of these new offices have been created, not to benefit the cause of life assurance or to exhibit any new and useful feature, but to advantage the promoters and officials. That which should be the inquiry when even the idea of forming a new company suggests itself, is, we take it, about the last thing that enters the head of the originators of new projects. One would suppose that no association would be created for life assurance, or any other purpose, without there being some show of a case of need—of good to be done by supplying such need. But can we believe, when we survey the vastly extended list of offices—when we find the cry is “still they come”—when we peruse the prospectuses of the new projects, and see how amazingly multiplied are the advantages, how seriously increased the expenses, and, more than all, when we, as before intimated, observe, as we fully think, through the medium of the names put forward, that there is scarcely a new office which does not bear signs of having been turned out of one or other of some well-known manufactories (*always at work*)—can we believe otherwise than that positively a hoarse derisive laugh would follow the faintest suggestion to these bene-

factors of mankind that the question as to requirement had anything at all to do with the launching a fresh undertaking?

Whether, therefore, the creation of so many new offices may have been an evil or not, we are afraid that, for the most part, they bear distinct evidence that we are not indebted for their existence to any conviction in the minds of their founders that such existence would be a public—though it might have been a private—good.

But, supposing the directors to be all sound, good men—men with brains and money (a magnificent spectacle such a combination!)—and supposing the several schemes were not mere clap-traps, but cleverly-devised improvements on the old, worn system, would then the new offices be commendable speculations, deserving support? Assuming the pretended improvements to be real (an enormous assumption), and that the old-established offices could not be brought to adopt them, there might be a case for a certain number of new undertakings, unquestionably not for a perfect inundation. The improvements set forth are of course all in one direction: they consist in fresh facilities and advantages proffered to the assured. The reading some of the prospectuses of the new offices positively causes a moderate man to gasp for breath. "Who are these benevolent individuals," he mentally exclaims, "who thus stretch forth the hand to benefit me in every conceivable way, provided I pay to them a small sum annually until my death? Sinful creature that I am for neglecting so long this vast boon which I might have grasped months ago. This is a collection of pure Christians, men of real benevolence, who have no other objects in view but the making all mankind happy and prosperous. They care not for cost—it is clear they must lose heavily; there is no comparison between the ultimate benefit they offer and the petty payment they immediately require. My hat, my hat. Let me away at once, and insure, and be blessed."

Diverging for a moment, we always read with great amusement the reports of the general meetings of most of these new companies. We believe that we shall not be far wrong in designating these general meetings as, commonly, pleasant little delusions. The proceedings are in this wise. The chairman, James Jones, Esq., very humbly deprecates criticism on the part of the assembled proprietors (some half-dozen individuals probably, seated with great parade on a form opposite to him). He feels fully the arduous task which has devolved upon him, and his inability to perform it satisfactorily. However, the report will explain everything, and, if it does not, their most excellent and talented manager will be ready to answer any question which the proprietors may wish to put. The report is then read, and, like all other reports on all other undertakings, sets forth and dwells upon a state of prosperity perfectly bewildering. One would suppose some mighty feeling had arisen in the breasts of all mankind in connexion with the Aldgate Pump Life Assurance Company. No sooner did this precious infant see light, than from all parts of the country there sprang forth sources of nourishment. To say that it is thriving, that it has every sign of health and longevity, that it is the finest life assurance baby that ever was seen, would be simply childish—would be mere twaddle. The Aldgate Pump Assurance Company passed through no intervening stages—it was born, and it is a man—a strong, stout man now, and one which will possess herculean proportions by-and-by.

After the reading the report, the chairman moves its adoption (throwing in another word in praise of the manager), and the six proprietors and two auditors and physician each have a little "say." Finally, there is a vote of thanks to the manager, and that personage then delivers himself of an oration, before which all the other orations of the day must humbly bow. Almost moved to tears at this display of so much ability and sterling worth on the part of an individual known to be so inadequately rewarded, a proprietor rises, and in faltering accents beseeches the chairman and directors to retain the exemplary manager's services at any cost. Such an appeal is, of course, irresistible, and the chairman's feelings will just allow him to murmur that the subject of an increased salary to the manager is already under consideration;—and the meeting is dissolved, and luncheon is commenced.

But, apologising for this digression, we return to our statement, that even were it true that the old offices proved perfectly obdurate to a general appeal to a certain extent to modify their system of business so as to fit it better to altered times and contingencies, there might be reason for some few new offices, assuredly not for the overwhelming mass now blazoned forth in London city. The argument already urged against the number of new offices (quite irrespective of the question whether they are sound or rotten) is thoroughly true and cogent. Why should you waste in expensive machinery tens of thousands which otherwise would return into the pockets of the assured? Even assuming that competition could be carried on fairly at a reasonable expense—that is to say, without one party being induced to spend a farthing more than he could and would if there were no competition, and advantage were obtained simply by superior energy and perseverance—even then, we say, the multitude of offices would be an evil, because the expenses of the unnecessary number of establishments would be money really thrown away, squandered, only the servants and tradesmen being benefited; but when you examine the system of competition as now existing—when you see the terrible outlay which is required to obtain success—when you are made aware of the touting which goes on in the first instance for agents; next, the terms which these agents require; and, finally, the battling, and struggling, and vying for proposals—we think there can be no question but that it is very unfortunate we have as many offices as now exist. We consider that they ought never to have been, under the best circumstances—even if every one of them were sound as rocks (or as *the* "Rock," perhaps, we might say)—if all the directors and all the officers were unquestionably good, honest men, and the expenses had all been perfectly legitimate and moderate, but admitting them to have been a mistake and a mischief—even under these circumstances, when you draw a darker shade over the picture by adding the colour which every man of sense will say *must* be added, after he has carefully and calmly scrutinised the general features of most modern offices—surely there must be a sigh, a doubt, a misgiving lest a day of downfall, of bitter disappointment, of sorrow and distress, may dawn gloomily hereafter.

We would only make one exception in our condemnation of new projects. There may be fair reasons for forming what are termed "Class" Offices. If there be any marked peculiarity connected with a particular class of persons—through their occupation or otherwise—there is certainly

a ground for separating them from the general mass in respect of life assurance. But even this plea may be abused. There are a great number of class offices now, and though it is possible there may be a want yet unsupplied, the promoters of any new undertaking of this character ought to be able to make out a very clear case before they should receive public support.

But, being saddled with this evil of a superabundance of assurance offices, how are we to treat it, and wherein lies the remedy? Let the assured bestir themselves. Some years ago any proprietor venturing at any general meeting of a railway body to hint a doubt as to the conduct of the directors, was treated with perfect contempt. He was a booby, a nuisance, a maker of mischief, a troublesome fellow, a paltry prattler, a miserable ignoramus, and was accordingly snubbed and put down. Things are altered now. Railway shareholders dare to express an opinion, dare to be displeased, dare to censure, dare (fearful thought!) to appoint committees of investigation into the state of affairs. And why should not policy-holders do the same? Their stake is not small, their interest not insignificant. Why is it they are so foolish as not to attend the general meetings of companies, see and hear for themselves, ascertain whether Mr. Manager Simpkins is the paragon he is described, and whether the several directors are the remarkable combinations of integrity and intelligence they are represented to be? Again, let a policy-holder look sharply and suspiciously at a great display of business. The progress of a society's income is no evidence by itself of soundness and stability. Life assurance business, like every other business, can be conducted with safety only upon certain principles. You must see, reader, whether those principles are adopted in the office wherein you are insured, or whether your office be merely a means of support to a worthless crew, who quite cast out of their consideration the object for which the undertaking was supposed to have been originated. There is this comfort for policy-holders in questionable societies, that an association must have gone very far wrong indeed for its position to be quite hopeless, and for it to be advisable to close its operations at a loss. If there be anything of a footing obtained, and the mismanagement, or recklessness, or dishonesty have existed only a few years, and now a total change be effected—energy, prudence, and integrity being substituted for the reverse qualities—a society may yet be redeemed and brought into a solvent condition. Regretting the birth of so many puny societies—being sure that under the best circumstances they must prevent the receipt by policy-holders of much additional benefit—yet, as the mischief cannot be undone, it only remains to lighten it to the utmost extent. Therefore, we repeat, let every person assured make it his business to examine the condition of his society, and if he shall find it amiss, let him join with his companions in the undertaking in an endeavour to set it straight, and let share and policy-holders especially see whether advantageous amalgamations cannot be effected, competition lessened, and expenses diminished.

Finally, let us beg the public not to countenance the further hatching of new offices, which have not the slightest recommendation over the old ones, which have no new features to add, and which have merely been

concocted by some miserable coterie, whose business it is to originate and profit by these needless and, therefore, mischievous productions. Pray, dear public, do not allow the system of humbug, whether in life assurance or any other matter, to dazzle and delude you so much as it has done hitherto. Every man has a brain and power of thought—every man can understand a great deal of a question if he will but give himself the trouble (but we are all so *very* idle) to cast his mind really upon it. Turn over a new leaf, my friends; look boldly at every cheat placed before you. This is all that is needed; in a moment it will wither and die.

MY TRAVELS.*

It is with sincere pleasure that we welcome a new work by Captain Chamier, whom we had long missed from our library table. The last time we had the satisfaction of greeting him was on the occasion of the French Revolution of 1848, and since then he has been silent. The reason is fully explained by the volumes we now have before us: he has been busily engaged in collecting materials for a new book of travels, and most satisfactorily has he performed his task. On such a well-beaten track as the captain followed, its requires very peculiar talent to be able to pick up anything new; but the gallant author, as it were, has made up his mind to outstrip all competitors on the road, and we must allow that he has performed his self-imposed task with great discrimination. A sworn foe to despotism, he cannot allow for a moment that the end justifies the means, and, consequently, we must not feel surprised at many allusions which any man but a frank, free-hearted sailor would have suppressed. But we like him all the better for it: although not disposed to go so far as he does, still the utter want of reticence induces us to put faith in his journal, and it is indubitable that it does contain a vast amount of information which cannot be obtained elsewhere. In fact, no better book could be suggested as a supplemental Handbook to Italy; and though, of course, Murray's deservedly holds its place, still Captain Chamier's volumes will prove a most acceptable boon to those who desire information which such a work as the Handbook naturally cannot find room for.

The captain's companions on this tour were the members of his own family; but he does not spare them for all that. Thus he describes his lady-wife as "a pretty-faced woman enough, with large dark eyes. Sentimental humbugs would compare them to those of the wild gazelle or roe: they were nothing but eyes, large, black, and clear; her nose had a devotional inclination to heaven; her mouth was small and pretty, and her feet and hands gave the bootmaker and glover such trouble to fit her, that they charged her more than a woman with a mud-crushing

* *My Travels*; or, *An Unsentimental Journey through France, Switzerland, and Italy*. By Captain Chamier, R.N., Author of "*The Life of a Sailor*," &c. Hurst and Blackett.

foot or a scullery-maid's hands. As for my daughter, she was fair and comely enough, with a horror of a freckle, and who covered her face with veils and uglies, until the most piercing eye could never have ascertained if she were twenty or sixty. . . . She had the curse of sentimentalism and poetry: everything in her imagination was magnified into loveliness and ecstasy: the commonest donkey was promoted to the mule, and a high trotting horse was a fit charger for Marmion." These do not appear, *prima facie*, the best travelling companions for an unsentimentalist, but possibly they served to keep the captain always at fever heat, and lying in ambush for any sickly cant on which he could pounce.

In this style the whole of the book is written, although here and there it is evident that Captain Chamier has an eye for nature as open as any poet's in fine frenzy rolling: but he is quite in the right not to go into ecstasies about every pretty little view, which is the great fault of your travelling English. We believe that, were they to speak honestly, tourists would allow that, on a fair comparison, England contains as much fine scenery as any other country in Europe, but, unfortunately, the time has not yet come for it to grow fashionable. We had some hopes, when Biffin commenced his attempt to reform our hotel-keepers' bills, that the time was at hand when it would be almost as cheap to spend a week in Wales as it is to go to Constantinople. But, alas! the effort was nipped in the bud, and for a season longer we are forced up the Rhine, because it is cheaper than travelling at home. By the way, Mr. Walter White, in his Cockney's walk to the Land's End, seems to have made a move in the right direction; and possibly, by the time our publishers, in their laudable spirit of emulation, have supplied us with walks from Gray's Inn to John o' Groats, from Belgravia to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and so on, our innkeepers will begin to wake up, and find that the day for protection has gone past, and that they too must do homage to the beatific principles of free trade.

But worthy rivals of our English hotel-keepers may be found on the Continent. Let any one call to mind their bill at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Baden, and let them compare it with a similar specimen from any country hotel in England—of course we are not alluding to our London caravanserais, where deluded youths from Oxford are let in for eight pounds odd for supper and a bed—and we do not think that much difference will be found. And at some of the inns in Germany quite off the route the landlords can make out a bill as if they had served an apprenticeship in the vicinity of Euston-square. We still shudder at the reminiscence of a week's stay at Rippoldsau, in the Black Forest. Captain Chamier seems easily satisfied on this score; as long as he was well served, he did not grumble over *l'addition*; and we only find one instance where the host pitched it a little too strong, to which the captain thus alludes: "The bill we paid here was the highest on the whole road. I would not detract from the merits of the *cuisine* or the wine: but if the landlord would alter his *addition* into subtraction, it would be more honest in him, and more agreeable to travellers. The inn, by no means a bad one, is admirably placed for fleecing victims: it looks comfortable, and it is comfortable: and when the sun has set, and the mist rises thick from the gorges—when the snow is on the mountains, and the rain

in the valley, the traveller prefers the extortion to pursuing his way to Isella in the dark, with all the dangers and difficulties of the descent."

From inns to couriers is a natural progression, and we are glad to find Captain Chamier was so sensible a man as to be his own courier, aided by the experience of a perfect jewel—an honest *vetturino*. This system of couriers is the greatest curse which fashion inflicts upon travelling English: because the Duchess of Rougelion does not object to have twenty-five per cent. tacked on to her bills for the gratification of being escorted by a fierce moustachiod chasseur, with a sword at his side, John Smith, Esq., must do the same; but while in the former case the addition to the expense is but a drop in the ocean, Mr. Smith will feel the effects of it for the next six months. We must not be supposed to be advocates of sumptuary laws, but still we should be heartily glad, were every applicant for a passport compelled to go through an examination in the language of the countries he proposes to visit, in order to check the amount of cheating which his ignorance encourages. Once upon a time the Germans were a patriarchal race, content with asking not more than fifty per cent. above the market price of their goods, and willing to take twenty-five; but now they have increased it to cent. per cent., and, what is worse, will not be beat down a fraction. Of a verity, the John Smiths have much to answer for!

There is a certain list kept at the Neapolitan ports of persons not to be allowed to enter the kingdom, and many curious instances have been recorded of the *dévues* committed by the police—in stopping young men because their names happened to be Tom Paine, or Thomas Moore. We rather fancy there is an addition to the list of one Frederick Chamier by this time, as a most dangerous foe to government. Not the least curious portion of his work is that devoted to poor Sicily; priest-ridden and king-ridden, no wonder one of the most fertile spots in Europe lies fallow. The monks are estimated at 28,000, whilst the nuns figure for 18,000. As our author observes, in a spirit which he seems to have borrowed from Thackeray, "if the King of Naples placed a musket in the hands of all these gentlemen, who are the most profligate of Naples, and the most worthless of Sicily, he might muster an extra army of 40,000, and leave plenty of the really religious and excellent prelates of both countries to take care of the souls of his indolent subjects."

But through the whole of Italy the same system is maintained—monks and soldiers keep the people in subjection, though it must be confessed that it has acquired its greatest development in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The Czar on a small scale kindly provides his loving subjects with amusements in the shape of lotteries—long ago scouted from every well-regulated state—and the drawings are superintended by priests. The streets teem with predictions as to lucky numbers to be backed. Some dream of numbers—some consult their priests; but owing to one of these spiritual advisers having religiously recommended at various times numbers which did win, the government wisely prohibited such interferences with the devil's avocation. Books under the attractive names of "*La Zingara Fortunata*," "*Zoroaster*," &c., describe how to gain success; and the poor ignorant dupes believe in them, and starve themselves to save a few grani with which to back fortune.

Our author is very severe, and it seems justly so, upon the priests, and

he gives stories which prove them capable of every crime. Indeed, as he remarks, a book called the Crimes of the Clergy would meet with a rapid sale, and would be the most exciting work ever published. "But who dare attack the clergy in Naples, excepting in whispers? and who dare publish the book? Is not the court most eminently virtuous?—who sees a naked statue anywhere? Have not decency and morality suggested the fig-leaf on the marble, and the green inexpressibles on the opera-dancers?" But the captain has an especial reason to abuse the clergy, for actually, while being blessed by the Pope in St. Peter's, some caittif preferred his pocket-handkerchief to his own salvation; his greedy claws had seized their prey: there was an indecorous movement behind: but—

Who at that moment could turn from him who held the keys of Heaven, or cease to regard the Catholic representation of Christ on earth?—nay, who—be he Protestant or heretic—can look on all this worldly grandeur in that church

"With nothing like to thee,
Worthiest of God—the Holy and the True,"

and not feel humbled—not feel a certain awe and reverence, a profound submission, a consciousness of the great imposing ceremony, a certain thrill of religious fervour, an admiration? Far be it from me to detract from those religious rites and offices, or attempt to ridicule what many regard with favour, and none can despise. It is doing homage to the Lord: it is all poor, weak man can imagine as giving an idea of his submission, or of honouring the Prince of princes; and these great and imposing ceremonies are more calculated to work upon minds incapable of adoration without pomp, or prayer without excitement. There is something wonderfully impressive in the scene—the music's reverberation through this magnificent temple, the prostration of thousands; one man alone erect, and he the supposed Vicegerent of the Lord, holding on high that in which the Divinity itself is enshrined, and in his clear deep voice pronouncing the Holy Trinity. Above, is all that man can do to imitate the heavens in their blaze of light; below, are the worshippers of Him who led captivity captive, prostrate on the earth, not daring to lift their eyes; there is a silence, an awful silence, as the smoke from the censor rises, and shrouds, as it were, the elevated Host; and there is a sublime dignity in the words which close the captivating ceremony. I confess I felt excessively overcome.

I wonder where that vagabond expects to go to hereafter who filched my property? What a disregard he must have had for the Pope and his blessing! unless, indeed, he thought the blessing sanctified the deed. I was uncommonly annoyed. I never bargained for being robbed in such a church, in such a moment; and as I might have failed in another of Mosti's maxims of "not being late at the table d'hôte," I left the Basilica, and returned to the hotel.

Unfortunately our space is finite, or we would multiply quotations to prove how well worthy this book is of perusal. All that is left us to do is to recommend it strongly to our readers—and by this time we flatter ourselves they place some confidence in our recommendation—and assure them that, whether they desire amusement or instruction, they cannot do better than follow Captain Chamier on his unsentimental tour.

ENSIGN PEPPER'S LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

Camp Hospital, before Sebastopol, July, 1855.

DEAR AUNT PRISCILLA,—As it is three months since I had the pleasure of writing to you, I make sure you think I am dead and buried and gone to heaven—and if there were not a heaven to go to, for those who drop off in misery here, it would be a blue look-out. But when you come to know that I have been suffering for my country in the shape of a wound and a dangerous fever, you will not attribute my silence to neglect. And if I don't write to my revered guardian this time, he must set it down to the same cause; but your letter will be as much as I can accomplish, for my hand and thoughts are still shaky. It occurred on the 17th and 18th of June; I mean the battle that was so fatal to me and my head: a very glorious anniversary (over the left) of the battle of Waterloo. I have received all your letters; but I cannot understand the last one. You say in it that I have been promoted to a lieutenantcy, for you read it in the *Daily News*, "Ensign Pepper to be lieutenant," and you and Jessie send me a whole sideful of congratulations. I'm sure I don't know of anything I have been promoted to, except that ugly shot and a broken head. There's no such luck in store for me as promotion: so if ever you should read of "Ensign Pepper to a baronetcy," you may make certain it's not me. There are plenty of Peppers out here, but I don't know the fellow that was in luck. I have no doubt he was cousin to Sir James Graham, or some of that renowned lot, if he really has got an advance.

I'm sorry to tell you that Gill has got *his* promotion, but it is into another world. He had a warning the night before he died: it was his brother's ghost, who came to his tent and beckoned him out; so Gill saw it was all over with him, and looked out for the bullet that did for him. He was excessively down about it, and said, if he got over the morrow safely, he'd never say his prayers in bed again, but kneel down before he got in. But I'd better begin at the beginning.

After I wrote to you in April we led a regular drony life (not drony in the full meaning of the word, but drony so far as that there was no change, our only recreation being to rub our mosquito bites, to torment the flies, and to bury our dead after the nightly encounters with the Russians) till the latter end of May, when we found out there was going to be an expedition against Kertch. It was said that some of us were to be in it, and we all looked sharp for the good news that *our own* was one of the marked out regiments—anything for a change.

Orders came, and I was in luck for once, and away we started to attack Kertch. We had to get to it by water. Only a few regiments went—Highlanders, Guards, Hussars, &c.—and some French detachments. Georgy Brown commanded, and if he would put away a few of his crotchets we could not wish a better commander. We embarked at Balaklava on a Wednesday morning, the 23rd, I think it was, and when we arrived the next day at Kertch, the bombardment had begun, and they were hard at it. Our fleet, under Sir Edmund Lyons, was rapping it into the Kertch fortifications, scattering the earthworks and blowing up the magazines. What with the smoke and what with the roar, we were pretty well blinded and deafened. As much as we could see of the

shore looked like the Elysian Fields after the barrenness and mud of the Crimea. Broad plains of undulating meadow-land, its long grass (taller than English) of the darkest and brightest green, lovely flowers spangled over it, plenty of growing wheat and grazing cattle, pretty little Tartar cottages, and a big white lighthouse.

Before we had landed, the Russians had had enough of our noble guns, and had flown to unknown regions, like cowards, and we took quiet possession. Why didn't they stop and take their licking? they should have had it kindly. Kertch looked, from our ships, a very pretty town, its houses principally white and their shutters green. There were some good strong government-store buildings, and lots of windmills. Some of the houses were painted blue, and some yellow, and some crimson; but the white looked the best. And there was a dockyard, and a gun battery, and at the top of a hill behind the town there were two stone buildings, one containing the bones and ashes of the Great Mithridates, the other containing nothing but smash—when we got there. Mithridates was the name of seven sovereigns of Pontus, and the seventh of them (this one) was so brave and clever that he spoke every language and conquered every nation, and also studied physic till he found out an antidote to poison, which may still be procured at any druggist's shop. Please to read this part to my guardian, for I know it will please him to find I have not forgotten my school acquirements. In the other building, the contents, as I say, were destroyed, so we could not quite decide upon what it had been built to represent. We went up terraces and stone steps of granite to get to it. It was built with pillars, after the manner of the Pantheon, and, inside, we could make out glass-cases, and urns, and tablets, and Greek ornaments, and figures of marble, or plaster of Paris, and slabs and earthen jars, all smashed up as small as walnut-shells. We lifted up our voices and eyes, in despair, at witnessing such wanton destruction, and set it down to the Turks, who are great pillaging ruffians. They tried their hands that day at every known crime, not excepting murder, and we were obliged to shoot and bayonet some, before they would leave off. A precious fatiguing walk we had to Kertch, after landing from the ships: not that it was far, but the day was as hot as blaze could make it, and our men were so strapped up in their heavy clothing, and *stocked* up, and knapsacked up, that they fell out of the ranks by hundreds. On the Friday, we marched and took possession of Yenikale, most of us half dead again. It was only six miles, but the whole line of distance was dotted with exhausted stragglers, and if the Russians had been sharp enough to come down upon us then, they might have made mincemeat of the lot. The Turks stood the marching well—I don't believe ten of them fell out all the way; but they went sacking into the houses at Yenikale, like they had into those at Kertch, plundering, and breaking, and setting on fire. The French did a little, in the same line, towards their share, vowing they wanted wood for firing, and demolishing furniture to provide it; but *we* behaved like lambs and gentlemen. There was something up with our commissary department, as usual, and whilst they were thinking about it, the French acted, and cleared the country of all the cattle, so our commissary fellows had to go to the French, hat in hand, and beg some meat. We had no tents that night, and few of us blankets, so we lay in our clothes, and the dew gave us a ducking vapour-bath. I thought it pleasant,

after the hot march; but some of the old ones growled over it, and said we should all be in for ague and rheumatism. The French had everything, as they always do—tents, and provisions, and comforts. Very glorious results came of this expedition to Kertch. The allied fleet destroyed about three hundred Russian vessels, most of them laden with provisions for our enemies in the Crimea. We on land blew up heaps of their powder, and captured their guns, and pitched their stores of shot and shell into the sea, and destroyed their magazines of corn and flour: altogether, what we demolished by sea and by land would have fed the enemy's army till next Christmas. Wouldn't they foam when they heard of it!

They had a smart battle before Sebastopol on the 7th of June. I was not in it, being with the Kertch expedition, and of course I could not cut myself in two, and be in both places at once. If you get a correct plan of Sebastopol and the works around it, you will see a hill with slanting slopes, and a great quadrangular work atop of it, surrounded by parapets. It is called the Mamelon, and is near to the Malakoff Tower. You will also see a place called the Redan, with some quarries before it: it is separated from the Malakoff by the Middle Ravine. Well, it was determined to attack these, and the French advanced against the Mamelon, and the English against the Quarries. It was begun on the 6th of June; a thundering hot day, Tubbs said, and plenty of lightning and plenty of fighting. Next day they went at it again, and Lord Raglan came down, with his staff, and looked on, as was his custom during our great engagements. They kept it up till dark: the French got into the Mamelon and sent the Russians flying down the hill, behind, but they had to contend for their possession inch by inch and life for life. We also gained, and kept, the Quarries in front of the Redan, and it's said here that we might, in the heat of victory, have taken the Redan itself, and the French the Malakoff Tower, and it's a shame it was not tried. It's a stunning place, the Mamelon, for those who have to live inside. The stench awful, and shoulders of dead bodies, some with heads on and some without, stick up from the ground, which is not deep enough to cover them. Of course I can't give you any details of this battle, as I was not in it; and one may as well ask a jackal as ask Tubbs for them. It was very bad, in the way of losses, but nothing to the affair which took place ten days afterwards, on the 17th and 18th. I was back for that—wish I hadn't been.

On Saturday evening, the 16th of June, I was sitting in our tent with Tubbs, having a go at—at mathematics, when Ensign Gill came in. I couldn't think what he had been up to, for he looked as pale as a girl. "Pepper," said he, "you know there's some hot work at hand; I wonder, by this time to-morrow, how many of us will have passed into kingdom come!"

"Who cares?" called out Tubbs; "a fellow can die but once." And, with that, we set on jeering Gill, and said we'd subscribe to have a mass offered up for his soul.

"It's a mysterious matter, when you come to think of it," went on Gill, and never a shade of joking was on his face. "Here are we three—for example—sitting here to-night, alive and well, and, before another night comes round, we may be shot down, and food for the birds."

"We shan't feel 'em pecking at us, if we are," said Tubbs. And both of us set on at him again.

"I have seen a ghost," interrupted Gill, bringing us up, short; and, upon my word, we did not know what to make of him, he looked so queer. But we mocked at him, and asked if it was Smith's—Smith being a fellow who had been turfed that day.

"It was my brother's," answered Gill. "He died just before I came out here, and if ever I saw him in my life, I did this night. I dropped asleep after coming from the trenches, and not a soul else was in the tent: I was lying down on that heap of pantomime dresses, the bearskins, &c.—you know the corner—and something roused me up with a start. A figure stood at the door, beckoning to me, and up I bolted, half asleep, and was making for the tent-door, to follow, when recollection shot across me that it was my brother. In that moment he had gone, and I rushed to the door and looked out, but not a trace of him was in view, or of anybody else, within reasonable distance. I didn't care to go inside again, after that, so came on, here. I have heard of these apparitions before, though I never believed in them; but I'll lay you two, anything you please, my regimentals if you like, that I fall in to-morrow's action."

"I'll lay you mine that we have got a sucking calf in the division," grinned Tubbs. "Pepper, let's go and have him prayed over."

Well, all we could say made not the slightest impression upon Gill. He sat there, in the flour-tub, whitening his pants, with his head on his hand; and wouldn't answer.

"It is strange, when you come to think of it," he went on, in a droning sort of way to himself. "I have been in the world seventeen years, and I must go out of it, and give an account of what I've done here, and be judged for it. Only seventeen years of acting, here, against the next world! And that world will last for ever. For ever! one can't realise it: one's thoughts get bewildered."

We wondered what he had been reading. I said Mac Ivor's ghost-scene in "*Waverley*," but Tubbs accused him of having been listening to a parson.

"Don't bother," interrupted Gill; "I had neither been reading nor talking, I was too tired. I came in from the trenches, done over with heat, and, after eating a morsel, lay down in my clothes and dropped asleep. I didn't dream, and I remember no more till something seemed to wake me on a sudden, and I started up, as I have told you, and saw—it—standing there, beckoning to me. I shall not live over to-morrow's engagement, and if there's no engagement, a stray shot will take me. You'll see me buried, Pepper," he concluded, as he went out. "Give us your hand, old chum; many's the merry spree we have had together."

"Don't make your marrow-bones sore, with kneeling on 'em, Gill," roared Tubbs, after him. "Shall I send you a book of family prayer?"

"If I kneel till the skin comes off, it's nothing to you," retorted Gill, without looking back. "And you may keep your Prayer-book for yourself: perhaps you want it worse than I do."

"What does it all mean?" I said to Tubbs, when he was out of hearing.

"It means that he was dreaming of his brother, and is a big donkey." I write "donkey" for politeness' sake to you, dear aunt, but it was something else Tubbs said. Before night had closed in, this news had got

wind in the camp, and Gill's tent was besieged, every fellow laughing at him: so if he did have any prayers to say, I fear he was interrupted at them.

At daybreak on Sunday the 17th we opened with a tremendous cannonade: the shot and shell we pitched into the Russian lines must have jolly well settled a few. You'll open your eyes when I tell you that that day and the next we fired 25,000 rounds. About six o'clock in the evening, I was carrying a message from Major Gum to the quarters of our general of division, when I heard somebody come tearing and shouting after me, and, looking round, who should I see but Tubbs, his face as black as a chimney-sweep's with the artillery smoke.

"Pepper," he cried out, "why can't you stop? What's the good of winding a fellow like this?" So I turned to meet him, and asked what was up.

"That ghost hit it last night," he said; "Gill's gone."

"Bosh!" I said, for I didn't believe him. "Don't be a fool. I've got to deliver this paper for the major."

"It will be all bosh with *him* in a few minutes," returned Tubbs. "Come and see where he's lying. The blood's coming out of him like a stuck pig." I believed then, and rushed after Tubbs, and got to the front, braving any stray shots from the enemy. It was a stray shot that had done for Gill. He was coming in, after the day's cannonading, when a bullet went through him below the chest, and he fell close to our lines. If you'll just watch the pump-spout the next time your cook's pumping water into a bucket to wash the potatoes, you'll have an idea of how it came out of him. I thought he was gone, for his eyes were closed, and his face and hands of a death whiteness, so I knelt down with my cheek close to his lips, to feel if there was any breath, and with that he opened his eyes. "I say, old fellow," I said, "this won't do; do you think we can move you?" He was quite sensible; I saw it in his eyes, but he was too nearly gone to speak, and he smiled and pointed with his right hand, which he could hardly raise, towards the skies. I looked up, and could see nothing, only an appearance of thunder; so I don't know what he meant—whether to intimate that he was going to them, or that the ghost was up there, but if the former, the expression on his face told he did not fear the journey. He held it there for a minute, and then the hand fell, and the eyelids fell, and what remained of Gill's life fell with it.

"Poor devil!" ejaculated Tubbs, "we'll bury him decently to-morrow. It's a rum thing, though, Pepper, that he should hook it exactly four-and-twenty hours after the spectre's visit."

No such luck, for me at least, as to bury anybody. A precious morrow it was—but I'll go on in rotation. We left Gill, his poor cold body, and wan face with the smile still on it, and delivered the paper for Major Gum. When we got back, we found it was decided that we were to open fire the next morning at daybreak, and after shelling it into the Russians for three hours, the French were to assault the Malakoff Tower and we the Redan. Of course we discussed the plans (what we knew of them) amongst ourselves; for they can't stop ensigns' tongues if they can generals'. And we didn't see the policy of the scheme. The plan of attacking the Malakoff was all right, but where the deuce was the pull of attacking the Redan? If the French got possession of the Malakoff

Tower, the Russians would be compelled to abandon the Redan; and if the Russians retained the Malakoff, neither French nor English could hold the Redan, because the one, you must understand, commands the other. Soon after, we heard that the cannonading was countermanded, and when the affair came off, it turned out to be a bungle and failure altogether. We heard that Lord Raglan and General Pelissier (who now commands the French in the place of Canrobert) did not hit it off together, as to the plan of attack, and that it was the Frenchman who stopped the shelling. At three o'clock in the morning (pitch dark) we turned out to the assault, Sir George Brown directing the English.

The French led the start, under Generals Mayran, Brunet, and d'Aumemarre, but the sneaks of Russians had remounted their guns which we had silenced the previous day, and had dug a deep ditch below the Malakoff Tower. Half the attacking French fell into it. The Russians rushed out and a desperate fight ensued: our allies were beaten back with extensive slaughter, and Generals Mayran and Brunet slain. Our part of the business is not so soon told: perhaps because I know more of the details. The attack began in three columns. I'll try and describe to you what it was like. You must fancy a steep hill, with a building atop of it to represent the Redan. Post on the summit of this hill as many guns and Russians as you can stow there, and then send a handful of English from the bottom of the hill to fight against them. While the English are struggling up to gain the top, blaze off all the cannons and guns on to them, and see how the poor fellows will fall—and judge whether there was a *shadow* of hope that it could be otherwise. Three parties of us went forth to storm the Redan—you may picture us, stealing forth in the darkness of the night, with some sailors marching ahead of us, bearing scaling-ladders and woolpacks. Sir John Campbell, Colonel Shadforth, and Colonel Yea commanded us: brave fellows they were, and deserved a better fate. Colonel Yea's division was the first to cross the trenches—at least it was said so afterwards: I don't know, for I was not under him—and there was a hitch in scrambling over the parapet: some got over, and some couldn't. The lines were broken, and the men, instead of advancing compactly, were rushing forward a few at a time, anyhow. Down came the enemy's guns amongst them, as thick and fast as rain, and the men fell wholesale. "This is wanton destruction," called out Colonel Yea, when he saw the error; "signal the bugler to sound the retreat." But the buglers had been left at home in the tents (with common sense), and so the advancing parties could not be stopped. Colonel Yea flew amidst them, shouting the recal, frantically gesticulating that they were to return; but his voice was drowned by the thunder of the artillery, and the gloom of the early morning obscured his motions. The men did not understand, and they pressed blindly on, and were mowed down as when you cut a field of wheat, and on pressed Colonel Yea, and was cut down with them, falling dead on the spot. Sir John Campbell and Colonel Shadforth displayed equal bravery, and death rewarded them for it, with the greater portion of those whom they were leading to the attack. Hundreds and thousands of us were struck down that day before we could beat a retreat: if you want to see a list of the officers killed and wounded—and of the men—you just look to the returns. Get Jessie to count them: it will be a morning's work for her. Tubbs was in luck. He was in the party under Major-General Eyre, which

attacked and got possession of the cemetery, the only successful sally of the day. There were six regiments, 2000 of them, and they drove the Russians out of it, who in revenge opened upon them a heavy fire from the Barrack Battery. They next bore down to a suburb of the town itself, and got possession of it. Such capital houses, Tubbs says they were. The one he was in had beautiful furniture and a grand piano, and a cellar of choice wines. Which of course were of no good to him, for a British officer's duty is to fight as long as there's any fighting going on, and leave fine furniture and wines for times of peace. The Russians kept firing on the houses all day, to get us out of them, and we fired back again, as well as our muskets permitted. Some of the houses they blew up, and some they set fire to, but they couldn't stir us till we chose to go. That was at dusk, when we stole away, under cover of the night, for fear of the countless brutes. When I say "us" and "we," I mean the English, *not* myself; I was not with them, and very savage I was, when I came to my senses the next day, and heard Tubbs's account. I was lying in a hole, in front of that formidable Redan, and I can only say I wish I could blow it up with an infernal machine. I can recollect the first attack that morning—the obscure, dawning light, the roar of the artillery, the whizzing of the shells, the men and the shot falling around me, the hoarse voices of our commanders, leading us on with cheers, the yells of the wounded and the shrieks of the death-struck. I can recollect myself saying to the men, "Come on, my lads, and let's pitch into those beggars," and I can recollect nothing more. With the last word, "beggars," I was done for. A shot caught me on the side of the head, taking off part of my ear, some of my hair, and my memory out of me, and down I dropped, and there I lay. I should like you to see the place where I fell—where hundreds fell, besides me. It was in front of that barbarous Redan, on the ascent I have told you of. The ground slopes down, from our side, to a ridge, or ditch, and then ascends, and it's covered with tall, dank, unwholesome grass, and it's ornamented with risings and holes. The risings (or mounds) are made by the buried bodies, and the holes are caused by the bursting of shells, which have there exploded and torn up the ground. Some of these holes are three feet deep and four or five in diameter; and the aspect of the place is just like a graveyard. If you can bribe the old sexton at Clapham to dig a couple of dozen graves in the churchyard, promiscuously, some close and some far, some big enough for that fat butcher where you deal, and some small enough for Jessie, when you go in and take a view round, the grass and the hillocks and these open graves will give you a very good idea, in miniature, of the front of the Redan. And if you could persuade a detachment of soldiers to lie about in different attitudes, as if they were dead and wounded (some with their legs drawn under them, and some thrown up stiff into the air, and some with their arms shot off, and their teeth and noses lying about), and pour over them a few pails of crimson paint, the illusion would be complete. You might get it painted and engraved, and you'd sell thousands of copies. It was into one of these holes that I fell, and the falling in saved my life, and hid me and my clothes from the eyes of those plundering Russians. I lay there for thirty-five hours. I did, aunt: without bit or drop, or my wounds dressed (the biggest was in my forehead), or a soul coming near me, except the dead bodies; and one of *them* had

rolled in, atop of me. For hours I was entirely senseless : I'm sure of that. I think it was about six in the morning that I fell (about the time Tubbs got into that paradise of a house, where the wine was), and I never came-to, it seems to me, till the next day. I then came into a dream, not into myself. My head was stiff, and as heavy as lead, and a burning thirst was upon me, and a deal of trouble. I thought I was with you and Jessie at Clapham, and a dreadful task of some sort of work was put me to do, and I knew it was an impossible task, and hopeless to attempt it, and yet I had to do it. I shall never forget that dreadful feeling of trouble, different from anything I could feel in life. Next, I was on a precipice, holding on by my nails, for fear of falling, and there were chasms and gulfs below, and a red stream of boiling water running at the bottom. And I could not hold on, and my nails tore from me with my efforts, and it was of no use, but I was compelled to sink down, little by little, and I called out, in my agony, to Major Gum, who stood looking on, and he never stirred, and I went faster. All this (and a great deal more, which I have not space to write) was a dream, and when I came partially to myself, the dreadful thirst that racked me was even worse than the pain. I don't know whether I was then in a real fever, or whether the sun, which came full on my head, made me fancy so, but I never felt such a burning thirst before: my aching head, my hands, my body, were as if they had been steeped in that fiery lake I dreamt of. By-and-by I became conscious of a great weight across my thighs, and at length I put out my hand and it touched something cold and flabby, and I soon knew that it was a man's upturned face, and he was dead. There was no chance of my moving him, even an inch, and I tried to shout out, but my voice was feeble and could not raise itself. I hoped, at first, that I might be found and rescued, but as the time went on and I still lay in the hole, with that red stuff round my head—but it wasn't paint—and the thing atop of me, hope went away, and I tried to make up my mind to die there. Oh, aunt! these hours spent before the Redan were weary hours! Dead and wounded were mixed up together; the latter were groaning, in their agony, and the scorching sun was pouring down upon them, and there was no helping hand to cover their faces from it, or to give them a drink of water to allay their dreadful thirst. Don't you talk, at home, about the sufferings of war, till you have gone through them. I heard the Russians dodging about, and plundering our men of their clothing: some were laughing over their work, and some spoke in stern whispers. I shall never know whether I really did make up my mind to die. I tried to do so; indeed I did, aunt. And I thought what two wicked sinners I and Tubbs had been, for ridiculing Gill's prayers when he was going. I can hardly tell what of that day was a dream and what was real. I know I prayed for rescue and life; and I think I prayed—I'm sure I resolved—that if it were accorded me I would try to remember God, more than I had done. "*Seventeen years in this world, against a whole eternity in the next!*" I would have given much of my remaining chance of life, not to have joined Tubbs in mocking at Gill when he said that. Then all faded away again; pain, thought, remorse, and memory; and I knew no more till I found myself pulled about, and heard English tongues around me. It was the afternoon of the 19th, five o'clock, I think, and an armistice had been granted by the Russians. It was no mutual accommodation, this time, for *they* had no wounded —

dead outside their lines to succour and to bury. Our fellows had pulled the dead man off me and were raising me up, and at the first moment I felt no pain, and a wild idea came into my head that angels were carrying me to heaven. Tubbs's face broke the spell, looking over the hole and grinning down at me. (He has got a mouth stretching from ear to ear, when he laughs, and his teeth look like hanging tombstones, for there's a space between each of them.) It was he who had found me, and he began to cheer me up, in his rough way. "Had a nice spell of it, Pepper?" said he. "Never mind, old boy; all's well that ends well; we'll soon have that broken head of yours right again." They got me to camp, and the next morning I was in a fever, and for three days I don't know what they did with me. Then I began slowly to mend, and used to lie hearing the details of the battle, and its effects, discussed over; and many an hour I've wished they'd talk about something else. So that was all the good to me, and to anybody else, that came of the battle of the 17th and 18th of June before Sebastopol.

Nearly the first thing I heard, when the days of fever were going, was that the field-marshal had met the fate from which I was escaping. Lord Raglan was dead: not of a glorious wound in the head or legs, but of sickness. He had posted himself, on the 18th, in the 8-gun battery, to watch the battle, and on the 19th he was taken ill, and never got well again. I overheard them say that he was panic-stricken at the fatal termination of the engagement, and took blame to himself for having hazarded so desperate an attack, and for having given in to the French general about the plan of assault. At any rate, he was sick in body, and troubled in mind; for he could not fail to know that he was pointed to, both at home and abroad, as a great cause of our manifold sufferings, and he was old, and perhaps felt that he was getting useless; altogether, he was quite cowed down, and never rallied. We heard, in the camp, that he was poorly, nothing more; and on the 28th (it was a Thursday afternoon) there came out a general order signed by him, conveying a message from her Majesty to the army. The next morning, who should come into hospital, making a noise and disturbing those who were dying, but Lieutenant Rushton, a fellow none of us like. "Guess who's gone?" he called out. "Pity it's not you," grumbled one of them who had been roused up. "Pity it's not," answered Rushton, "for it's the commander-in-chief." "Turn him out," was the next cry; "don't let him come with his blarney here." "But he is dead," returned Rushton, "and there's a general order out from Simpson announcing it: he went off last night at nine. Just tumble out of bed, those that have got legs, and go and read it for yourselves. See if I trouble myself to come with any news again: if I watch Sebastopol blowing up, I won't come with it." We found Rushton was right, and that Lord Raglan was really gone. Peace to his ashes!

And I think this is about all I've got to tell you. We go on, in camp, in the same jog-trot fashion, doing nothing and expecting less.

Please give my respects to my guardian and the reverend, and love to Jessie, and believe me, dear aunt Priscilla,

Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

Your affectionate nephew,
THOMAS PEPPER.

P.S. I'm getting quite strong again, and I beg to retract what I said about I and Tubbs being sinners. It was a slip of the pen.

Camp Hospital, before Sebastopol, July, 1855.

DEAR GUS,—We are going on like a house on fire. Boxer's dead, and Christie's dead, and the commander-in-chief's dead, and I'm wounded. I had one side of my face shot off, and nearly my ear and some of my hair, and if I'd possessed any whiskers they'd have gone too. I suppose you've heard of the battle we had on the 18th of June: but it was not so much a battle as an attempt at one on our part. All the chief commanders that went into it were shot dead; and if they go off like this, I think I shall soon stand a chance of rising to be a general of division. Perhaps they might make me commander-in-chief, for it's believed, here, they are at desperate fault for one, and old Simpson only acts as such because he can't help himself. Get the returns of the killed and wounded in that battle, Gus, and open your eyes as you look at them. They are worse than Alma; and worse than Inkerman, because no good came of it. I can tell you there has been a precious deal of dissatisfaction poured out about it, over here, and many an officer died with a very ugly word upon his lips. Not a passionate word, poor fellows, for when death's near, we leave those sort of words behind us—and if you don't believe that, you can come to the Crimea and get a pound of grape-shot into your stomach, and try it. No; it was no evil word that ran along the ranks of the dying, but one which you may see mentioned in the Sixth Commandment. And it was a true one, that's more, and nothing else. We can only think that whoever formed the project of sending us, a handful of unsupported fellows, against that strong Redan, must have been out of his senses. Of course we obeyed and rushed enthusiastically forward at the word of command; like we should obey if our commanders ordered us to storm the Lower Regions. It was on a Monday morning, and I don't want ever to see another Monday like it. You need not ask me for particulars, for a chap who gets some grape into his forehead and ears, and head and whiskers, and then lies in a hole on the enemy's ground, with a dead body atop of him, screwing him down and decomposing, and a blazing Crimean sun over his face, and no drink to moisten his parched throat, and nobody to come near him but the enemy, who'd shoot him quite, if they could see him, and stops there for five-and-thirty good hours, dreaming, half the time, that's he hanging by his nails over a precipice, and believing, the other half, that he's dying, and going to—it's not very clear where; a chap in for this can't be expected to give any details of the battle that was so fatal to his comfort. It was partly dusk, for dawn had not well come, when we began, and the shot and shell whizzed down upon us like hail, only thicker, and legs and head and arms were making circles in the air, while the bodies they belonged to groaned on the ground, and blood was spirting on to us from all side and shrieks and moans, and oaths and prayers, mingled together in the ear. When we were nearly all of us killed and wounded, we was given to retreat (we never ought to have advanced); but, before th I was one of the fallen. Ugh! I wish Old Nick had the war!

Tubbs had a glorious time of it, though. He wasn't in our lot, in the party attacking the cemetery. They got into the houses in town; it's a fact, Gus; and if they could have been supported, per! Sebastopol would now have been ours. He said he saw the prettiest girl there—but we set that down for a flam—and they pillaged

cellars, and Tubbs took his station on a table, and sat, cross-legged, at his ease all day, drinking sweet wine and singing, and let the fighting go as it would, for him. Some people have all the luck of it in this world. He brought away a guinea-pig in his cap, and I want him to sell it me. Gill's gone, poor fellow. He was shot on the first day, the 17th, and bled to death in no time. The rummest go happened the night previous to his death: he saw his brother's apparition, and made up his mind that it was a warning for himself. Whether it was a spectre or no, I'm sure Gill believed it. It has made a great noise amongst our set, and has caused more discussion than Lord R.'s death. I and Tubbs were amusing ourselves with a hand at blind hookey (I wish, Gus, you could send us out a pack or two of cards, ours are so worn and dirty), when Gill came in to the tent, looking like a ghost, and said he'd seen one, and told us all about it. We are divided into two parties over this, the believers and the non-believers: some of us call the ghost hard names and invoke it to appear, out of sheer incredulity, and others shiver at its name, and fancy they see it when they are parading the trenches. We call it Big Gill's ghost, for Gill used to tell us his brother was six foot high.

We were getting up a stunning pantomime when this beastly battle came. Gill's tent (because it was a roomy one) was the House of Commons, and we were ranged round it on seats, in the best way we could, to represent the members. Some were on pork barrels, cut in two, and some on broom handles, with a big drum-carcase for the speaker. A fellow named Ford, who was weak in the legs and voice, and couldn't growl or run much, was Layard; and it began by his getting up in his place and making a speech, that the army in the Crimea was all going to the dogs, through mismanagement, that Balaklava was a Babel and a pest-house, and Captain Christie growing too venerable to cure it. Then, some time was supposed to elapse, and we drew up the next scene (the tent-door), and Stiffing came in, clothed in mourning, and a black wig on his head made of wadding (which we had ripped out of our coats and blackened over a candle), and red eyes running down with grief (it took twopence for every onion we used), and announced, amidst death-like silence, that poor, betrayed, abused Captain Christie had read the honourable member's (Layard's) libel, accusing him of being venerable, and had dropped down dead, forthwith, of a broken heart. And he begged to announce to the House, through Mr. Speaker, that the honourable member (Layard) was a disgrace to it, and a vampire, and he desired to hear the sense of the House upon the subject. So then we all gave the sense, and that was the fun. We represented various animals. Tubbs was a raging bear, in a brown, shaggy coat, and growled at Layard; I was in a grey, hairy skin, with ears, and brayed; Potter was a shark, lying on the ground, and showed his teeth; Jenkins was wrapped round in a scaly garment, and hissed; Gill was a fox, with a tail, and bit; Wadborough was a wild boar, with black and yellow stripes (done with paint), and grunted; and so on. Sir James Graham did nothing, while this was going on, but sat immovable and stern, with a drawn, sad face and another onion. Layard stood it as long as he could, and then sneaked off through the door, groaning in self-reproach, and took to his heels, and we after him to hunt him down, keeping up our

respective characters. It was the jolliest fun! and we did our parts so cleverly, that, at the first rehearsal, some of the camp thought a menagerie of real animals had broken loose, and scoured into their tents, and posted themselves before the doors with their rifles pointed at us, for fear we should enter. A fellow named Macpherson played the lion, in a tan mane made out of a sheepskin, and he caused the camp to tremble with his roars. We should have got it up to perfection in time, only that bothering battle came, and stopped the rehearsals. There was to have been a second act, where the tables would be turned on Sir J. G., and he and his wig burnt in effigy, while Layard was exalted to honours: but it's all over now.

Would you credit it, Gus, that when that precious battle took place there was no more preparation made for the wounded than there used to be, in the previous engagements? Upon my word it's true—in spite of all the preachment let out about it in England and here. If Sir James Graham told that to the House, I think he'd not require onions. Of course, I don't speak of myself and those who, like me, were in holes on the enemy's ground and could not be got away; I speak of the wounded wretches who were taken off the field as they fell. They were crowded into wards nearly bare, no basins or anything that could hold a drop of water to wash out their wounds; and if there had been any basins, there was no water to put into them. Many never had their wounds looked at for four-and-twenty hours: the food provided for them was dry biscuit: and the water provided was—not any! A surgeon told me I was better off in the hole than I should have been in hospital, for the agonised cries for water, shrieking up around, could only make the privation of it more painful to bear. After the battle, there came out a general order from Lord Raglan, *praising up the preparations for the wounded*. Perhaps nobody had told him there were none made: and he did not see to them himself: he never did. We don't deny that Lord R. was an amiable man, and all that, so of course his family merit the pension that we learn is given to them: but if we had had the luck of an efficient commander here, with some nouse in his headpiece and activity in his limbs, the siege of Sebastopol might not have gone down to posterity as one of the most unfortunate, in its private details, yet upon record.

My staid Aunt Pris sent me word that I was promoted. I wish the Horse Guards would send it me—it would be more to the purpose. However, I have time to wait, which is one comfort. All officers can't say so. If you only knew the *heartburning* out here, Gus, amongst the old officers, both military and naval, who are left in the lurch while young men are passed over their heads, you'd say that it is a shame. If a young fellow's only got a lord for his fourteenth cousin, he's safe in for a rise, and if he's a poor old fellow whose connexions don't go to Drawing-rooms, he's as safe to stop where he is. There's nothing out here but bitterness of heart on this subject of promotion: and there's another sore subject, too; that so many officers have gone home, *and stop there*. How dare the lazy cowards shirk it—leaving us to do double duty and get shot for them? If the Horse Guards continue to wink at this much longer, they'll wink at anything. You ignorant civilians could not add up the numbers of officers who, on some pretence or other, have returned home and are taking their share of the Crimean campaign

in England. If we unconnected devils were to try and shirk it in this way, we should be looked up in double-quick time, and reprimanded. The French laugh at us, and say Old England's a rum country to understand. There's no favouritism in *their* army; every man that goes into it has to do his duty.

We had an expedition to take Kertch, and did it in style: but it was rather slow there. A little plundering, and some sacking of good cellars, that was all the fun. The wine was pretty heady, and tasted of rose perfume. I've tried to send my old governor a description of the town in Aunt Pris's letter—it's too much bother to write to him every time, one has to be so particular. There was a great temple in it, which they said was built like the Parthenon or the Pantheon; I couldn't make out which, so I put the one the pen wrote the easiest: he'll know no better. The other temple was four inches deep in smash, inside, such a jolly heap, and we danced in it. The natives said it contained Mithridates' coffin. I'd forgotten all about him, so we hunted up a classical dictionary when we got back to camp, and I've described him in style. My old humbug of a guardian will be so proud of my retentive memory that he'll send me a tip and a half.

It's a horrid life, out here, apart from battle and wounds. Myriads of flies sting and buzz about us: if we open our mouths to yawn, they come choking in, and you can't eat a bit of meat but you have to whisk at it with one hand while you convey it to your mouth with the other. That's nothing to the gnats—great big things, first cousins to an Indian mosquito, and they bite like Satan. We are covered all over with white blotches, if they are not red with inflammation. Some of us are purple. The irritation's unbearable, and we stand scrubbing and tearing at ourselves. One of our fellows is a consul's son in the East, who is used to such animals, and he told us the best thing was to brush the places, not scratch them, which has been known to cause death, from augmenting the inflammation; so we took a ride down to Balaklava on a coal-engine, and laid in a stock of brushes. Some were so silly as to buy brooms, throwing away the handles; but the bristles were long and soft, and they only tickled. Shoe-brushes answer best: and we stand in rows, stripped, a brush in each hand, and lay on well. Altogether, if you saw us at it, and we grinding our teeth with the itching and pain, you'd never forget the sight.

My best love to Fanny. I've nothing to say to her, so shan't write. She has been clean out of my thoughts, lately, what with the Kertch expedition and my wound and other things, but don't go and tell her this. Tell her I was shot dead for thirty-five hours and buried in a grave, and I'm only just coming to life again, and I can't write till my faculties return to me.

Yours, old fellow,

TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

NATURAL HISTORY OF LABUAN.*

THE island of Labuan—a fragment of the forest and mountain land of Borneo—a coal station on the high seas from Singapore to Hong Kong, and a remote colony of Great Britain, from whence the benefits of civilisation may be expected to be slowly extended to the country of head hunting expeditions—the home of uran-utans and dyaka, but little removed from one another in the scale of moral goodness—has, thanks to its vicinity to the main and its natural productiveness, a Fauna of its own.

Messrs. Motley and Dillwyn promise to make us acquainted with the little known natural products of this island and of the adjacent coasts, in a series of illustrated fasciculi, the first part or contribution to which is now before us. The illustrations are exquisitely beautiful, and the animals described are not only interesting in themselves, but their habits, hitherto quite unobserved, are still more so.

To begin with the mammalia, which take precedence rather from their position in the scale of creation than in this instance from their importance, there is a lemur—the slow-paced quadruped of that name—*Loris tardigradus*—with a thick and soft fur, of a chesnut colour, mixed in some parts with silvery grey, and with remarkably large soft eyes, like most eyes of that description very stupid in their expression, which, very common on the mainland of Borneo, is rare in Labuan. The natives frequently keep them as pets, feeding them on rice, fruit, and other vegetable products; they are, however, very fond of milk and blood, and sometimes, when in confinement, kill fowls. During the day they can hardly be aroused, but at night they become very active, climbing about most nimbly; when kept in a cage, they sleep rolled up in a ball, and holding on to the bars with one or two of their hands. One, however, which was seen by Mr. Motley in a tree at Brune, apparently asleep, was hanging under a branch. In grasping a branch, the fore-finger of the hinder-foot, or hand, goes with the thumb, like a parrot's foot. This arrangement of the fingers, which is very discernible in fresh specimens, does not appear in the dried limb.

There is also a manis, called pengoling by the natives, that is covered with scales, except the lower parts of the head, the throat, the belly, and the inner sides of the legs, which parts are thinly covered with scattered brownish hairs. The principle of Nature seems to be one of perpetual compensations. Where aphides most abound, as in our rosaries, there also are ants numerous in their pursuit. Where ants most abound, there are scaly quadrupeds, inaccessible to the attacks of the most intrepid termites to destroy them. Of this strange creature the authors say:

The Malay name "Pengoling" signifies an animal rolling itself up, which this creature occasionally does, presenting only its impenetrable scales. It inhabits hollow trees, and feeds on ants alone, of which its stomach contains thousands; it is a slow-moving animal, but very strong, and by means of its powerful pre-

* Contributions to the Natural History of Labuan, and the adjacent Coasts of Borneo. By James Motley, of Labuan, and Lewis Llewellyn Dillwyn, F.L.S., &c.

hensile tail, which is furnished with a little naked callosity, climbs tolerably well among rocks and dead trees; the tongue is excessively long, round, and fleshy, and is used to obtain its food by being laid across the tracks of ants, which stick to a glutinous secretion with which it is provided; its favourite prey is said to be a black species of termites, which is the chief agent in destroying dead-wood in Labuan, and whose colonies are extraordinarily numerous. The individual from which the description is taken is a half-grown one, and was obtained when alive, by Mr. Motley. Having, however, at that time, no means of keeping it, he determined to destroy it for a specimen, and he accordingly got a native to administer to it one of his little poisoned darts, from the sumpitan or blowpipe; the dart, which had apparently been dipped in some black juice, entered the skin of the belly about a quarter of an inch, and in a quarter of an hour the creature was dead. It died very quietly, having gradually ceased to move about, and then lay for three or four minutes in a state of torpor; after which, death came on with a very slight tremor, passing of the fæces, and protrusion of the tongue. On dissection, the aorta and the large artery leading to the strong muscular tail were gorged with dark venous blood, as was also the left ventricle; there was no arterial blood to be seen anywhere, and indeed very little in any other part of the body, except in the air-cells of the lungs, where a number of vessels were ruptured; all the vessels of the head and brain in particular, were perfectly empty and collapsed; the diaphragm was most strangely contracted and corrugated. This took place on board a vessel, and when Mr. Motley stuffed it, the Javanese sailors asked for the body, and ate it, after skinning it.

Even this scaly little quadruped has also its parasites, for it appears that upon the skin of the above specimen being washed with corrosive sublimate, a vast number of large flat ticks emerged from under the scales.

Flying and other squirrels are very common in Labuan, though the former, as they move only in the evening, are not often seen. In one species, of a bright rufous colour—*Pteromys melanopis* of Gray—the flight is slow, from a higher to a lower point, and appears to be made without motion of the flying membrane, and is, in fact, a mere sustained leap. This species lives and breeds in hollow trees, often at a great height from the ground, and runs about the trunks and branches with agility equal to that of our common squirrels. When caught they are very fierce, and will fly at one's hand with the ferocity of a bull-dog.

We have seen (say the authors) several half-tame individuals, and have been told that if taken young they become as tame as kittens. In felling a large old tree at Tanjong Kubong, a whole family, male, female, and two young ones, was caught; being broad daylight the poor things seemed quite discomfited, and made no attempt to escape; not having a cage ready they were put into a tub until the next day, and during the night the parents and one young one escaped; the next day the remaining young one was put into a cage, and at night the female came back to the tub, as it was supposed, to seek it; she was caught and put into the cage with her young; to our great regret, however, she killed it. She lived for several weeks, eating chiefly boiled rice and plantains, and drinking great quantities of water; she remained very fierce to the last; she always slept huddled up in a corner with her flying membrane folded up quite out of sight and her tail round her neck, a sleeping posture we have noticed in every individual we have ever seen. The young ones were very thickly furred, and the hair on the tail much longer than in the adults; their colour was a dull ashy grey, and they altogether looked so unlike their parents, that, but that they were caught with them, and had no teeth developed except the incisors, we should have fancied them another species.

Another, a black-headed species—*Sciurus ephippium* of Gray—is to a certain extent gregarious.

We have seen as many as twenty together feeding in the same tree; when thus engaged they make no noise, and are so intent upon their food that they will not leave it until a shot is fired among them; sometimes even then one or two will remain, while the rest disperse, but quickly reassemble; when alone, they are wary and difficult to approach, making their way along the tree-tops faster than a man can easily follow; the males and females generally appear to associate in pairs throughout the year; the nest is said to be built in a high tree and lined with moss, but we have not yet seen one. We once shot a pregnant female, containing three young ones, and her mate, who was with her at the time, continued to haunt the spot for several days, making a moaning noise; the usual note is a harsh loud chatter, each single sound being separated by a longer interval towards the close, much in the way in which the braying of an ass is brought to an end, otherwise the noise is strikingly like the chatter of a magpie: we have seen it also sitting upon a branch making a sort of often repeated croak, which seemed to shake its whole frame, and gave the tail a peculiar swinging motion; the tail is always pendant, and never, as in the English squirrel, carried over the back; when wounded they are very bold and fierce, and stand upon the defensive with great bravery. In some parts of Borneo they are said to be eaten; some Bruni Malays, however, whom we asked about it, expressed the utmost disgust at the idea, though the same men would eat any living thing which the sea produces, even down to the *Actinia*. When made into soup they are excellent.

This species is very abundant in the island, frequenting the trees, and rarely, if ever, descending to the ground, except when obliged by some accident to do so, and it is singular to see the facility with which they will run head first down the straight and smooth trunk of a very high tree.

Another species, of a yellowish grey above and brownish red below—*Sciurus vittatus* of Raffles—is rare on the island, but is common enough on the main, where it is very destructive to the young cocoa-nuts. A fourth species, of a dark olivaceous colour—*Sciurus modestus*—lives on the ground, and is very abundant, though but seldom seen during the day. It frequents decaying fallen trees, along the trunks of which it is fond of running, every now and then stopping to jerk up its tail in a peculiar manner; when running it carries its back up like the common English squirrel, but the tail is not erected; it has a slight musky smell. Mr. Motley says he has seen one regularly hunted by scent by a musang, a sort of polecat; it evinced the greatest distress, and constantly uttered a sharp squeak. These squirrels frequent store-houses, like rats, and commit great havoc among the rice bags.

There is a fifth species—*Sciurus rufoniger* of Gray—of a deep rufous red, short and rounded ears, and long whiskers. These handsome little animals—squirrels with the face of a cat—appear to be solitary in their habits, as Mr. Motley says he has only once seen two together, and those he believed had their nest near. Unlike the *Sciurus ephippium*, they are silent and lithe in their motions, getting along the tree-tops almost without shaking them. In their note they somewhat resemble the last-mentioned squirrels, as it is of the same character, but rather an oft-repeated grunt than a chatter, not unlike a repetition of the imperfect note of the cuckoo just before he becomes silent. The tail is usually carried pendant. A young one, which Captain Keppel caught in Labuan, slept with the back up and the nose between the hind feet, like some monkeys.

There are some elegant little ruminating animals, belonging to the family *Moschidae*—*Moschus Kanchil* of Raffles—in the island, but rare and very seldom seen, as they live among long grass. The Malays catch them in snares, and they are very good eating, having much the flavour of hare. One of these Labuan hares was caught alive, and soon became extremely tame; it was very fond of the flower-buds of the *Dillenia speciosa*, and a small species of *Portulaca*.

The authors figure a very ugly little shrew-mouse, of a rufous brown colour, and with small sleepy eyes, like a miniature pig or peccary, and which, it appears, is destined to hand down Mr. Gray's name to posterity—*Sorex Grayii*. It is very common near streams in the jungle. One was found with its young among some rotten wood and dead leaves, which, when caught, bit savagely.

Among the birds of Labuan is a beautifully marked owl—*Strix badia* of Horsfield—which, though rarely seen, is not uncommon; it has only a single note, frequently repeated, and which is much like the first note of the common wood-owl's cry. The Malays call owls generally, according to Sir T. S. Raffles, Burong Hantoo, or Devil Birds. It is, indeed, only when heard in the night solitudes of the desert, or amid the awful stillness of the dark forest, that the true character of that note can be appreciated. It is like a sound of evil omen, and is generally looked upon as such by the natives of most countries.

A remarkably beautiful species of swift—*Macropteryx Klecko*—with a metallic green back with reflections of steel blue, dusky grey below, with a patch of dark chesnut-coloured feathers behind the eye and covering the ears, abounds in the same regions, flying very high, and screaming like the common English swift. The Labuan swift, however, perches frequently upon dead branches of trees, but always at a great height. One that was caught alive lived for several days upon grasshoppers; for want of room, however, it was put into a cage with a bee-eater, and after some days of peace a quarrel happened, and the swift was killed. The common swallow of the East Indian Islands—*Hirundo Javanica* of Horsfield—does not feed, like our swallows, in the air, but generally perches upon dead twigs of trees, from which it looks out for its prey, and, darting upon it, returns to its station, something in the same way as the common European flycatcher does; the swallow of the Pacific, however, takes rather a longer flight than the flycatcher. Either insects are more abundant, or the climate is as unfavourable to too great exertion among animals and birds as it is to men, to account for these anomalous habits of the swallow tribe.

The crow of Labuan—*Eurystomus Orientalis* of Horsfield—is described as being a most active and lively bird, of a sea-green colour, haunting very tall jungle in parties of five or six together.

They fly rapidly in large circles with short quick strokes of the wing, like the flight of woodpeckers, and frequently swooping down upon one another with loud chattering. When perched, their note is a single full deep-toned whistle, or something between that and the sound of the word "you," when spoken with forcible expulsion of breath from the throat; the Malays say that their nests are bottle-shaped and suspended from a high branch. The stomach of the bird from which the above description is given was full of the remains of beetles; the flock from which it was obtained did not show any fear at the report of the gun, as they did not attempt to leave the neighbourhood, though, from the great height of the trees, five shots were fired at them before one was brought down.

The habits of the Labuan kingfishers appear to be much alike; they feed almost entirely at sea, and although many of the brooks abound with small fish they are very seldom to be seen far from the beach. A person walking along the shore at high water may often see them dart out of the jungle and dash into the water, seize their prey, and carry it off again among the trees. They never perch on stones or bare branches over the water, like the European species.

The bee-eaters only come to Labuan to breed, which they do in deep holes dug in the sand, as in Syria. They all leave when the rains begin. They principally haunt those places where there is a small open grassy spot on the sea-shore, associating in flocks of ten or twelve, and are extremely shy and difficult to approach; they sail in circles with the flight of a small hawk, sometimes at a great height, and sometimes close to the grass; when they perch, which is not often, they usually select a bare twig. Mr. Motley kept a young one alive for some time, and fed him upon cockroaches and grasshoppers, and he became exceedingly tame: he was, however, at last killed by eating a large spider, which evidently poisoned him.

The pectoral or dark-breasted sun-bird—*Nectarinia pectoralis* of Horsfield—is to be seen very busy among the branches of the mimosa-trees that overhang the sea-beach, in company with a great variety of other small birds. Mr. Motley says of this bird—

I think that there is no doubt that this lovely little bird feeds almost entirely on honey: three or four of them frequent all day long a beautiful plant of *Ruscia juncea* just before my office-window, clinging to the slender twigs in all sorts of positions, and turning up the scarlet bells to insert their fairy little beaks: they appear very sociable little birds, never passing one another without putting their beaks together with a little chirp. If any one comes too near, off they go like meteors, but are back in a minute. I think I never saw anything more beautiful than this plant (whose beauty you cannot imagine from greenhouse specimens): its long pendant twigs are one blaze of scarlet blossoms for months together, with half a dozen of these living gems flitting among them. I often sit and watch them, and wish I could place them some fine morning before your window; birds, flowers, broad sunshine and all.

There is another beautiful little bird of the same genus, which is usually seen in small flocks frequenting tall casuarinas, among which they busy themselves running about, up and down the branches, like tits, eating the pollen of the flowers. Their note is a shrill chirp.

There is another beautiful little bird—*Dicaeum croceoverter*, or saffron-bellied Dicaeum—which is not uncommon in Labuan, and which has something the habits of the English wren.

They haunt low brushwood, and continually utter a low shrill chirp; they are very fearless, allowing themselves to be almost touched before they take to flight; the Malay name, which signifies spark-bird, is very appropriate, as when darting about among the bushes the cock-bird really looks as bright as a flash of fire. The nest of this species is about the shape and size of a goose's egg, and is suspended by the small end from some slender twig of a tall tree; it is built of fine green moss and a sort of brown byssus, and lined with some white fibre and a few small feathers; one of these nests was found on a tree which was felled in the jungle; all the young birds, however, except one, had been killed by the fall; the survivor was brought to Mrs. Motley, who succeeded, by great care, in bringing it up, feeding it at first upon rice and banana pulp; as soon as it was strong enough it was placed in a small cage; though very restless, never

being for one moment still, it was perfectly tame and fearless, and would sit upon the finger without attempting to fly away; and though its whole body, feathers and all, might have been shut up in a walnut, it would peck at a finger held towards it with great fierceness: for a long time it would only take food from the hand, but afterwards, when food was given it, it dropped and shook its wings rapidly, as we see a hen partridge occasionally do. At first, its beak was short, straight, and sharp; but as it grew, its form gradually changed to that of the adult *Dicaeums*; it also changed its diet altogether, refusing rice, and only occasionally taking plantain; for some weeks it fed exclusively upon sugar and water, which it sucked up like a humming-bird; it was very fond of bathing in a large shell full of water placed in its cage.

Labuan has also its songster in the *Copsychus Stricklandii*, whose song is said to be superior to that of any English warbler with the exception of the nightingale, and in power of voice is said even to surpass that. A person walking in the more solitary parts of the jungle is sure to hear it, though it would probably be long before he could detect the musician. The song is like a mixture of that of the thrush and nightingale, with occasionally a clear ringing note often repeated; now and then it utters a chatter something like a magpie.

There is a bird called by the Malays Ujan Ujan, "rain, rain" (*Pitta cyanoptera*), from its crying loudly and frequently before rain. There is a species of starling—*Lamprotornis cantor*—common in Labuan, and which, as the jungle is cleared, appears to become more abundant.

They fly in flocks of a dozen or twenty, and feed on fruit, usually remaining only a few minutes on one tree, then with a loud noisy chatter straggling away one or two at a time to another tree. They also haunt the low brushwood which has sprung up where the jungle has been cleared, and of which the prevailing plant is a nettle-looking shrub, bearing an abundance of small yellow berries; of these they are very fond, and the natives say that when fat upon this diet they are good eating; when feeding, they usually perch very close together. They breed in society; and a colony of them have taken possession of the cliff on the south side of a little bay, in the northern part of the island, where they make holes for their nests in the earth between the rocks; upon the least alarm they all fly out, screeching loudly, but do not go far away; they also breed in the hollows of tall dead trees, and frequently hold a very noisy meeting upon the highest branches, all chattering at once; the Malays sometimes succeed in teaching them to talk, but their education is difficult.

Some birds of the family of Graculinæ are, like others of the same family, very noisy, frequently flying at a great height and making a noise like jackdaws, and sometimes turning over in the air like tumbler pigeons. They build in hollow trees, and when young are extremely easy to tame, become very familiar, and learn to talk pretty well; hence they are often kept as pets.

That handsome bird the Malacca ring parrakeet is not uncommon in Labuan.

They are to be seen in the early morning flying about above the tops of the trees in small flocks of six or eight, uttering in their flight a loud quick scream, very much like the note of the common swift. They are particularly fond of the fruit of the *Dryobalanops camphora*, which they split open, and eat the curious crumpled cotyledons in spite of their pungent taste and smell of turpentine. The specimen from which the description is taken, was shot when feeding upon the seeds of the *Dillenia speciosa*, a shrub about ten or fifteen feet high, and it is the only instance in which we have known them venture so near the ground; when first seen, he was busy opening the capsules of the plant and scraping out the seeds with

his beak, never omitting to clip off at a single bite every one he emptied; having done this, he dropped himself under the twig he sat on, swinging by one leg to watch it fall: when it reached the ground he testified his satisfaction by a low chirp, and giving himself a vigorous swing caught the perch with his other foot, and walked gravely along to another capsule, not hopping, but placing one foot before the other in a most old-fashioned way. Another of these parakeets, which had been pinioned by a shot without being otherwise injured, was placed in a cage, where, soon finding his two long tail-feathers to be an incumbrance, he deliberately turned round, pulled them out, and then walked round the cage evidently to try the effect of his contrivance.

Of the Labuan woodpecker—*Picus leucogaster*—Mr. Motley relates :

These birds are not uncommon in Labuan, and frequently fly in small parties of six or eight; they much frequent dead trees, whose bark is just beginning to fall, and are very amusing to watch, being always in motion and very noisy; they begin rather low down on a tree, moving upwards by jumps with a cry like the chatter of a magpie to the time of our green woodpecker's laugh; perhaps two or three will be ascending one tree at the same time, trying the bark with incessant taps, and wrenching open every likely crack with their powerful chisel-beaks; when they reach the branches, they hold a sort of discussion of tremendous chatter, and then each takes his own branch, and the bark, here being usually more decayed than on the stem, comes down in showers; if you make any loud noise or show yourself suddenly, all disappear in a moment: perhaps one or two may fly off with a swift but laborious action of the wings; but the majority hide behind branches; in a minute or so, if all is quiet, you will see a head peer out from behind some snag, and after looking round and seeing nothing, a croak of satisfaction brings out two or three more heads, but not a body is seen till all the heads are perfectly satisfied of their safety; at last they all come out and chatter together most vociferously for a minute or two before they go on feeding: though apparently so wary, they rarely leave the tree they are examining, even if fired at.

But decidedly the most interesting and important bird of Labuan is the *Megapodius Cumingii*, a kind of fowl which it is to be hoped the Zoological Society will succeed in introducing into this country.

In Labuan they are not uncommon, and are said to be principally confined to small islands, to such more especially as have sandy beaches; they are very rarely to be seen, being extremely shy and frequenting dense and flat parts of the jungle, where the ratans grow, and where the luxuriance of the vegetation renders concealment easy. The Malays snare them by forming long thick fences in unfrequented parts of the jungle, in which at certain intervals they leave openings where they place traps; the birds run through the jungle in search of food, and coming to this fence, run along it till they find one of the openings, through which they push their way and are caught in the trap. In walking they lift up their feet very high, and they set up their backs something like Guinea fowls; they frequently make a loud noise like the screech of a chicken when caught; they are very pugnacious, and fight with great fury by jumping upon one another's backs, and scratching with their long strong claws. Their food principally consists of seeds and insects. The eggs are of a fine dark cream-colour and of a very large size, three of them weighing nearly as much as a full-grown bird. According to the account given by the Malays, each bird lays about eight or ten eggs at each time of breeding, and their nests are merely large heaps of shells and rubbish, deposited over the sandy soil, in which the eggs are buried to the depth of about eighteen inches. Since receiving this account, however, we have had an opportunity of inspecting a very large and perfect nest, or breeding-hill, and found it to be about twenty feet in diameter, and composed of sand, earth, and sticks; it was close to the beach, just within the jungle, and scarcely above high-water mark, and appeared to have been used for many years. The boatmen seemed to have no clue to

what part of the hillock contained eggs, but said that they were never without some, when frequented at all; they sought for nearly half an hour in vain before they found one, and then they got about a dozen together; they were buried at a depth of from one to three feet in an upright position, and the ground about them was astonishingly hard. The eggs thus deposited are left to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and this, the Malays assert, requires between three and four months to complete: those obtained from this heap were brought home and buried in a box of sand, and a month or two afterwards it was discovered that they had all hatched, but that from neglecting to place them in a proper (*i. e.* probably an upright) position, the chicks could not get up through the sand, and had all perished. When hatched, the chicks are almost entirely fledged; even the long quills being, as the Malays say, "needled." When first dug out, some of the eggs had lost much of their outer colour, which appeared to have scaled off, leaving only a white chalky shell. On a former occasion some eggs were brought by the natives, and were buried in a box of sand and exposed to the weather: at the end of about three weeks one of the chicks was hatched; a Malay who saw it emerge, said, that it just shook off the sand and ran away so fast that it was with difficulty caught; it then appeared to be nearly half-grown, and from the first fed itself without hesitation, scratching and turning up the sand like an old bird. Two more afterwards emerged in the same state. Their eggs are held in such high estimation as food both by natives and Europeans, that one cannot but fear that these interesting birds, though now so abundant, will ere long become scarce.

The nests of the Egrets, called Padi birds, from their frequenting the rice-fields, are so difficult to find, that the Malays have a superstition concerning them which has some resemblance to the fairy legends of our own country.

It is said that but one mortal has ever seen the nests and eggs of the Kanawty puth, for they do not, like other birds, breed in the swamps and jungle of our visible world, but about the houses of certain happy invisible beings called the Orang Ka-benar-an, or "people of truthfulness." They are a race of sylvan spirits whose care is to preside over the seasons of flowers and fruit, and were formerly allowed to mix and associate with mankind, leading them through jungles when benighted, and teaching them also the art of husbandry, which they too practised themselves, sowing over ground already sown, and reaping and carrying away their own produce before the padi was ripe, leaving behind for the fortunate cultivator to whose clearing they took a fancy a more than usually plentiful crop. But the great Mahomet came, and all the angels of heaven, except the rebel Eblis, followed and protected the spread of his faith: now Eblis and his wicked ones saw in heaven none whom they could call to their assistance to crush the Holy and Mighty Prophet, so he went to the simple spirits of the groves, and said to them, "Behold, the great Allah is unjust to you, Orang Ka-benar-an; are ye not spirits, even as the angels, who fly upon the winds? ye must not remain among the silent woods any longer; behold, I have defeated the Lord Allah, and now ye shall be angels like the rest." And the foolish spirits believed the words of the tempter, and they fell down before him and called him the great and mighty King Eblis. But as their hearts became great there came an angel called Zaliel, from whom Eblis fled away afraid, and he said unto them, "Oh, foolish spirits, you have made a prayer unto that evil Jin Eblis, and the Lord Allah has sent me to punish you; and this is your sentence; behold the beasts and the birds, and the men whom you love, shall see you no more, and your houses and your fields shall become invisible for ever, and ye shall never go again among the houses of men." And when they wept bitterly at this punishment the angel relented, and he said, "Choose, then, one bird which may see you and live in your houses, and bring up its young among your children." So they considered, and one wished to choose the Eagle, because, said he, "He soars high and sees far, he will bring us much information:" but another said, "No, he is a pirate-bird, and destroys

others whom we also love; let us choose the great Pigeon, for he sits on high bare branches in people's gardens, and he will bring us news of all their doings;" but another said, "No, for he eats and destroys the fruit which we love, before it is ripe; let us choose the Kanawy, for he stands by the river-side and watches the canoes, and so we shall always know when and where our friends are going" (it must be remembered that rivers are the only roads in these countries). So when the angel saw how they loved mankind, he gave them the Kanawy, and granted them still further, that if ever a man benighted in the jungle should lie down to sleep within the fence of their invisible village, they should have for four days the privilege of making themselves visible to him, and of entertaining him in their houses, but he bid them beware of giving their visitors the eggs of the Kanawy; and so the angel departed. Now, after this, men wondered much what had become of the friendly spirits of the woods, but as no one happened to fall asleep in the charmed ground, it was many, many hundred years before it became known, and thus it happened: there was a certain Rajah who studied magic, and to do so more conveniently he used to wander with his books in the jungles, and one night as he crossed the village of the Ka-benar-an he sat down under a teak-tree, and fell asleep. Instantly he found himself among the friendly spirits, who caressed him in every way, and beat gongs, and sang pantuns (Malay poetry), and did everything to testify their delight at being again visible to a mortal. They dressed him in silk sarungs and salendangs (different kinds of waistcloths), gave him a kris covered with gold and jewels, and the most beautiful maidens brought him luscious fruits and choice sweetmeats, and offered him betel and cigars; and so three days passed away, but at the end of the third day the ungrateful Rajah grew tired of his fair companions and their delicate dainties, and asked for rice and salt fish: rice they gave him in abundance, but salt fish they had none, so he asked for a fowl's egg, but they had no fowls: then he turned his eyes upon the beautiful white birds walking about the house, and said, "Give me the eggs of the Kanawy;" but they spoke to him gently, and said, "No, we cannot give them, the Lord Allah has forbidden it." Then the Rajah grew angry, and said, "I, too, am a great king," and he climbed up to the nests of the Kanawys under the rafters of the house, and looked into the nests where the eggs shone like large emeralds, and he put his hand out to take them, and behold—he was in the forest, alone, under the teak-tree, and the houses and the beautiful maidens with the champaka flowers in their hair had vanished, and the beautiful white birds were flying screaming away to the river; and the Orang Ka-benar-an considered, and said, "The Lord Allah has been very kind to us, in giving us four days of the society of the mortals whom we may find in our village, but this is too long, and if by chance one succeed in taking the eggs of the Kanawy we shall fall under his displeasure; we will, therefore, in future keep our visitors for three days only;" and since that time many mortals have been admitted among the Orang Ka-benar-an, but at the end of the third day they have always been awakened where the first lay down, by the last sounds of the music and voices of the invisible people dying slowly away in the rustling of the wind among the tops of the jungle.

From birds we pass to creatures that are still more characteristic of tropical countries—the reptiles. Lizards are not uncommon in Labuan that attain the length of five or six feet. The Malays call them "Alligator ashore."

When large they are very destructive to fowls, and when they once get a habit of coming to a poultry-yard destroy and carry them off without noise. They appear to be exclusively carnivorous, and we have seen one of them follow and hunt a rat with great eagerness: they usually inhabit hollow trees or holes in rocks; we have occasionally seen them in holes in trees at a very great height from the ground. They are common among rocks near the beach, and in impenetrable thickets of Pandan in mangrove creeks, whence they come out to bask in the sand or mud. When wounded they display great tenacity of life,

and bite most furiously when caught. The flesh is much esteemed by the natives for its supposed restorative and invigorating properties, and when cured it much resembles chicken. At Manila these creatures are regularly sold in the markets, and fetch a good price: the dried skin is readily bought by the Chinese, who use it in some of their indescribable messes of gelatinous soup.

Another species—*Tiliqua rufescens* of Gray—may be seen all day basking in the sun, but takes to the water, swimming well and rapidly, with the head high, and diving when alarmed. The beautiful little flying dragon—*Draco volans*—is frequently met with in Labuan, and sometimes keep in companies of six or seven. When on the wing, Mr. Motley says, they might almost be mistaken for large butterflies. The Malays are much afraid of them, believing them to be venomous, and asserting that they will bite men in the back of the neck, causing death. The flesh of one species of lizard—*Gonyocephalus chameleontina*—is eaten by the Chinese, and is said to be white and good. Dogs will hunt the same species with eagerness, and they appear to leave a strong scent.

Some of the Labuan snakes are very poisonous. Chiefly so is the *Trimerurus subannulatus*, which is very common, and held in great dread by the Malays.

So much so (Mr. Motley relates), that twenty or thirty of them were completely put to flight by the appearance of the specimen from which the description was taken, and which was disabled by a Bengalee, who seemed to have much less fear of it, stating that he had a remedy for its bite: what it was, however, he would not communicate. After its back was broken it bit fiercely at everything within its reach, striking its formidable poison-fangs into sticks with great force. A Malay stated that he had known an instance in which a man died in three hours after being bitten by a large one: he, however, said that the bite was not usually mortal, but producing only violent vomiting, fever, delirium, and long-continued stupor. They are very sluggish animals, never attempting to move out of the way, but infallibly striking if anything approaches within their reach. Their favourite posture is to lie upon a small twig in a complicated irregular fold, and so closely do they resemble a twig of green leaves, that even when pointed out by the natives, it is often a long time before an inexperienced eye can make them out. Upon Burong Island to the south of Labuan, which is an amorphous mass of limestone of an area of perhaps five acres, and covered with jungle, they are especially abundant.

The only specimen of a remarkable snake—*Dendrophis paradisei* (?)—obtained by Mr. Motley in Labuan, was, when first seen by that gentleman, clinging in a most extraordinary manner upon the trunk of a large tree, head downwards, and without any visible means of supporting itself. He took up a stick and attempted to kill it, but failed: it then came down and climbed up another small tree with wonderful speed. He afterwards got a gun and shot it. Another snake of a dark grey colour—*Calamaria brachyorrhos* (?)—was killed in Labuan by Mr. Motley, whose attention was attracted by a rustling among the dead leaves on the path, when coming up from his boat one fine moonlight evening: to his surprise, he perceived this snake, which faced him and occupied the middle of the path, making repeated incipient springs towards him. The illustrations of the Labuan snakes are among the most beautiful in the book, and with the excellent details and interesting accounts of habits, make the reader feel more intimate with the peculiarities of the island than whole pages of random, vague, and pointless description.

LETTER-CARRYING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

BLU-BOOKS consist, in general, of heavy *matériel*, but among some exceptions issued of late from her Majesty's printers, we must except a thin volume of about one hundred pages, containing "The First Report of the Postmaster-General on the Post-office." The contrasts presented at different periods in the mode of conveying and distributing letters are very curious. It is pleasant to observe the position of the present chief functionary of the Post-office, having at his command every facility that science and convenience can suggest, for the rapid transmission of his instructions, and then to glance at the cumbrous and complicated machinery of old, which impelled the communicating medium to our patient forefathers, at a rate which we should now term intolerably sluggish.

To supply the particulars contained in this report, the early records of the Post-office, deposited in the vaults of that building, have been carefully examined by Mr. Scudamore, of the Accountant-General's Office, and much interesting information has been collected from them.

We are indebted to foreigners for the earliest postal arrangements of any consequence in our country, for we are told that so early as 1514 the alien merchants residing in London had established a post-office of their own from the metropolis to the outports, appointing from time to time their own postmaster. In consequence of complaints from English merchants that this post acted unfairly towards them by keeping back their letters, &c., the government of James I. set on foot a post-office for letters to foreign countries; and in the reign of Charles I. inland letters were also conveyed, and a post or two settled to run night and day between London and Edinburgh, "to go thither and come back again in *six days*"—a distance now accomplished in less than *fifteen hours*!

The first rates of postage for this inland conveyance were not excessive, considering the difficulties and the expenses of transit. Twopence was the charge on a single letter for any distance under eighty miles; fourpence up to one hundred and forty miles; sixpence for any longer distance in England; and eightpence to any place in Scotland.

The impediments to expedition at this time were numerous. One complaint states that the gentry "doe give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get in liquor, which stopes the mailles." The Surveyor, whose office it was to visit annually every postmaster in England, describes the abuses of which he was the witness. At Petersfield "he found the deputy so unhappy in his circumstances that he cannot appear but of Sundays." At Chester the Surveyor encounters another deputy "uneasy in his mind." On inquiring the reason, "the deputy charged the Clarke with being frequently out, and keeping company thought to be more expensive than the wages allowed him, and several other little articles which appeared more in malice than else."

About the middle of the seventeenth century the office of postmaster was formed, and continued, as regards the bye-posts, almost to the close of the eighteenth century. The most vexatious part of the duties of the Surveyors was to establish the difference of postage accruing to the former

from bye-letters, and those chargeable to the revenue. A surveyor, in one of his reports, says : " At this place (Salisbury) found the postboys to have carried on vile practices in taking the bye-letters, delivering them in this city, and taking back the answers, and specially the Andover riders. Between the 14th and 15th instant, found on Richard Kent, one of the Andover riders, five bye-letters, all for this city. Upon examination of the fellow, he confessed that he had made it a practice, and persisted to continue in it, saying that he had no wages from his master. I took the fellow before the magistrate, proved the facts, and, as the fellow could not get bail, he was committed, but pleading to have no friends nor money, desired a punishment to be whipped, and accordingly he was to the purpose. Wrote the case to Andover, and ordered that the fellow should be discharged, but no regard was had thereto ; but the next day the same rider came post, ran about the city for letters, and was insolent. The second time the said Richard Kent came post with two gentlemen, made it his business to take up letters, the fellow, instead of returning to Andover, gets two idle fellows and rides away with three horses, which was a return for his master's not obeying instructions, as he ought not to have been suffered to ride after the said facts were proved against him."

Some strange notions appear to have prevailed among the postmasters-general with regard to the convenience of the public and their own profit, for it is stated that " some gentlemen of Warwick had requested that the London letters should be sent direct to Warwick, instead of through Coventry, by which route much time was lost. " Nay," said our postmasters-general, " from London through Coventry to Warwick is more than eighty miles, so that we can charge 3d. per letter going that way, whereas we could only charge 2d. per letter if they went direct." " But," they add, " perhaps we may get more letters at the cheaper rate."

In the time of Cromwell the establishment of posts was described " as the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." A shrewd, however unscrupulous, mode of dealing with sedition, of which we are not without examples in our own time.

To an upholsterer named Robert Murray belongs the credit of establishing a Penny Post in 1683 for the conveyance of letters and *small parcels*, but this speculation was denounced in unmeasured terms by the ultra-Protestant party as an invention of the Jesuits, and it was alleged that if the bags were examined they would be found full of Popish plots. Murray assigned the benefits of his undertaking to a William Dockwra, who made it so profitable, that the government, jealous of his success, took possession of the Penny Post, on the plea that the Crown rights had been infringed. By way of compensation, Dockwra was allowed a pension of 200*l.* a year, and the controllership of the Penny Post. It is interesting to observe that the London district post existed until last year as a separate department of the General Post-office. A Halfpenny Post was attempted, in 1708, by a person named Povey ; but this was suppressed by a lawsuit, and at length, during the reign of Queen Anne, a General Post-office for the three kingdoms and the colonies was established under one head.

According to Mr. Scudamore, the general accounts of the Post-office

from 1685 to the present time are preserved in an unbroken series, and much curious matter is contained in them. Thus we learn that in 1763 there were sundry officers in the Inland Office called "facers of letters;" and there was also an "alphabet keeper," who had 40*l.* per annum for instructing young officers in their relative duties,—not, we presume, including their earliest efforts in knowledge.

There are also entries in these books for "drink money and feast money to the clerks, amounting in all to 100*l.* per annum." A Mr. Henry Porter had 50*l.* per annum for taking care of the candles; but it appears they were wax-candles, and cost nearly 900*l.* per annum, and thus certainly deserved some care.

The office of postmaster-general in former times was anything but a sinecure; indeed, when we read the extracts furnished by Mr. Scudamore from the various letter-books in which their operations were recorded, we cannot but feel surprise at the patient perseverance with which they combated the difficulties in their way. These obstacles were multifarious. The mail-packets, especially during war-time, were fertile subjects for anxiety. The orders of the postmaster-general to the captains of such vessels are urgent: "That they shall run while they can, fight when they can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when fighting will no longer avail." In 1693 there are frequent rescripts from Queen Mary—the king being absent—ordering her master-gunner "to provide the *Diligence* packet of eighty-five tons and fourteen guns (or some other powerful man-of-war) with powder, shot, fire-arms, and all other munitions of war."

From the frequency of accidents to the vessels, either from stress of weather, or falling into the enemy's hands, the postmasters, towards the close of the seventeenth century, resolved upon building swift packet-boats to escape the enemy; but these were built so low in the water, that shortly afterwards the report states: "We doe find that in blowing weather they take in soe much water that the men are constantly wet all through, and can noe ways goe below to change themselves, being obliged to keep the hatches shut to save the vessels from sinking, which is such a discouragement of the sailors, that it will be of the greatest difficulty to get any to endure such hardships in the winter season."

Fresh vessels were accordingly built, and the freight of passengers from Harwich to Holland was increased, but "recruits and indigent persons might still have their passage free."

Being armed for resistance, and of superior tonnage, these packet-boats, it may be presumed, performed the foreign postal service more efficiently, but the encounters with the enemy were frequent, and our postmasters had to encourage the men, and bribe them to fight. The capture of prizes *en route* was allowed, and pensions for wounds, which are detailed with circumstantial minuteness, were granted. Edward James received a donation of 5*l.*, after an engagement in February, 1705, "because a musket-shot had grazed on the tibia of his left leg." Gabriel Treluda was paid 12*l.*, "because a shot had divided his frontal muscles, and fractured his skull." A like sum was given to Thomas Williams, "a Granada shell having stuck fast in his left foot." A donation of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* was granted to John Cook, "who received a shot in the hinder part of his head, whereby a large division of the scalp was made." And Ben-

jamin Lillycrom, for "losing the fore-finger of his left hand, had 2*l.* for present relief, and a yearly pension of the same amount."

The desperate character of the foreign postal service is further explained in a letter from the postmasters-general to their agent at Falmouth, on the subject of pensions for wounds, which are thus described: "Each arm or leg amputated above the elbow or knee, is 8*l.* per annum; below the knee is twenty nobles. Loss of the sight of one eye is 4*l.*; of the pupil of the eye, 5*l.*; of the sight of both eyes, 12*l.*; of the pupils of both eyes, 14*l.*; and," it is added, "according to these rules we consider also how much the hurts affect the body, and make the allowances accordingly."

To increase the difficulties and the duties of the Post-office authorities in those days, they were carriers on a large scale; indeed, from the earliest periods, carriers were the messengers of the public, conveying notes and goods throughout the country. Common carriers were employed thus about the time of the wars of the Roses. In the records of the city of Bristol there is an entry of "a penny paid to the carrier for conveying a letter to London;" and it may also be observed that Shakespeare uses the words "post" and "carrier" as synonymous.

This practice of conveying goods with the letters prevailed to a much later period, for one of the complaints against the controller of the posts, William Dockwra, in 1698, alleges that "he forbids the taking in any handboxes (except very small), and all parcells above a pound, which, when they were taken, did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now, at great charge, sent by porters into the city, and coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by Penny Post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactory." No doubt William Dockwra, the object of this and other complaints, felt the dignity of his office compromised by the inroads of the public on his time and convenience; but what shall we say of the following consignments of goods and human freight noted, among other items, in the agents' letter-book between the years 1690 and 1720, Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Frankland being postmasters-general at that time:

Imprimis.—"Fifteen couple of houndes going to the King of the Romans with a free pass."

Item.—"Some parcels of cloath for the cloathing colonels (*sic*) in my Lord North's and my Lord Grey's regiments."

Item.—"Two servant maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen."

Item.—"Doctor Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries."

Item.—"Three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the court of Portugal."

Item.—"A box containing three pounds of tea, sent as a present by my Lady Arlington to the Queen-Dowager of England at Lisbon."

(A quantity of tea was brought over from Holland by Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory about the year 1666, at which time it was sold for 3*l.* per pound. The value of such a present as that by "my Lady Arlington," may therefore be well understood.)

Item.—"Eleven couple of houndes for Major-General Hompesch."

Item.—"A case of knives and forks for Mr. Stepney, her Majesty's envoy to the King of Holland."

Item.—"One little parcell of lace to be made use of in cloathing Duke Schomberg's regiment."

Item.—"Two bales of stockings for the use of the ambassador of the Crown of Portugal."

Item.—"A box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal."

Item.—"A deal case with four slices of bacon for Mr. Pennington of Rotterdam."

Conceive the perplexities of our worthy postmasters-general with such cargoes and freight as the above! and what an addition to their cares do we find in the following extract from one of their letters: "Wee are concerned to find the letters brought by your boat (from the West Indies) to be so consumed by the rats that we cannot find out to whom they belong." Who can wonder that such anxieties should provoke the spleen, the gout, and a variety of other evils? Sir Thomas Frankland was occasionally laid up with the gout, for he had the most troublesome department to deal with—that of the packets; and whenever anything went amiss, we are not surprised at meeting with such an entry as the following: "Your business cannot be settled until Sir Thomas Frankland, who hath a fitte of the gout, shall be somewhat recovered."

This shows, however, that the two functionaries of whom we have treated did not leave their work to deputies. Nothing seems to have escaped their vigilance. We find them answering complaints of every kind, and dealing with commendable spirit and patience with intractable captains and unscrupulous agents. One of the latter obtains their censure because "he had not provided a sufficiency of pork and beef for the prince." Another, "for breaking open the portmanteau of Mons. Raoul (a gentleman passenger), and spoiling him of a parcel of snuff." Many of their letters, observes Mr. Seudamore, are dated in the middle of the night, and at other extraordinary hours; all are remarkable for clearness, compactness, and precision.

Such is a brief sketch of letter-carrying in the olden time, which is amusing from the contrast it affords to the present *modus operandi* of the Post-office. The "Haste! post haste!" which is found written on the backs of private letters at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries would be regarded as a capital joke in the present day, or excite a smile of wondering pity from the red-coated postman at so much simplicity and ignorance.

STOKE DOTTERELL; OR, THE LIVERPOOL APPRENTICE.

A HISTORY.

VII.

"Twas a fearful night.
My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

It will be observed that we have made very little mention of "dates and distances," and have carefully avoided a reference to any particular year. Time rolls on, notwithstanding; and we must request our readers to see just as much of its shadows upon our narrative as will give it a tone of reasonable consistency. The incidents of our story have a reality, though we may not, perhaps, relate them in the sequence, or the years, in which they actually occurred.

Mary Redpyne had not yet realised the golden dreams of Henry Pigott, whose greatest pleasure, in the mean time, was to speculate upon the probability that her father's ample property would ultimately, and before very long, devolve upon herself as sole inheritress.

Her mother's health was evidently failing, and her twin sisters had not only to struggle against their own ailments, but also against all which a fond parent and a foolish physician conjointly inflicted upon them. We have heard of a rich hypochondriac who, in addition to every pill that had ever been invented, had submitted herself, in the course of less than three years, to brandy and salt, homœopathy, hydropathy, mesmerism, and electro-galvanism; the result being unmistakably recorded in Malvern churchyard; and these poor girls had to run a gauntlet quite as various and scarcely less severe.

Henry Pigott's calculations, therefore, were not likely to prove wrong. But though Mary was pleased, during his visits, with her lover's amusing cheerfulness, and admired his talents, there was much in his character to which she could not reconcile herself.

There was also too great a difference in their habits and dispositions. Deprived, by the severe notions of her parents, of many of the enjoyments to which her wealth entitled her, she was fond of the rather English than feminine amusement of yachting. Her maternal uncle, Mr. Keely, had one of the finest little craft out of the port, and she knew no greater pleasure than accompanying him upon a cruise.

Now Henry Pigott admired the sea as he admired a caged tiger, without any wish to place himself in the power of either. He had as much *moral* courage as most men, and, if necessary, would even have "taken the command of the Channel fleet;" but in physical courage he was deficient. He shrunk from pain, and had no admiring love of danger. By a strong effort of the will he might do an act of daring which a person of mere constitutional or habitual courage would not, perhaps, attempt; but except with a sufficient motive, he had a great objection to running the slightest risk, and a selfish disinclination to put himself to any inconvenience.

Mr. Keely had matched his yacht, the *Cherub*, against a schooner called the *Seagull*, to be contested within three months after the last

regatta, in at least a six-knot breeze, for fifty pounds; and, as a very great favour, he had asked his niece and Mr. Pigott to accompany him.

At the hour appointed, Mr. Pigott did not make his appearance. Mary, however, went on board with her uncle; the signal was given, their sails were set, and amidst all the excitement of a capital start, they were soon dashing the water from their bows, the *Cherub* taking the lead.

When they were fairly at their work, "Pray, Mary," asked Mr. Keely, with something of a contemptuous smile, "where's your lover: the great orator? I was thinking so much of our new gaff-top-sail that I forgot to ask about him as we came down."

She pretended not to hear him; and, at the moment, had sufficient to occupy her attention, for more than fifty square-rigged vessels had left the mouth of the river at the same time as themselves.

"Look!" she said, "how nobly that brig seems to bound over the waves! her sails are like silver: can you fancy anything more beautiful? Only look at her! But what's this? the *Seagull* seems creeping up to us."

"She is," said Mr. Keely. "I should like to try more sail."

"Set every sail we can carry," said Mary; "I would rather give a thousand pounds than we should be beaten. And now," she continued, "we seem all right again. She no longer gains upon us. Good-by to you, Madam *Seagull*! What a splendid day! A bright sky, and an eight-knot breeze; freshening, too, or I'm mistaken. Now if I knew which of those vessels was going the longest voyage, I would ask you to put me on board of her."

Mary Redpyne's features were glowing with animation.

"Those black eyes are of the right sort, Bill," said one of the sailors, as they watched her from the midships.

"She's as bonny a lass as ever stepped," replied the oldest of his companions; "and, what's more, as kind-hearted to the poor; and that's better than all the black eyes that ever was."

"Ay," said another of the sailors (the one who generally did the *long-yarns*), "she's as beautiful as a mermaid; and a more respectable character."

"I wish," said a handsome young fellow, in the perfection of a fore-castle toilet—"I wish she was a poor man's daughter."

"You was always a conceited fellow, Charley, and only half a sailor."

"I tell you what, Master Block," retorted the young one, "if any one else had said that, why I shouldn't stand it. Nobody minds a puff of tobacco what *you* say."

But their attention was called to more important employment. On rounding the steam-boat that had been sent out for the purpose, the *Cherub's* mainsail slipped out of the grip, and was obliged to be lowered.

Mary was half frantic.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Mary—but you never *are*," muttered the old sailor, as he bent over his work. "I would rather sink the little *Cherub* myself than we should be beaten with *you* on board."

The damage was soon repaired, and the mainsail set again; but the tack they were now upon was not so favourable as the former for the *Cherub's* sailing qualities; and during a quarter of an hour the *Seagul* was rather ahead of her.

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From this time the match was one of the most exciting that had ever been witnessed. Often the vessels were so completely upon a line that it would have been impossible to say which would be the winner. At last, by a clever piece of steersmanship, the *Cherub* gained an advantage, and passed the umpire's cutter about five minutes before her rival.

It was admitted that nothing out of the Mersey had ever equalled it.

Mary gave more than her usual *largesse* to the sailors, and was heartily cheered as she went into the boat that was to take her on shore.

Henry was waiting upon the pier-head; but a cool "Good evening, Mr. Pigott," was the only recognition he received; and pressing forward as she leant upon her uncle's arm, she hurried into his carriage, and was soon out of sight.

"I am indebted to you," she said, on their way homewards, "for one of the most delightful days I have ever passed. I sometimes think that I should like to have a yacht of my own."

"And make Mr. Pigott its commander?" said Mr. Keely.

Mary bit her lips.

"I rather think, my good uncle," she rejoined, with the least possible degree of *malice*, "that if the *Seagull* had been as well handled as the *Cherub*, you would have lost your match."

"You are not very far wrong," said Mr. Keely. "We must revise her rig, as my precise friend Mr. Timmins says, and then I would try again for a hundred pounds. I do not like these bets, but there is no other way of doing it. I shall give the fifty pounds to the infirmary."

"But I see," said Mary, "that we are at home. There's my poor mother at the window. I'll be bound she has been '*beginning to make herself uneasy*,' as she calls it, at every puff of wind. Good night: and again a thousand thanks!"

When she had retired to her chamber, she seriously asked herself whether it would not be better to be the talk of her acquaintance, to brave the sneers of the world around her, and to sacrifice an attachment that had afforded her pleasure, rather than unite herself for ever to a man whose tastes were so different from her own, and whose character exhibited defects which she almost despised. Under the same circumstances, how few women have come to a wise decision. Mary Redpyne came to none.

Henry had sufficient tact not to make his appearance at her mother's for a day or two.

At last, as he was returning from the office about eight o'clock, he determined to call the next evening. He did not feel in spirits to do so that night. For though it was in the month of November, there was an oppressive and unnatural sultriness in the air; and, from time to time, the wind came howling through the rigging of the ships in dock, or blew heavily in gusts, like blasts from a furnace.

About midnight he was roused by a sudden crash from above; the house seemed trembling; the room was filled with an impalpable dust which almost suffocated him, and it was with difficulty that he made his way out. For the time, however, there was no further damage. The wind continued blowing fearfully; and whenever it lulled, shouts and cries were heard in the distance.

He dressed himself and went towards the street which led up to the chapel. Slates and bricks, and masses of lead and timber were flying

or falling in every direction. He did not exactly like his position : it was surrounded with too much danger ; and that he was not singular in thinking so was evinced by the very few persons who had ventured abroad : though, in many cases, the danger of remaining in the houses was even greater.

As he was about to return, he heard a loud rattling noise, followed by a heavy smothered crash ; and when he looked back, there was a dark cloud of dust rising upwards, and he saw that Mrs. Redpyne's house was a mass of ruins.

Hurrying to the spot—where the few persons who were in the street had already assembled—he found that a large stack of chimneys had fallen upon the roof, carrying it to the ground-floor, and literally gutting nearly the whole of the building.

Mary had risen some time previous ; and, having hastily dressed herself, was sitting at the window of her bedroom, which was in the lee of the wind, watching the progress of the storm. She was now clinging to the window-frame, and supporting herself upon the stone sill.

Amongst the small crowd round the house was a man, apparently a bricklayer's labourer, who was carrying a ladder, as though he had come out on his way to work.

When Henry Pigott saw, with painful certainty, the peril of her position, "Good God !" he cried, "is there *no* way to help her ?" And he looked aghast at the height at which she stood.

"Not a bit will *this* reach the window," said the man with the ladder ; "and more's the pity, for the wall's already bilging out, and must soon come down."

Henry's life in the country had given him habits of activity, and seizing the ladder, he mounted rapidly to the balcony of the first floor. He then placed the foot of the ladder against the ironwork, and its top against the part of the wall pointed out by the bricklayer, which was immediately below the bedroom window. His lips were forcibly compressed ; he looked very pale, and again mounted to the top.

"Oh, Mary !" he exclaimed, "I still cannot reach to where you are ; but have confidence in my strength, and—when I tell you—let go your hold !"

He then grasped a *rung* of the ladder firmly with his left hand, and having gathered the folds of her dress closely together with his right, he cried "*Now !*" and she fell.

Her weight unsteadied him, but he retained his hold ; and when he had descended a step or two, she rested upon the front of the balcony, and he let her sink gradually within it. He again lowered the ladder, and, supporting her upon his shoulder, she was soon in safety on the ground. The wall, which had bulged a little more below, now fell inwards with another fearful crash ; and Mary sank motionless and speechless.

The nearest house that her rescuer could recollect was Mr. Keely's ; and, as he bore her thither in his arms, "I have wronged you, Henry," she said, slowly recovering her consciousness, "I have shamefully wronged you. I owe my life to your courage, and I can never sufficiently repay it. My mother——" were the next words upon her lips ; but, as the servants carried her up-stairs, she again became insensible.

When he returned to the ruins, he found that men were already em-

ployed in clearing them out. The mangled body of Mrs. Redpyne was soon discovered; and, at some distance, sheltered by fragments of the bedstead and rafters, lay the twins, locked in each other's arms, and apparently deprived of their lives more by suffocation than violence. The servants, who slept in a wing over the kitchens, had escaped with very little injury.

What Henry Pigott had anticipated would be slowly effected by disease, had thus been accomplished by an event of which it was long before he could remember the awful form without shuddering.

There is no created being so unselfish as a right-minded woman. Mary felt that she owed her life to her lover; she forgot his faults; and was determined, whatever risk of happiness it might involve, that by an entire devotion of the life he had saved, the debt, as far as it was in her own power, should be discharged.

Some months had now elapsed, and she was rigidly preparing to make her sacrifices to that "*Stern daughter of the voice of God*" before whom flowers (as the great poet tells us) may laugh upon their beds, and fragrance follow upon her footing, but who still requires a spirit of self-sacrifice, hard to be given, before we can make her "*our victory and law.*"

The memory of that night of horror was beginning, like all other memories, whether of joy or sorrow, to lose something of its acuteness. Again the cares and interests and amusements of the world had power to attract her attention; but she was no longer the joyous girl that we have seen her on board the *Cherub*.

Mr. Keely had, in the mean time, made the alterations he proposed in his yacht; had challenged his rival to a fresh contest for double the former stake; the offer had been accepted by the owner of the *Seagull*, and Mary and Mr. Pigott were again invited to be present.

She sent an answer that they preferred riding upon the sands, and would see the yachts as they returned; but she sighed, and there was a glistening moisture in her dark eyes as she saw the little *Cherub*, only from a distance, gain upon her opponent, and once more win, after a struggle almost as severely contested as the former.

Her usual *largesse* was sent to the crew, and as the old sailor listlessly received it from Mr. Keely, "It isn't," he said, "the vally of the money we cares for—though I hope, sir, you'll give our humble thanks—it was that we used to think Miss Mary, God bless her, brought us luck."

Her fate, poor girl, showed that she had little luck to bring.

VIII.

"THE OLD, OLD TALE."

THERE was a grave obstacle to Henry Pigott's projected marriage which (as well as his mode of removing it) we feel bound to record.

Amongst his acquaintances at Liverpool was a youth named Logan, of poetical tastes and temperament, and the writer of endless quires of verse which he believed to be destined for immortality. Indeed, he had expressed himself in more than one of the pieces in his published, but unsold, volume of "*Poetic Musings*," with as confident a hope of "*the never-dying name*" as though such shadowy "*something after death*" had been

conceded to more than fifty out of all the legions of Parnassus from the beginning of recorded time. It would be curious to inquire how this strange fancy takes possession of the mind. There must be something deeper than vanity. Is it "the divinity which stirs within," but finds its instrument imperfect? or is it not rather some Mephistopheles that rises out of misty vapour, and looks down with a mocking smile upon the delusion he has created? Mr. Logan was one of those combinations of modesty and presumption which students of the fine arts so often exhibit.

His circumstances were humble, but they enabled him to occupy a more than poetically comfortable apartment in the house of a Mrs. Nugent, a widow lady, who had known better days, and who now endeavoured to increase a scanty income by receiving some quiet inmate.

This lady had a daughter of considerable beauty. She was both the Mira and the Fanny of young Logan's muse.

Henry had seen her in his frequent visits to their guest, and, for the first time in his life, had acknowledged the power of such attractions.

He seemed to consider it of little moment that—judging from his effusions in verse—she had won the affections of his friend. It was quite sufficient for *him* that she had awakened his own.

In ordinary cases there would have been what our dramatists call "*a terrific explosion*." But the poet's attachment seemed to be rather of the imagination than of the heart; and, after lamenting his wrongs in some stanzas upon "Ingratitude," he spoke of sacrificing his outraged feelings "at the shrine of friendship," and then quietly gave up the field to his bolder rival.

The passionate fluency of a well-simulated ardour soon won for Henry the love of Emma Nugent.

Many were their walks at sunset, or by moonlight, through the quiet lanes of Everton (very different then to what they are at present, or what the author of "John Drayton" so well describes them)—walks in which he induced her clandestinely to join him; and fondly she listened to the music of his voice as he pledged himself to a constancy which nothing earthly was to have power to change.

If we were asked his object, we should say that unfortunately he had none. It was one of the too frequent instances where woman's best affections are trifled with, for the mere amusement of an hour; yet it was a happy dream while it lasted, and one from which poor Emma had no desire to wake.

When Mrs. Nugent heard of these attentions she felt all a mother's anxieties, and something of a mother's pride; for she had been told that Mr. Pigott was well-connected, and there was a superior bearing both in his manners and appearance; but she waited in vain for such a declaration of his purposes as could alone make these attentions satisfactory.

She at last resolved to speak to him on the subject. Her delicacy of tone had been somewhat lessened by straitened circumstances; and, in the interview which she obtained, she came to her point with an almost startling abruptness.

Henry pleaded that his youth and circumstances were sufficient obstacles to the arrangements she proposed. The mother seemed to think that when gentlemen were old enough to fall in love they ought to be

old enough to marry. Mr. Nugent and herself, she said, were scarcely twenty when they married, and their union had not been an unhappy one. Looking at her present state, Henry thought that this might very reasonably be doubted; and when she suggested that he should take the place of young Logan in their humble establishment, and that they should live, as one family, upon their united means, the nerves of his face quivered, and a scornful expression of his lip very clearly showed that her projects of domesticity were not likely to be accomplished.

Emma was ignorant of this discussion, and was deeply pained when she heard of it. Her walks with Mr. Pigott were beginning to be noticed and remarked upon about the time of his becoming acquainted with Mrs. Redpyne. It was embarrassing to them all. He felt that it was only by a "sudden wrench" that he could free himself from the increasing difficulties of his position; and he told Emma Nugent of his altered feelings in a letter too heartless to be repeated, and too clear and decided to admit of remonstrance or of doubt. She had not a single male relation to inflict the chastisement he deserved. Young Logan expressed his sympathy in a sonnet, in which he lamented that she should have

Lean'd on the falser heart, and left the true;

but he showed no disposition to constitute himself her champion.

Scandal began to be more daring in its insinuations, and she was sent to reside for a time with a relation in Cumberland.

Her life was not a long one. Once, by accident, she saw her former lover as he passed through Carlisle.

We do not ourselves profess to understand the pathology of a broken heart. By those who knew her best her death was attributed to one of the various forms of that mysterious malady; and Henry Pigott heard of it with little either of emotion or regret.

He had so far complied with the poetic requirement as to be clearly *off with his old love*. How he *got on with the new* is a longer story, and not quite so common in its incidents.

LYRICS.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

I.

THREE WAYS OF LOVING.

MANY Loves there be; to one I cried,
Thy good gifts be this day magnified!
Tell me what thy strength and what thy pride!

"Very strong and very proud am I—
Skilled in arts of subtlest flattery,
Winner of fond kisses in reply.

"I can coax and wheedle, clasp and press,
Make young bosoms thrill to my caress,
And all beauty's queens my sway confess.

"I am strong, while summer skies are bright—
When wild winter comes, with storm and night,
Like a ghost I vanish out of sight."

Then another Love spoke soft and low :
"If *my* gifts, too, thou wouldst haply know,
Hearken! I'll rehearse them ere I go!

"I can sigh from morn till eve, and then,
From eve till morn, still sigh and sigh agen,
Lorn as winds that wail o'er marsh and fen.

"I can weep, like autumn skies that pour
Forth their rainy torrents, shower on shower—
In my sighs and tears lies all my power."

Whereupon, a Love that stood, calm-eyed
And earnest-faced, stole up and straightway cried :
"All unlike to these *my* strength and pride.

"I can love and suffer—I can bear
Pain and wrong, and anguish and despair :
I am bold and brave to do and dare.

"I can bow my will in meekness down,
See my strong desires all overthrown—
Wear each patient sorrow for a crown.

"And my love survives the summer hours,
Fades not, like the earth's poor fading flowers,
Quails not at wild winter's stormy powers ;

"E'en through Death's dominions passes on,
Till Heaven's blessed portal opes anon—
In the Better Land its rest is won."

Then I cried : "Such love as this be mine!
Strong to act, heroic to resign,
By self-abnegation made divine!"

II.

THISTLE-DOWN.

SHE was fair as a houri, and gay as a bird,
With a spell in each glance, and a charm in each word,
But thistle-down, floating o'er meadow and lea
At the will of the winds, is not lighter than she.
And fancy chased fancy too swiftly, to leave
Her trysts of the morning remembered at eve.
She would laugh her sweet laughers, and sovranly say
To my whispered entreaty, "I'll meet you, to-day,—
In the garden, or pine-grove, await me." Oh! shame
On my folly! I waited, but she never came.
'Twas her right. See, the butterfly flits through the sun,
And flirts with each flower though it keeps tryst with none.

Yet I won her at last. Oh! serene was the day
Of our bridal, and dainty my young bride's array.
She was fair as a houri, and gay as a bird,
With a spell in each glance, and a charm in each word;
She laughed her sweet laughers unchecked by a sigh,
No cloud swept her forehead, no tear dimmed her eye ;
And, royally-gracious, in giving her hand
She gave ample dowry—rich castles and land,
And manors and farms, and—to gild our bright lot—
Heaps of gold—But her heart?—Ah! no—that she forgot!

III.

OVER THE SEA.

Oh! Swallow, Swallow, fleet and free,
 Give heed to my command—
 Fly swift across the sunny sea,
 Fly swift across the land.
 Go seek the unforgotten track,
 And over field and foam;
 Oh! Swallow bring me tidings back
 From my forsaken home.

A lowly cottage home is mine,
 Soft-lapped in pastoral ease,
 'Mid dewy meads and dappled kine,
 And bowery orchard trees.
 Its walls, green ivy, trained and tressed,
 And wandering vines enfold;
 Oh! Swallow, 'neath its eaves thy nest
 Was hung, perchance, of old!

Fly round and round, fly near, fly near!
 And, Swallow, blithe and wise,
 Through door and open lattices peer,
 With those keen, glancing eyes.
 Fly round, fly round, till faces twain
 Look forth the leaves between—
 Youth, fresh as roses after rain,
 And solemn age serene.

A mother's face! Oh! birdie, list,
 If like a murmured prayer,
 A household name, once loved and blest,
 Is breathed, half unaware.
 And that sweet maid, oh! search and see,
 If still her tresses hold
 The token-flower she vowed should be
 Twined 'mid their glancing gold.

And tarry, thou mayst hear, alas!
 A struggling sigh steal out,
 When, one by one, hope's visions pass,
 And faith grows dim with doubt.
 Oh! then fly near, fly very near,
 And let those sad ones know
 How still the exile's heart holds dear
 The loves of long ago.

And, birdie, 'neath the wall, if yet
 There stands a little tree,
 A little lilac-bush I set
 In happy infancy,
 Oh! pluck a leaf the dews have kissed,
 The dear home-breezes fanned,
 Then, swift across the ocean mist,
 And swift across the land,
 Return, with that sole argosy,
 More prized than pearl or gem,
 And bring the gladness back to me
 That thou hast borne to them.

LONDON TO LAND'S END.*

BOOKS of travel referring to pleasant nooks and corners, and written by observing men, whose object is not to compile heavy guide-books from the labours of others, but to give the simple record of their own impressions of objects and things, never weary. If the said nooks and corners are in our own country, so much the better; we are not ashamed to own to a sincere attachment to British soil, even if we cannot give so large and unqualified an expression of regard for all our institutions. Poole Bay, Chesil Bank, Sandy Beach, Salisbury Heath, coves of rocks, caves, willows, or pilchards, logans and cheesewrings, are all pleasant neutral subjects. Geologists and archaeologists may differ as to whether the latter fantastic objects are the works of man or the freaks of nature. There will be no asperity in their discussions, and the result will most probably be the usual compromise, that nature began the work and man helped to achieve it, and then took credit for the whole. In other words, that a rocking-stone is undoubtedly a natural object, originating in natural and easily explainable causes, but superstition, ancient traditions, and, in some instances, the actual helping hand of man, have united to place such within the domain of the archaeologist. Far different is it with our institutions. The more one party upbraids the other with favouritism in the disposal of employment, the more delight does the other party take in glaringly parading the fact. There is no neutral territory—no chance or opening for a mild philosophical compromise here. We have the power, say those who are in place, we will enjoy it; we will give to whom we like, and not be dictated to. There is no such thing as merit—merit is interest; favour, suffrages; place, a commodity bartered for an equivalent. Such is the acknowledged form of government in this little isle, and happy it is to shoulder our knapsack and turn from the contemplation of such a selfish and unpatriotic state of things, to refresh our weary minds (if only in imagination) with those picturesque scenes and historical associations which delight the eye and enrich the mind and heart of the wanderer.

Mr. Walter White's work professes to be a Londoner's walk to the Land's End, in opposition to Dame Mary Kelynack's celebrated walk from Land's End to London, at the time of the Exhibition; but the walk only in reality commences at Lyndhurst-road station, at which point the traveller must leave the railroad if he wishes to see the hollow cylinder of cast-iron in which Rufus's Stone is now encased to protect it from wanton destruction.

To Rufus's Stone and the New Forest succeeds Poole Bay—we mean geographically, and to the traveller, therefore, a matter of course. To Mr. White it looked like a lake, ramifying into smaller bays, across one of which the railway is carried. The surface is described as broken by a few small islands, by buoys and beacon-poles, and the beds of long trailing grass and tall rushes that grow on the numerous shallows. Hence

* A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End; and a Trip to the Scilly Isles. By Walter White. Chapman and Hall.

across the bay—a row for a couple of old men—to Corfe Castle, haunted alike by the memory of great crimes and great heroisms.

Corfe Castle has been a ruin ever since it was blown up by order of parliament, and it remains to the present day a picturesque object, replete with interesting associations, and commanding a fine view—for the especial benefit of sight-seeking tourists. Corfe itself is also an interesting little town, consisting of a group of old grey stone houses, which appear as if hewn out of the Purbeck rock, clustered round an old church with a fine tall tower. Some of these houses have that marked feature of antiquity a square projecting chamber in front, which, supported on short wooden pillars, forms a portico to the door, so low as to remind one painfully of an Eastern Counties railway-carriage.

The next curiosity, proceeding westward, is Lulworth Cove, a kind of British Balaklava, with, on the way, the Kimmeridge coal formation; Tyneham, one of those old-world places that carry you back to Saxon days when all was rude simplicity; the castle of the Welds and Bindon Abbey. Beyond this, and after a long walk by Shaldon Downs and Ringstead Bay, in which the pedestrian meets with many characteristic examples of the variety and beauty that await him further on, a good night's rest may be obtained at Weymouth.

We may pass over Chesil Bank and its millions of pebbles, Portland and its quarries, its convict establishment, and its breakwater; but we would not recommend the tourist to do the same—there is much that will more than repay a day's wanderings out of the way. The great fleet, or lagoon, whose waters are held back by the Chesil Bank, we suppose drove our pedestrian away from a part of the coast which few pedestrians visit, and of which we were glad to be able to give some account a short time back from the admirable pages of Gosse. As to Mr. Walter White, he quietly ensconced himself in what he calls a half-forgotten vehicle—a stage-coach—which carried him jauntily past Mew Dun, or Maiden Castle, corresponding to the Kiz Kalahsi, so common in the East; Dorchester, with its long avenue of trees; Bridport, a place of refuge for unseated M.P.'s; and across country to Charmouth, which, he gravely tells us, hath a charm in its situation as well as its name.

Devonshire, the loveliest of the southern counties, has also one of the most charming approaches possible by Holme Bush, a picturesque undercliff, stretching the whole way from Lyme to the mouth of the Axe.

At Beer, one of the first villages met with in Devon coming from the east, the "Women's Club" were busy celebrating their anniversary. The lords of the creation appeared to be at a discount in this little community of fishwives and lacemakers. All along the undercliff great hollows are met with known as combes in the county, the first of which is Branscombe, where three valleys open to the sea. Next are Salcombe, Combe Wood, and Dunscombe, eclipsed by the fashionable pretensions of Sidmouth, with its magnificent red cliffs—the glory of that part of the coast.

The first thorough Devonshire village met with is, however, Otterton. It is composed of thatched cottages built of "cob," a material much used in all the southern parts of the county, and consisting of the red gravelly earth mixed with straw, moistened, and trodden down to form the walls. At Otterton another "Woman's Club" was being conveyed by a band

of music to drink tea under the tall, spreading chestnuts at the end of the street. These festivals are really in commemoration of the sale of the year's product of lace.

Close by is Hays Barton, Raleigh's birthplace. "They had a book in the house containing his life and writings, but did not like it so well as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" Also Budleigh Salterton, a village watering-place with a growing reputation, and not undeservedly, for it stands in a valley so narrow and well-sheltered that myrtles grow in the open air all the year round. Mr. White could not see why Exmouth had become famous. Its immediate neighbourhood, he avers, notwithstanding its comprehensive and varied prospect, "is prosaic enough to delight an inhabitant of Cambridgeshire." Dawlish, on the contrary, lies in one of those valleys which nature has formed along the coast especially to gladden the invalid and refresh the wanderer! The valley of the Teign also offers a variety of beautiful scenery, "where the sojourner may find pleasure and interest for weeks."

Breakfast and on again; through the town and over the lengthy bridge, and along the Den, past the ship-yards, and across the ferry to Shaldon. Then an ascent of the fir-crowned Ness, and a picturesque undercliff.

• More ins and outs, freakish paths, and mazy hedges, and so to Maidencombe—a dell filled with trees and about a dozen houses, with a charming little bay. Maidencombe is followed by Watcombe, a very rough and picturesque horseshoe-shaped landslip; and the sequence, just as in this eventful life, is Babycombe, or Babbacombe, another place for the hybernation of consumptive patients. Close by is Anstis's Cove, said to be the most beautiful indentation on all the coast. "One who has footed the cliffs all the way from Lyme, and intends to continue, may be permitted to demur to this conclusion." Although our traveller stumbled, through the medium of a torn coat, upon an enthusiastic tailor, who volunteered to exhibit the wonders of Torquay, he speaks disparagingly of this gem of Torbay. "Imagine," he says, "portions of Paddingtonia, detachments of shops from Piccadilly and Regent-street, and a few churches and chapels migrated to the warm wooded slope of a high Derbyshire hill looking forth on the sea, and you have Torquay." A relief to this perpetual succession of prim and starch watering-places is afforded by Brixham, not unlike those queer old places on the opposite side of the Channel, where prevail an unmistakable smell of fish and slime.

Next comes Dartmouth, a rare little town; quaint old houses, real studios; narrow and hilly streets, and a church worth the trouble of finding out the sexton to unlock the gate. Some of the old houses have a piazza in front, and the projecting upper storeys, curiously carved and ornamented, with their antique gables, are remarkable specimens of what architecture was three hundred years ago. Mr. Ruskin says that our cathedrals are but the highest expression of what was then universal—a beautiful and picturesque style of building. If the whole of Dartmouth was ever anything like those fine old relics still left to dignify some of her streets, modern "improvements" have much to answer for. I glanced but briefly at all this, for it was near noon, and I had not yet breakfasted, having lingered the time away on Berry Head. How the fish relished! And, to speak of material enjoyments: one of the pleasures of a sea-side ramble is the choice of excellent fish at meals, with a flavour unknown to those who dwell inland.

A long, stiff pull up hill, after a fish breakfast, took the wind out of our pedestrian. It seemed aggravating, he places on record, that while he had no more breath than the exertion demanded, three women, a little in advance, had enough to spare for a loud and ceaseless chatter. "How was it?" he asked, on coming up with them. "'Tis the ale as does it, master. We had some afore we started. Nothing like ale for going up hill."

Slapton Sands—a misnomer of some miles in length, for there is nothing but shingle, without a grain of sand on the shore—and Slapton Lea, or lagoon, the Sands Hotel, the cliffs of Torcross, and a night at the fishing village of Halsands, are followed by the Start, which with Prawle Point and Bolt Head are among the great southerly promontories of the island—spots seldom visited—and were attained by our persevering pedestrian when most persons in the situation would have been satisfied with a short cut from Slapton to Kingsbridge.

Had I time I would visit all the headlands round England. I like these outstretched points that dispute old Ocean's empire. Whether in calm or storm there is something interesting about them—oftentimes magnificent and sublime. Drenched by the salt spray, and swept by howling gales when seasons are fitful, there are times when the sunlight sleeps on their brow, when soft breezes caress their sturdy front, and the ripples whisper low at their foot. Hours are too short to familiarise oneself with their moods and features; I wished for days, but holiday limits were not to be overstepped. The Prawle and the Bolt are the southernmost extremities of Devonshire. It is something to sit on the outward ledge and think of all that lies behind.

A ferry next takes the pedestrian across Salcombe estuary, of which a boatman significantly said, "The harbour is a good one, sir, when once you are in it." Then comes Bolt Tail, with Bigbury Bay, and no end of coves and cliffs opening to the view; and beyond this—with another ferry for the pedestrian at Newton—is Plymouth Sound, which does not come into the category of nooks and corners.

Another of the sauntering and vagabond order of travellers—a pleasant troop—Mr. W. Wilkie Collins, began his peregrinations in Cornwall at Saltash. Mr. Walter White took a more southerly course, by Torpoint and St. Antony (the saint appears, by-the-by, to be dropped now) to Newton Ferrers, where, as a first night's experience of Cornish life, he had to sleep in a "ginger-beer cottage." Already too, at the onset, were the generally soft features of Devonshire exchanged for a landscape of a stern, unfinished aspect. The day, however, is gone by when Gilpin, journeying westwards from Launceston in search of the Picturesque, saw nothing but "a coarse, naked country, in all respects as uninteresting as can be well conceived," and went no farther than Bodmin; modern tourists have learnt to appreciate the grand and impressive features imparted by great up-heaved masses of granite, with their numerous tors and strange and fantastic rocks; the vast variety of cliff and cove along its shores; the quaint and picturesque old fishing towns; and not to disdain even thick stone fences, when brightened up by sunshiny masses of golden stone-crop.

It rained, unfortunately, when Mr. White trudged into Looe, so he does not indulge in the same ecstasies anent that foreign-looking place as does his predecessor, Mr. Collins. The spirit of adulteration abides, it appears, in this secluded place, for they colour their cakes with saffron to

save eggs! A broad, well-kept path girdles the hill in rear of the cliffs hence to Polperro—"a little fischar towne with a peere," as Leland has it, and which is, curiously enough, the first place in England where plants awake from their winter torpor. The cliffs hence are not to be followed so easily as in Devonshire, and an amateur's knapsack is a thing utterly unknown.

There is a ferry to be crossed to reach Fowey, which was a place of importance when Liverpool was a mere fishing village, but parts are changed now. A little beyond, the traveller first makes acquaintance with flats of dirty water and the sound of ore-crushing machinery—the sources of wealth to the county—as first seen and heard at Par Consols, a name well known to those who study the mining lists in newspapers.

At St. Austell, the capital of the district, is the Mengu Stone—a slab in the market-place—regarded with all the more veneration because no one knows anything about it, except that it is the spot from whence proclamations and public announcements are delivered. Near this place are also the china-clay works—the clay being derived from the decomposed felspar of the granite. More than 80,000 tons of this clay, worth 240,000*l.*, are now exported, in cubes as big as a peck loaf, every year, mostly to Staffordshire, and more than 7000 persons are employed in its production and transport.

Our traveller, for reasons best known to himself, struck hence to the high road, passing Grampound, once part of the stock-in-trade of those who sold seats in Parliament to ambitious politicians; Probus, with a splendid church-tower of hewn granite, dedicated to a married pair—Probus and Grace—rare among the saints, and where he witnessed a Cornish wrestling-match; to Truro, where he arrived in time to enjoy the lively bustle incident to a weekly market-day.

Hence smelting-works at Calenick, mines at Carnon, and foundries at Perran, lead the way to Falmouth, of which a few vigorous touches of a master's hand have said almost all that can be said :

Open cheery heights, rather bare of wood; fresh south-western breezes; a brisk laughing sea, swept by industrious sails, and the nets of a most stalwart, wholesome, frank, and interesting population; the clean little fishing, trading, and packet town; hanging on its slope towards the eastern sun, close on the waters of its basin and intricate bay,—with the miniature Pendennis Castle seaward on the right, the miniature St. Mawes landward to the left, and the mining world and farming world open boundlessly to the rear:—all this made a pleasant outlook and environment.

The ferry of St. Antony—a favourite saint apparently in Cornwall—and Keverne, built of unhewn stone, around which grows the white heath; Coverack, with a mill scarcely larger than an omnibus; St. Ruan, with its crystal spring; Cadgwith, with its crater-like hollow, called the "Devil's Frying-Pan;" and Landewednack church, where the victims of the plague were buried, lead the way to Lizard Point and town—the latter a poor scattered village, with a tavern recently built for the entertainment of such as wander out of the way to the most southerly point of Great Britain. The Lion's Den, a rude gap in the green turf; Daws' Hugo, a cave below the same remarkable landslip; the columnar mass of the Bumble—

The haunt of cormorants and seamews' clang;

and Kynance Cove, are among the chief wonders of the Lizard.

After a due exploration of the said wonders, Mr. White walked across country to Helston, whence he took the omnibus to Penzance, arriving in time to get a berth in the packet to Scilly the next morning.

It was not without much tacking and considerable delay that these island fragments of Great Britain were reached. Steam-communication has not yet been established between them and the "main," as the islanders call England, and the traveller has to trust to the winds for his transit. A stranger, says Mr. White, would have supposed our voyage had been one of weeks instead of hours.

And now for a peep at St. Mary's, for the packet—once Lord Francis Godolphin's yacht—had come to anchor in Crow Sound, between St. Mary's and St. Martin's:

The next morning opened bright and blue as the former. I found the breakfast-room particularly cheerful, opening by glazed doors on a small garden, where numerous myrtles, ample in girth and height, reminded me of the soft and genial climate. Leaning on the low inclosing wall, while the tide rippled against its base, I had a view across St. Mary's Pool to Carn Morval, and of all that looked so mysterious the night before. The low curving shore is bordered by the rear of the houses, leaving but a narrow margin; so scant, indeed, that from some of the back-doors a flight of steps leads down to the water, serving, as you will perhaps see, as a landing-place for commodities or visitors, and a convenient spot for the cleansing of household utensils. The bay is a domestic washing-pool, as well as an anchorage.

The waitress, when I asked her the direction of Maypole Hill, replied, "It's a long way from here." Scarcely possible, I thought, in St. Mary's; when she added the qualification, "At least, we call it a long way for Scilly."

St. Mary's, though the largest of the Isles, may be easily circumperambulated in a day. Its length is about three, and its breadth nearly two miles. To take it in detail, I walked first through the gate of Star Fort to the park: one of the remarkable features of the place. You find yourself on a well-kept path, winding round near the shore of an irregular hill, among scattered boulders, and gorse and fern left to grow as Nature pleases; the slope on one hand descending to the rocky margin of the sea, on the other rising ridgy and broken to the summit. Seats are placed at the best points of view, and the turf itself forms a luxurious couch. Sheep are grazing; and a herd of deer startled by your approach scamper away into the dense brakes, and rabbits to their burrows. Had you imagined a park for Scilly, you could not have produced a more appropriate combination of land and water, of vegetation to be in place of trees, and art to make it all subservient to recreation; though possibly you may wish there were no necessity for thick embrasured walls, or cannon on traversing platforms. St. Agnes, its tall lighthouse and scattered cottages, are in view about a mile distant, and a group of islets beyond; and everywhere you behold the encircling ocean.

The hill is about a hundred feet high, and nearly a mile and a half round. On completing the tour you perceive it to be a peninsula connected with the larger portion of St. Mary's by a sandy neck; and now you comprehend why the houses as seen from the hotel-garden are so near the water. For, on this low neck Hugh Town is built, in total disregard of consequences. The earliest settlers may have had the excuse of ignorance; but the present inhabitants, who go on building on the same spot, have a perpetual warning of what may happen in the Gugh, a small hill once similarly connected with St. Agnes. Now, at high water, it is an islet. And some day, if the future may be inferred from the past, the narrow isthmus of Hugh Town will be devoured by the sea, and isolate the pleasant park with its appendages: the tide has crossed it more than once, and two fields have been washed away. Meanwhile the people live and sleep in tranquillity, deeming an earthquake quite as likely to happen as the watery irruption.

It was Sunday, and the Scillonians had gone to church, with the exception of some scores of men, who were sitting or lying down in the ship-yards under the lee of the fences and piles of planks. Yet St. Mary's has no lack of spiritual exhortation. In addition to the parish church, there is a Wesleyan chapel, and a meeting-house of Bryanites, or Bible Christians. Hugh Town has also a main street, with Star Fort at one extremity, and an open space, which does duty as a parade or market-place, and along which straggling thoroughfare are four or five hotels of different quality. One was shut up, the owners having gone on a six months' visit to "the main." There is a prison, apparently more for show than use; and BANK on the side of a miserable tenement signifies, as is sufficiently obvious without it, an earthy slope, and not a place of deposit for notes and gold.

Buzza Hill is to one end of the town what the garrison, composed of half a dozen invalids, is to the other, except that it has a windmill on the top, and commands a finer prospect.

An impressive view breaks upon you from the hill-top: the town in another aspect; the Telegraph Hill; a large portion of the Island apparently well cultivated, and Peninnis Head. Seen from hence the position of the surrounding islands is such that the Pool and Road resemble a vast lake. The anchorage is accessible by four entrances; and in the early months of the year you may see two hundred vessels or more lying within the friendly shelter.

From St. Agnes, on the left, to St. Martin's, on the right, your eye takes in all the largest of the group, while farther away you see hummocks of all dimensions, known as the "Off Islands." Stone and turf intermingle everywhere: here green slopes, there formidable cliffs, with here and there a narrow beach of white sand gleaming like silver in the sunlight. That bright spot on Tresco, opposite to Hugh Town, is the residence of the Lord Proprietor, standing amid gardens which are described as perfect wonders of horticultural taste and skill: where the visitor walks through avenues of geraniums, fifteen feet in height, to beds and plantations of the rarest exotics. Next appear Bryher and Samson, and so round to St. Agnes again. The sea, swept by a mighty breeze, rolled in magnificent waves through the numerous channels, leaping on the rocks, and breaking around the shores with a majesty of motion that imparted to the whole panorama an effect indescribable.

Altogether there are three hundred isles, islets, and rocks scattered over an area of ten square leagues. None but those above named are inhabited. The total population is about 2700, of whom more than 1600 live in St. Mary's. Tresco numbers 450, and St. Agnes and St. Martin's each about half as many; while Bryher and Samson have but 130 between them. Fishing, piloting, farming, and ship-building are their occupations. Some trade in small vessels on shares. The Off Islands are tenanted only by rabbits, sea-fowl, and a large species of cray-fish. Sharks make their appearance at times, probably with the Gulf stream.

The early potato trade from the Scilly Islands only dates some fifteen years back, from some potatoes accidentally sown from a Spanish vessel. Now the supply is 15,000 cwt. in the first half of the year. London is the great market. A Scilly pilot-boat carries three hundred baskets, each containing a hundred-weight of potatoes, to Southampton for a shilling the basket. From Southampton they are forwarded to Covent Garden; and as some of the earliest parcels in February realise a shilling a pound on the average, there remains a handsome profit. In 1853 the people of St. Martin's alone got 2000*l.* for their crop.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

CRIME AND PETTY OFFENCES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE impression which one would form from a glance at the newspapers of the time would be that the Eighteenth Century was a completely lawless age—so frequent, so daring, and so violent are the offences which they record against property and person. Life was as insecure in the very neighbourhood of London, despite the exertions of the valiant, buff-coated “City trained bands” (then, to be sure, falling into decay and disrepute), as it is now in the remotest wilds of England, and, in the country, it was only to be protected by the force of arms. Those were, indeed, the “good old times” of which, as Wordsworth has sung of an earlier period,

The simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,

was the order of the day, and the rule by which, in a great measure, society seems still to have been governed. Yet the laws were very severe, and rigidly enforced; but they were insufficient to repress or restrain the excesses that a lax system of police had given impunity to.

Robbery on the highway by mounted highwaymen, armed with pistols, or footpads, with cutlasses, knives, or hangers, was the occurrence of every hour of the day and night. There were “flying highwaymen,” so called from the speed with which they travelled (as the celebrated Dick Turpin), and which enabled them to appear almost simultaneously at places wide apart, thus giving them a semblance of ubiquity, baffling pursuit and defying precaution; “gentlemen highwaymen,” who took to the road with a sort of chivalrous enthusiasm (as Tom King), and were particularly polite and gallant to ladies (like Claude Duval), gracefully requesting them to deliver up their valuables, and restoring to them any article that was dear to them, apologising for the alarm they had occasioned, and courteously wishing them good night and a pleasant journey; coarse, ruffianly highwaymen (of the Blueskin stamp), who bluntly demanded “Your money or your life!” or savagely ordered you to “Stand and deliver!” and “generous highwaymen,” who, like Rob Roy Macgregor of old, levied contributions from the rich to distribute among the poor. In fact, the romance with which these outrages were invested, gave to the character of the brigand a sort of charm in the eyes of the vulgar, which has survived even to our own day; for we all know the avidity with which the stories of Jack Sheppard, Richard Turpin, Sixteen-String Jack, and Paul Clifford, have been devoured by the public. We might borrow from these histories a description of the daring exploits of the freebooters of whose deeds they tell, but there is no occasion to quote from romance—the newspapers can tell us quite enough. It was not only on Hampstead Heath, Bagshot, Finchley

Common, Epping Forest, Hounslow Heath, Shooter's Hill, and Blackheath that the traveller had to dread the robber's pistol: Whitechapel, Holborn, the Strand, and Shoreditch were all infested; Piccadilly was dangerous after dark; Clerkenwell and Islington, next to impassable. We are not exaggerating; history bears out our assertions. A design was formed in 1728 to stop the coach of the Queen of George the Second, on her way to Saint James's, as she returned from a supper in the City, and rob her of her jewels; George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York were stopped one night on their way home in a hackney-coach, and robbed in Berkeley-square; in 1772, Doctor Dodd, who was afterwards hung for forgery, was stopped by a single highwayman "near Pancras," who fired at him and robbed him, and was executed for the offence at Tyburn on the 20th of January, 1773.

Such was the state of things in 1744, that the lord mayor and aldermen of London carried an address to the king, representing that "divers confederacies of great numbers of evil-disposed persons, armed with bludgeons, pistols, cutlasses, and other dangerous weapons, infest not only the private lanes and passages, but likewise the publick streets and places of usual concourse, and commit most daring outrages upon the persons of your Majestie's good subjects, whose affairs oblige them to pass through the streets, by terrifying, robbing, and wounding them, and these facts are frequently perpetrated at such times as were heretofore deem'd hours of security." The address concluded with the following prayer: "Permit us, Sir, to express our hopes that a speedy, rigorous, and exemplary execution of the laws upon the persons of offenders, as they shall fall into the hands of justice, may, under your Majestie's princely wisdom, conduce greatly to the suppressing these enormities, by striking terror into the wicked, and preventing others entering into such evil courses." To which the king replied, "Nothing shall be wanting on my part to put the laws in execution to support the magistrates rigorously to punish such heinous offenders."

Smollett gives us a similar account: "Thieves and robbers were now become more desperate and savage than ever they had appeared since mankind was civilised. In the exercise of their rapine, they wounded, maimed, and even murdered the unhappy sufferers through a wantonness of barbarity." And he thus accounts for this lawlessness: "This defect, in a great measure, arose from an absurd notion that laws necessary to prevent those acts of cruelty, violence, and rapine would be incompatible with the liberty of British subjects: a notion that confounds all distinctions between liberty and brutal licentiousness, as if that freedom was desirable in the enjoyment of which people find no security for their lives or effects."

Fielding, in his "Inquiry into the Causes of the Increase of Robbers," draws a terrible picture of the audacity of these predatory gangs:

"Have not," he asks, "some of these (known highwaymen) committed robberies in open daylight, in the sight of many people, and have afterwards rode silently and triumphantly through the neighbouring towns without any danger or molestation? This happens to every rogue who has become eminent for his audaciousness, and is thought to be desperate; and is, in a more particular manner, the case of great and numerous gangs, many of which have for a long time committed the most open

outrages in defiance of the law. Officers of justice have owned to me that they have passed by such with warrants in their pockets against them, without daring to apprehend them; and, indeed, they could not be blamed for not exposing themselves to sure destruction; for it is a melancholy truth that, at this very day, a rogue no sooner gives the alarm within certain purlieus than twenty or thirty armed villains are found ready to come to his assistance."

To illustrate these facts by giving all the extracts we possess confirmatory of them, would be impossible within the compass of the present chapter; we shall therefore content ourselves with publishing a few of the most remarkable. But first let us show how significantly the danger is told in the reports of the means taken to provide against it.

In 1763, the *Annual Register* states, under the date of "October 21st: A horse patrol, under the direction of Sir John Fielding, is fixed upon the several roads near the metropolis for the protection of his Majesty's subjects. The patrol consists of eight persons well mounted and armed." This, however, appears to have been quite ineffectual; for, in 1780, we find from a "History of the Parish of Clerkenwell," that "it was customary for travellers coming to town to remain all night at the Angel at Islington, rather than push forward in the dark, as the road was bad and infested by robbers." And, further, "Persons walking from the City to Islington in the evening, waited near the end of St. John-street until a sufficient party had collected, who were then escorted by an armed patrol appointed for that purpose." We have already stated that the proprietors of Marybone and Ranelagh Gardens advertised "a suitable guard stationed upon the road;" that the stage-coaches were notified to be "well guarded;" and that, in 1729, passengers, even through the streets of London, preferred walking to riding in a hackney-coach, "on account that they are in a readier posture to defend themselves or call out for aid if attacked." We may add to these statements two notices issued by the proprietors of Sadler's Wells in 1783, as instances of the feeling of insecurity under which people must have laboured even in the suburbs. A programme of the entertainments winds up thus: "A horse patrol will be sent in the New-road that night for the protection of the nobility and gentry who go from the squares and that end of town. The road also towards the City will be properly guarded."

"June, 1783.—Patrols of horse and foot are stationed from Sadler's Wells-gate along the New-road to Tottenham-court-road turnpike; likewise from the City-road to Moorfields. Also to St. John's-street, and across the Spaw-fields to Rosoman-row, from the hours of eight to eleven."

These were no groundless apprehensions, for, not only were the highwaymen and footpads numerous, but they seemed to enjoy the wildest impunity. To quote instances from the lives and exploits of Turpin, Sheppard, or Claude Duval will be unnecessary, after giving a few passages in the life of Burnworth. After the attack of the gang, of which he was the leader, upon the Earl of Starborough, "the number of atrocious violations of the law which now daily took place alarmed all those who had a regard for order and good government, and the king issued a proclamation for apprehending the offenders, and a pardon was offered to any one who would impeach his accomplices, except Burnworth, who was

justly considered as the principal of the gang. A proclamation was issued, and 300*l.* offered for taking him into custody ; but, notwithstanding this, he still appeared at large, and gave the following among other proofs of his audacity. Sitting down at the door of a public-house in Holborn, where he was well known, he called for a pint of beer, and drank it, holding a pistol in his hand by way of protection ; he then went off with the greatest apparent unconcern." So says the *Newgate Calendar* ; but here is a still more striking instance of his effrontery : " On the approach of evening, he and his gang ventured towards London, and, having got as far as Turnmill-street, the keeper of Clerkenwell Bridewell happening to see them, called to Burnworth, and said he wanted to speak with him. Burnworth hesitated, but, the other assuring him that he intended no injury, and the thief being confident that his associates would not desert him, swore he did not regard the keeper, whom he advanced to meet with a pistol in his hand, the other miscreants walking on the opposite side of the street, armed with cutlasses and pistols. This singular spectacle attracting the attention of the populace, a considerable crowd soon gathered round them, on which Burnworth joined his companions, who now thought their safest plan would be to retreat towards the fields ; wherefore they kept together, and, facing the people, retired in a body, presenting their pistols, and swearing they would fire on any who should offer to molest them."

The "considerable crowd" was evidently completely paralysed ; not one among them ventured to contend for the 300*l.* reward ! And, after this, must we not admit that "there is honour among thieves ?" None of that desperate gang, which over and over again staked their lives against a watch or a purse, cared to win 300*l.*, and, at the same time, purchase a pardon for themselves, by betraying their leader and accomplice !

But what must the fields have been to which this daring band retired ? More dangerous, we should think, than the backwoods of America when colonisation first began ! Burnworth's, however, is not the only case in which audacity has served to shield guilt and baffle even a superior force by striking it motionless with astonishment.

Here are a few of the paragraphs with which the newspapers of the time were filled :

"The postboy, coming with the Norwich mail from Epping, was stopped by the High Stone, near Leytonstone, about four in the morning, by a single highwayman, who took the bags, in all about eighteen, and rode off with full speed."—*Martin's Miscellany*, April, 1757.

"*September 11th.*—A gentleman was stopped in Holborn, about twelve at night, by two footpads, who, on the gentleman's making resistance, shot him dead, and then robbed him. Some of the villains have since been apprehended."—*Annual Register*, for 1758.

"*February 24th.*—An apothecary in Devonshire-street, near Queen's-square, was, one night last month, attacked by two ruffians in Red Lion-street, who, presenting fire-arms and menacing him with death if he resisted or cried out, carried him to Black Mary's Hole, when, by the light of a lantern, perceiving that he was not the intended person, they left him there without robbing him. This mysterious transaction has not yet been cleared up, though they are suspected to be the same

fellows who lately sent threatening letters to Mr. Nelson, an apothecary in Holborn, and another tradesman."—*Annual Register* for 1760.

"One Richard Watson, tollman of Marybone turnpike, was found barbarously murdered in his toll-house; upon which, and some attempts made on other toll-houses, the trustees of turnpikes have come to a resolution to increase the number of toll-gatherers, and to furnish them with arms, strictly enjoining them at the same time not to keep any money at the toll-bars after eight o'clock at night."—*July 23rd.*—*Annual Register* for 1763.

"A man was lately robbed and barbarously murdered on the road to Ratcliffe Cross. Finding but twopence in his pocket, they first broke one of his arms, then tied a great stone about his neck and threw him into a ditch, having first shot at and mangled his face in a most horrid manner. The unhappy man had, notwithstanding, scrambled out of the ditch into the road, but expired soon after he was found; and, two days after, another man was found murdered in the Mile-End-road."—*October 17th.*—*Annual Register* for 1763.

"Murders, robberies (many of them attended with acts of cruelty), and threatening letters were never perhaps more frequent about this city than during this last month. One highwayman in particular, by the name of the 'Flying Highwayman,' engrosses the conversation of most of the towns within twenty miles of London, as he has occasionally visited all the public roads round the metropolis, and has collected several sums. He rides upon three different horses—a grey, a sorrel, and black one—the last of which has a bald face, to hide which he generally hangs on a black cat's skin. He has leaped over Colnbrook turnpike a dozen of times within this fortnight, and is now well known to most of the turnpike men on the different roads about town."—*December 31st.*—*Annual Register* for 1761.

"Sunday night, about ten o'clock, Mr. Morris, a linendraper in Holborn, coming to town from Newington-butts, was knocked down near the Obelisk in Saint George's-fields by two footpads, who robbed him of his watch, three pounds in money, and a pair of silver buckles, which they took out of his shoes."—*Westminster Journal*, October the 29th, 1774.

"On Thursday evening, the day of the Middlesex election, as Captain Stapleton, of New Bond-street, was returning to town from Richmond, in a post-chaise, he was stopped near Gunnersbury-lane by two highwaymen, well mounted, who demanded his money; but the captain jocularly calling out 'Wilkes and Glynn for ever!' the highwaymen generously told him to drive on, and, declaring that they would never knowingly rob a friend to the public cause, proved that the sons of liberty are not destitute of honour, even when they descend to be thieves."—*Westminster Journal*, same day.

This is indeed one of the oddities of the subject, reminding us of Jack Bannister, who was allowed to pass, with many apologies, by the pads who had stopped him, when they recognised the popular actor; but here is a more tragic tale, from the *Westminster Journal* of the same day:

"On Wednesday night, Mr. Wearing, silver-worker in Thames-street,

was knocked down in the City-road by two footpads, who robbed him of his watch, and about two pounds. His skull is so terribly fractured that he now lies without hopes of recovery."

"One highwayman has infested the roads between Hoddesdon and Hertford for seven weeks past. When he has committed a robbery he takes shelter in the woods. He is often seen by the country people, who are afraid to attack him, as he is armed with a blunderbuss and two pair of pistols."—*Public Advertiser*, June the 16th, 1775.

"Tuesday night, a gang of footpads made their appearance in the middle quarter of Moorfields, armed with pistols and cutlasses, and robbed every person that went that way until half an hour after nine, and then decamped to some other part. The last man they stopped having only a shilling in his pocket, they cut him across his head in a terrible manner. The inhabitants about Moorfields have come to a resolution of going armed in a body about their neighbourhood every night until eleven o'clock, to clear it of thieves."—*Old British Spy*, September the 21st, 1782.

We have selected these extracts not so much on account of the audacity of the acts committed as for their brevity, and because most of them are authenticated with the names and addresses of the parties attacked; and those from the *Annual Register* more especially, because we found the string of them already collected in Mr. Knight's "London."

But the "Knights of the Road" and "Gentlemen of the Pad" were not always professed thieves. Many a distressed tradesman resorted to the expedient for the nonce as the last desperate attempt to meet a bill falling due on the morrow, and instances were not rare of persons being stopped by men who, although disguised by crapes or masks, might be recognised by their voices, and who have robbed the travellers with a promise of returning the money at a certain place and hour, in a given time, on a pledge of secrecy—one which was generally fulfilled—as they "were in great want of the money in their business for a few days." Or cases similar to the following now and then occurred, telling a sad tale of struggles against embarrassments:

"*January 6th.*—On Wednesday, Mr. Browar, print-cutter near Aldersgate-street, was attacked on the road to Enfield by a single highwayman, whom he recollected to be a tradesman in the City. He accordingly called him by his name, when the robber shot himself through the head."—*Universal Magazine*, February, 1775.

Pretended robberies were also enacted, as it would appear from the following paragraph which we take from the "Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer" of the *London Magazine for August*, 1735:

"*July 9th. Saturday.*—A cheesefactor, who lives near Namptwich, and his brother, a cheesemonger in London, stood in the pillory at Warwick for a pretended robbery concerted between them; the one having robbed the other of two hundred guineas on the highway in order to sue the hundred for the said sum. They were, besides, fined fifty pounds each, and twenty pounds to defray the expenses of the county, and obliged to give three hundred pounds bail for their good behaviour for three years."

But, as this is the only case of the kind we have met with, we are perhaps no more justified in mentioning it as a characteristic of the century than any future chronicler might be in giving a recent case of

sinking a ship for the sake of the insurance effected on it, as a characteristic offence of the present age.

One or two more instances of the audacity of highwaymen, and the spirit of romance in which they contrived to enwrap themselves, and (we wish we could say it in two senses) we have done with them :

"The notorious highwayman Turpin had formed a sort of partnership with one King ; they robbed in concert for some years, but the firm was dissolved rather tragically in consequence of a horse having been stolen from a Mr. Major one Saturday night, which, through the exertions of a Mr. Boyes, was discovered at the Red Lion in Whitechapel on the Monday. The brother of King went for it, was secured, and, being alarmed, told his detainers, on being promised his liberty, that there was a lusty man in a white duffil coat waiting for the horse in Red Lion-street. Mr. Boyes went out to look, and recognised King, and attempted to take him into custody. King, upon this, drew a pistol, and presented it at Mr. Boyes : it snapped, but did not go off. Turpin, who was close by, then rode up, when King called out to him, 'Dick, shoot, or we are taken, by God!' Upon this Turpin fired, and missed the intended victim, but shot King, who exclaimed, 'Dick, you have killed me!' Turpin rode off, and King died a week afterwards of the wound."

The next extract relates to one of the class of "gentlemen highwaymen :

"One MacLean, some years later than Turpin, was the great highwayman of the day. His gentlemanly deportment was extolled, and a sort of admiration kindled for him in the public mind ; his crimes were gaily recounted by those who did not suffer from them ; and the excited tales told no doubt produced a crop of young aspirants to succeed him on the road and at the gallows. The ladies took great notice of him while he was in Newgate, and kept him well supplied with money. He finally made his exit at Tyburn, with the brief prayer, 'Oh, God, forgive my enemies, bless my friends, and receive my soul!'"

We are indebted for these two contributions to Mr. D. M. Aird ; and another informant, who "saw 'Sixteen-String Jack' pass along the Oxford-road, on a hurdle, on his way to Tyburn for execution," gives us an idea of the almost princely style in which some of these highwaymen lived. She was the god-daughter of the wife of one Robert Martin, who appears to have been a famous mail-robber of his day, and was in the habit of occasionally paying long visits to her godmother, in the course of which she was surprised at the magnificence in which they lived. A sideboard of costly plate, and the constant attendance of a livery servant at meals, appear to have excited her wonder and admiration most forcibly. "But," to quote her own words, "young as I was, I thought there was something wrong. Martin would appear uneasy and fidgety at every knock at the door. I had also remarked that he was in the habit of leaving his home at night : his wife used in vain to implore him not to go. I have seen her cling to him, and, with tears in her eyes, exclaim, 'Now, Robert, do not go : you know what all this must end in!' But, disengaging himself from her, he used to depart, and I saw nothing more of him till the morning, when he looked haggard and fatigued. My mother, one day calling to see me, observed the same symptoms of a troubled conscience about him, and, in alarm, took me

home; and, a short time afterwards, we heard that he had been apprehended, tried, and found guilty of a highway robbery. He was hanged at Tyburn, and his wife reduced to the greatest poverty."

These, then, we may conceive, were the days when travellers who lived what is now within a threepenny ride of the City, buckled on their weapons, and were armed *cap-à-pie*, before they left London for their homes; when gentlemen who understood the management of a pistol little better than their horses, rashly persisted in carrying at least a brace in each coat-pocket, and sallied forth, overflowing with courage and with deadly thoughts of resistance floating in their brains—thoughts which floated out of their fingers' ends on the approach of a suspicious-looking horseman or a burly passer-by; when fireside stories all turned upon some midnight encounter with armed and daring robbers; and old ladies returning from taking a "dish of tea" with a friend, brimful of all the tales they had heard of their host's dispersing a mighty band single-handed, came hurrying through the streets, carefully shunning some dark court or gloomy alley, and raising their little lanterns to reconnoitre a suspicious object, which perhaps turned out to be a handpost or a pump—in fact, "shying" desperately at everything they could not see distinctly, coming to a dead halt, running round, turning back, or fairly "making a bolt of it."

But undoubtedly this state of things was anything but entertaining to the parties concerned, for robbery was then a system of regular and business-like organisation. The highwaymen had their meeting-rooms, where the designs of robberies were discussed and matured; their regular beats, rides, or walks, which were generally honourably observed; their caverns and places of secrecy for the lodgment of their booty and division of their spoils, in secluded parts; and, it would even seem, they kept regular ledger accounts of their transactions, for we find in the *Westminster Journal* of February the 19th, 1774, the following statement:

"Friday, those two notorious fellows, Overend and Whitall, who some time since broke out of the New Gaol, Southwark, and for the apprehending whom a very considerable reward was offered by the high sheriff of the county of Surrey, were, by the vigilance of Sir John Fielding's people, taken into custody at a house in Long-lane, and committed to New Prison. On searching their apartments a book was found, containing an account of the robberies they have since committed."

Robberies attended with violence were more frequent and various than had ever been known. Every means to entrap the unwary was adopted. Thus we read of cellar flaps being suddenly let down as the incautious passenger walked over them, and the victim, thus suddenly precipitated into some den of horror, was plundered, and his body foully disposed of; of persons, carrying bundles in the streets, being tripped up by a rope held by two confederates across the way, and their property taken from them; or of some such daring act as the following:

"Wednesday morning, two men armed with cutlasses went into a shop in Whitechapel, and, meeting with the mistress, demanded her money. On her endeavouring to call for assistance, they cut her across the arms, &c., and then robbed her of forty pounds in cash."—From the *Westminster Journal* of January the 30th, 1773.

Here is another desperate robbery, related in the *British Gazette* of May the 8th, 1796 :

"Tuesday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, some villains knocked at the door of Mr. Keys, baker, of Golden-lane, and, immediately on its being opened by Mr. Keys, one of them seized him, and held a pistol to his head, while the other two searched the drawers, &c. They stayed in the house near an hour, and, after robbing Mr. Keys of his watch and a considerable sum of money, and several other articles of value, they departed, very politely wishing him a good night."

Two more instances will suffice to show the frequency and daring nature of these robberies :

"On Monday night, the house of Mr. Russell, at Greenwich, was broken open and entered by twelve men, who bound every one in the house with cords, and carried off furniture, wearing apparel, and plate to a considerable amount. They are supposed to have been watermen, as they were seen to go into a boat with the property, and put off for the Essex shore."—*British Gazette* of February 12th, 1792.

"On Sunday night last, at ten o'clock, a most daring robbery was committed at a small public-house on the Woolwich road, known by the sign of the Antigallican, adjoining Hanging Wood, by some desperate villains, who, entering the house, bound the master and mistress and all the servants, with two men who were drinking there. They then began to ransack the house of linen and cash to the amount of sixty pounds, afterwards sat down and drank, and smoked their pipes, till three o'clock in the morning, and then took their leave. It is to be observed that two brewer's servants on duty, passing by at eleven o'clock, saw a light in the house, and knocked at the door, whom the desperadoes let in, and seized and confined them also. They were seen going afterwards to the water-side, where a boat was ready to receive them, in which they effected their escape."—*British Gazette* of the same day.

All these depredators, we should opine, were allied to the class of Thames pirates.

Of another gang it is recorded, that "their next robbery was at the house of a grocer in Thames-street. The watchman passing by as they were packing up their booty, Bellamy seized him, and obliged him to put out his candle to prevent any alarm being given. Having kept him till they were ready to go off with their plunder, they took him to the side of the Thames, and threatened to throw him in if he would not throw in his lantern and staff. It need not be said that the poor man was obliged to comply with their injunctions." This statement bears ample testimony to the miserable inefficiency of the poor old guardians of the night; and we cannot help thanking kind fate that we were born in the days of gas, and that, with all their faults, the police (if we can be allowed to speak metaphorically for once) watch over our pillow.

DE QUINCEY'S MISCELLANIES.*

READERS to whom Seneca is not too heavy, and readers again to whom Plautus is not too light,—readers whose hobby is political economy, and readers again who delight in a *jeu d'esprit*,—they to whom historical narrative is the first charm, and they to whom impassioned eloquence is all-exciting,—will all find themselves severally catered for in this new volume of De Quincey's "Selections, Grave and Gay." First comes that famous piece of irony, the Lecture on "Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts." Next, a seasonably published narrative called "Revolt of the Tartars; or, Flight of the Kalmuck Khan and his people from the Russian territories to the frontiers of China"—of particular interest in a day when the national mind is so much occupied with war in Russia and rebellion in China. Then, the dialogues of three Templars (Mr. de Quincey was himself of the Temple once) on Political Economy, chiefly in relation to the principles of Ricardo—to which some seventy (or, by'r ladye, inclining to fourscore) pages are devoted. After these, another seasonably published essay, on the absorbing topic of War—about as shocking and audacious a thesis as drab broadcloth, and the flesh and blood within it, can imagine—drab minds in the ordinary not being imaginative, unless where crumpling up Russia, &c., may be concerned. And lastly comes a singularly graphic and rhetorical section, entitled "The English Mail-Coach," which must still be fresh in the memory of the readers of *Blackwood*; and which we only regret seeing in this isolated form, because we had hoped the yet unpublished but not unfinished sequel to the peerless *Suspiria de profundis*, of which it is virtually an instalment, would be given to us with despatch and completeness.

With lively sympathy we read in the author's preface, that the present series of miscellanies—as indeed their predecessors also—have been corrected for the press, and partially recast from their original form, "under the distraction of a nervous misery which," he says, "embarrasses my efforts in a mode and in a degree inexpressible by words." If, in England, a pension be "that which should accompany old age," when old age is dignified by genius, hastened by literary toil, saddened by physical languor, and straitened in the *res domi*,—how is it, purse-bearers! grand pensionaries! treasury lords! and all whom this affects—how is it that Thomas de Quincey is not, even yet, on the pension-list?

To the æsthetical dissertation on "Murder, as one of the Fine Arts"—that elaborate whimsicality, all alive with fun, broad and recondite—the author has appended an account of the notorious Williams, the London murderer of a past generation; not only, he says, because the man himself merited a record for his matchless audacity, combined with so much of snaky subtlety, and even insinuating amiableness in his demeanour—but also because, apart from the man himself, the *works* of the man (in 1812) were in themselves, for dramatic effect, the most impressive on record. Southey observed to the author, that the Marr and Williamson murders "ranked amongst the few domestic events which, by the depth and the expansion of horrors attending them, had risen to the dignity of a national interest." Mr. de Quincey adds, that this interest benefited

* Miscellanies. By Thomas de Quincey. (Second Series.) Groombridge and Sons. 1854.

also by the mystery which invested the murders; mystery as to various points, but especially as respected one important question, Had the murderer any accomplice? If the appendix to the *jeu d'esprit* itself may be thought "too diffuse," we find a touching excuse in the writer's assurance: "Feeling this at the very time of writing, I was yet unable to correct it; so little self-control was I able to exercise under the afflicting agitations, and the unconquerable impatience of my nervous malady." Its grave tone comes with *basso rilievo* effect after the droll details of the Lecture itself—a lecture read before a Society for the Encouragement of Murder, or, according to their own delicate euphemism, The Society of Connoisseurs in Murder—the members of which profess to be "curious in homicide; amateurs and *dilettanti* in the various modes of bloodshed; and, in short, Murder-Fanciers"—who meet and criticise (as they would a picture, statue, or other work of art) every fresh atrocity of that class which the police annals of Europe bring up. The lecturer argues, that when indeed a murder is in the paulo-post-futurum tense—not done, not even (according to modern purism) *being* done, but only going to be done—and a rumour of it comes to our ears, we are then by all means to treat it morally. "But," he continues, "suppose it over and done, and that you can say of it, *τετελεσται*, It is finished, or (in that adamantine molossus of Medea) *εὐργασται*, Done it is: it is a *fait accompli*; suppose the poor murdered man to be out of his pain, and the rascal that did it off like a shot, nobody knows whither; suppose, lastly, that we have done our best, by putting out our legs, to trip up the fellow in his flight, but all to no purpose—'abiit, evasit, excessit, erupit,' &c., why, then, I say, what's the use of any more virtue? Enough has been given to morality; now comes the turn of Taste and the Fine Arts. A sad thing it was, no doubt, very sad; but *we* can't mend it. Therefore let us make the best of a bad matter; and, as it is impossible to hammer anything out of it for moral purposes, let us treat it æsthetically, and see if it will turn to account in that way. Such is the logic of a sensible man, and what follows? We dry up our tears, and have the satisfaction, perhaps, to discover that a transaction, which, morally considered, was shocking, and without a leg to stand upon, when tried by principles of Taste, turns out to be a very meritorious performance. . . . Virtue has had her day; and henceforward, *Virtu*, so nearly the same thing as to differ only by a single letter (which surely is not worth haggling or higgling about)—*Virtu*, I repeat, and Connoisseurship, have leave to provide for themselves." Upon which principle the lecturer, at once virtuous and *virtuoso*, proceeds to guide the studies of his hearers, "from Cain to Mr. Thurtell"—adorning his progress with rich and curious exemplifications, illustrations, and quotations, from Milton the poet and Richardson the painter, Spinoza and Hobbes, Malebranche and Berkeley, Leibnitz and Kant, olden wise saws and modern instances. On the whole, this lecture may be pronounced *unique* in universal literature; and probably one man alone, of the living or the dead, could or would have written it—himself being as *unique* as this bit of æsthetic-grotesque.

Political economy is a study to which the English Opium-eater did seriously incline, more than forty years since. And in those days when he was Opium-eater in fact, and not yet by name, the perusal of Ricardo it was to which he alludes in the "Confessions," when he says: "For nearly two years I believe that I read no book but one; and I owe it to

the author, in discharge of a great debt of gratitude, to mention what **that was.**" In Ricardo he believed he had found a man of sound head, and practised in wielding logic with a scholastic adroitness, capable of taking up, as he says, the whole academy of modern economists, and throttling them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or braying their fungus heads to powder with a lady's fan. (*Confessions*, Part II.) This single work, which "deduced *à priori* from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials," and constructed what had been but a "collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis,"—availed to give the Opium-eater a pleasure and an activity which he had not known for years, and roused him to draw up his own "Prolegomena to all future Systems of Political Economy;" which "Prolegomena," like too many other literary designs of the same author, the world has never seen, nor is likely to see. Some writings, however, connected with this science, he *has* published; the little series entitled "Ricardo made Easy," for instance; the "Logic of Political Economy;" and, as reproduced in the present volume of *Miscellanies*, the so-called "Templars' Dialogues"—in which, fragmentary as in one sense the paper may be, the conflicting systems are, he reminds us in the preface, brought under review in a way to settle the central logic of their several polemics.

The "Revolt of the Tartars" is a remarkable narrative, perhaps more equable and sustained in dignity of style, and impressive emphasis of diction, than any other article whatever by the same writer, and of the same length. There are those who are displeased at his common habit of abrupt transition from the sublime to the ridiculous—at his incontinency of the passion for jesting, when to them jesting seems most out of place. To such we may commend this fine graphic piece of history (or historical romance?), which is singularly free from such sudden lapses, and is written as though the writer had these objectors in his mind's eye at the time of composition, and as though he had made a covenant with his pen, and had soberly put it to himself

—*cur ego amicum*

Offendam in nugis?

The essay on "War" is the protest of one who feels strongly, and who strongly asserts, that the Peace Societies would, "if their power kept pace with their guilty purposes, work degradation for man by drawing upon his most effeminate and luxurious cravings for ease." Has an indignant outcry been uttered against Wordsworth for tracing the parentage of Carnage to the Most High Himself? De Quincey, on the other hand, "most heartily," and with his "profoundest sympathy," goes along with Wordsworth in this his "grand lyrical proclamation of a truth not less divine than it is mysterious, not less triumphant than it is sorrowful—viz., that amongst God's holiest instruments for the elevation of human nature, is 'mutual slaughter' amongst men, yes, that 'Carnage is God's daughter.'" For he contends that it belongs to the principle of progress in man, that he should for ever keep open a secret commerce in the last resort with the spirit of martyrdom on behalf of man's most saintly interests; and points out how, in proportion as the instruments for upholding or retrieving such saintly interests—where the violated rights of conscience are concerned, for

example, against perfidious despots and murdering oppressors—should come to be dishonoured or less honoured, in that proportion would the inference be valid that these interests were shaking in their foundations: so that, in effect, any confederation or compact of nations for the abolishing of war, would be the inauguration of a downward path for man. Let Manchester chew the cud of this “bitter fancy” of one of her own sons; for De Quincey is a Manchester man. But after all, though that great town—great in several senses—is identified in popular parlance with a certain “School” claiming to represent it, there are multitudes within its huge area who are not *de jure* “represented” by Mr. Bright; and perhaps Manchester at large might use, *mutatis mutandis*, John Wilkes’s apology, when he assured the king that *he* was not a Wilkite.—This argument for War, then, will be no marrowless bone of contention for the dogs that delight to bark and bite, and angry lions that growl and fight, within the ring of our debating clubs. It will doubtless excite strife of tongues and war of words, as now issued in the widely-read “Selections,” though we believe it was scantily noted in its original form of publication, which was in an ecclesiastical journal without a public on this side the Tweed.

To “The English Mail-Coach” is appended the “Vision of Sudden Death,” in which the author, who has been a great coach-traveller in his time, tells how he was, nearly forty years ago, in the dead of night, and of a night memorably solemn, the solitary witness to “an appalling scene, which threatened instant death in a shape the most terrific to two young people,” whom, he says, he had no means of assisting, except in so far as he was able to give them a most hurried warning of their danger; but even *that* not until they stood within the very shadow of the catastrophe, being divided from a frightful death by scarcely more, if more at all, than seventy seconds. The third section is occupied with the mystic translation of this incident into the Opium-eater’s nightly dreams—thrilling glimpses and dazzling glances of which we have all read in the “Confessions”—for the incident, “raised and idealised,” was naturally and very speedily carried into his visions of the night, “into a rolling succession of dreams.” “The actual scene, as looked down upon from the box of the mail, was transformed into a dream, *as tumultuous and changing as a musical fugue*.” Hence the concluding section is styled “Dream-Fugue upon the Theme of Sudden Death,” and well it bears out the suggestive title. It is an elaborate example of that mastery of the dream-element, that troublous familiarity with its psychological marvels, that interfusion of tempestuous agitation with seraphic calm—peculiar to them who deeply meditate, and intensely feel, and greatly dream—and again that wondrous spell and witchery of style, in all of which combined, Mr. de Quincey has had no predecessor, and has no fellow, perhaps no follower.

There is one part of the “English Mail-Coach” which, apart from its intrinsic pathos, events of the day will cause many bright eyes to read through blinding tears. It is where the author describes his journey by the mail when the mail was the messenger to the provinces of news of battle, and bore gazettes with details of GLORIOUS VICTORY, in the time of Salamanca and Badajoz—and how he was questioned, as one that could tell, by simple agitated hearts, in rural districts through which the mail was passing, as to the fate of this or that brave young hero, for whom those hearts were now disquieted in vain, and should too soon ache well-nigh unto death.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

IN a rural part of a well-known county of England, one boasting a cathedral-town for its chief city, which city we will call Closeford, there stands a newly-erected, red-brick building, very ugly in its style of architecture, and nearly as large as Buckingham Palace. It seems to have been built for strength, certainly not for ornament ; and the traveller, as he gazes at its bare, staring wings, its small windows, mostly protected by upright iron bars, and then sees the luxuriant, well-kept acres of pleasure-grounds that surround it, halts on his road and inquires what it is.

"The new Lunatic Asylum."

One traveller, riding past it last year, received this reply to his question, and upon hazarding further remarks, found he had unconsciously addressed himself to one of the resident surgeons. He learnt that the new-fashioned system of rational and gentle treatment was pursued in it, and the conversation that ensued ended in his being invited to go over the establishment. It was an invitation that was gladly accepted, for, somewhat singular to say, the business which had called him down from his own metropolitan home, had reference to the affairs of one living in the not very distant county-town, who had recently shown symptoms of aberration of intellect. The surgeon called a man to put the stranger's horse in the stables, and they went in together.

The results of the system appeared to be eminently satisfactory, so far as a cursory visitor could judge, and he not a medical man. Men and women, each in their separate departments, walked about, unrestrained, conversing cheerfully with each other, and passing the time rationally. A few were reading, several of the ladies working, one was trying over a piece of new music, her touch on the piano exquisite, and many were busy in the garden, over the flower-beds. All were, in reality, under strict watch, but it was a watch that they suspected not.

In an apartment on the ground-floor, an ornamental flower-basket, heaped up with flowers recently gathered, stood on the table, and a young lady was making them into a wreath. A slight, graceful girl she was, dressed in white. As the two gentlemen entered, she rose from her seat, and held out the wreath towards the doctor with a beaming smile. "I have nearly finished it."

The stranger took off his hat and bowed. He presumed he was in the presence of a daughter of the principal of the asylum ; or, possibly, a child of the gentleman then with him. The medical man carelessly took the wreath in his hand.

"I don't think you have assorted the flowers well, Maria," he observed. "Here are a pink, rose, and carnation next each other, and the colours clash. I should put some jessamine between them, or a bit of this clematis ; anything white."

She acted upon his advice, the stranger meanwhile admiring her excessive beauty. He had rarely seen it equalled. Her features were refined,

delicate, and very fair, her hair light and curling, and there was a sweet, earnest expression in her blue eyes.

"Is that better?" she said; and the surgeon nodded.

"Do you like it?" she said, holding out the garland towards the stranger. "It is not quite finished."

"The flowers are lovely, young lady," was his reply, "and very nicely assorted. You are doing this for some one of your unfortunate inmates?"

Scarcely had the words left his lips, when the surgeon turned hastily to him with a look of caution. But the young lady was quick as he, and spoke, her voice sunk to a whisper.

"It is for my bridal. But don't you tell. They are gone for the orange-blossoms. I am ready, you see," stroking down her white dress, "all but the veil and flowers."

"Good mercy!" uttered the stranger, involuntarily, "*she* a victim! And apparently so sensible!"

The doctor turned to leave the room, motioning his visitor before him. He looked back as he reached the door.

"Get on with your task, Maria," he observed. "I shall be here again presently. Why, you were taken in!" he said to the stranger, as he closed the door.

"Completely. I thought it was some young lady belonging to the authorities of the establishment. She spoke so rationally: and there was no madness in the expression of her eye. What can have brought her here, so young and lovely?"

"The same cause that mostly brings others of her sex, when they come in their early youth. An affair of the heart, as it is called. Her marriage was suddenly broken off, and she lost her reason. It was a deplorable thing."

"Is she incurable?"

"I fear so. But time, in these cases, will occasionally work marvels. She is from this neighbourhood: her father a clergyman, Dr. Remar."

"Dr. Remar!" repeated the stranger. "I heard a gentleman of that name preach last Sunday in the cathedral at Closeford, a Dr. or Mr. Remar. A tall, thin, pale man, peculiar in his looks. His hair quite white, though he did not look old, and worn rather long."

"Yes, that's her father. He has a stall in the cathedral: he is in residence, probably, just now. When this affair happened, more than two years ago, his hair was as brown as mine. He has recently lost his wife. Poor things! Maria was their only child."

"But the simple breaking off of a marriage," urged the stranger; "it seems scarcely sufficient to deprive a person of reason. The circumstances attending it must have been out of the common order."

"I believe they were. I don't know the exact particulars, for the reports that went abroad at the time were too contradictory to be relied upon. Some exposure took place the day before that fixed for the wedding: certain details of the gentleman's former life came out, I fancy, which were not to his credit. He was a clergyman too."

The stranger's time was up. He thanked his companion for his courtesy, mounted his horse, and rode off: his thoughts dwelling, not so much upon the "system" he had gone in to witness in its working, as

upon that unfortunate girl and her bright loveliness. And again he marvelled what causes could have been sufficiently powerful to place her there.

Should the reader be wishing to know the same, he can now learn the particulars which the surgeon could not give. They are no secret to many living in the locality.

One afternoon, about eighteen years ago, a lady and gentleman were seated in one of the rooms of a handsome, though not large house, situated in Norfolk. The land around was productive, well kept and well cultivated; and the long grass of the meadows, and the healthy look of the ripening corn, spoke to the eye and heart of Plenty. It was no ancestral property, this, descending unalienated from father to son, but a small estate, which the gentleman sitting there had recently purchased. The room opened to the lawn by French windows as they are called, and there came dashing to one of these a child of six years old, followed by a maid-servant holding a bonnet in her hand, both looking red and flurried.

"Lavinia!" exclaimed the mother, "I thought you were already gone. Good Heavens! she is crying! Whatever is the matter?"

Uprose Mr. Glynn, himself and his nerves all in a shake at sight of the tears: as the foolishly-fond parent of many another child has risen up before him. The nurse attempted to speak in explanation, but the young lady stamped her feet on the floor, and talked out louder than all.

She was a pretty child, though just now she looked like a pretty little fury, her face crimson, and her keen black eyes flashing.

"What have you done to her, nurse?" demanded Mrs. Glynn.

"I have done nothing to her, ma'am. I have not spoken a cross word, or laid a finger on her. While I was getting her ready, she suddenly demanded to have her best things put on, and because I did not comply, she flew into one of her passions. Look at her bonnet here! with both the strings torn off: and if I had not got it from her she would have ripped it to pieces."

"I *will* have on my best things, I will," raved the young damsel, bestowing a few gratuitous kicks on the maid's legs. "How dare she say I shan't? They are not hers."

"These oft-repeated scenes are most lamentable," bewailed Mr. Glynn, his usually quiet tones querulous with agitation. "I cannot think, nurse, but you must be in fault. You have not, perhaps, the knack of managing little ones. I don't hear of other people's children being thrown into these distressing passions."

"I have repeatedly told you, nurse, that I cannot and will not have this," broke in Mrs. Glynn, impetuously. "You must keep her calm, at any sacrifice. You know what the doctors say, that she is one of the most excitable children breathing. She will be laid upon a sick bed, one of these days, through your injudicious contradiction, and her health ruined."

"I have no objection to her putting on her best things," retorted the servant, rather sharply, "but I know the state they will be in for Sunday, if she does. She trails along every dirty place she can find, and gets into the ponds, and tears through hedges, and it's beyond the power of any mortal to prevent her."

"Lavinia, my darling," cried Mrs. Glynn, with some silent suspicion that the girl's words might prove true, and were so, "this frock is a very nice one—quite as pretty as your new silk."

"It's a nasty frock, it's an ugly frock," squealed the young lady, louder than ever, as she commenced a frantic dance about the room. "I'll tear it to pieces if you make me wear it! I want my best, and my new hat."

"My poor child! my sweet Lavinia!" uttered the dismayed father, "don't excite yourself in this fearful way. Good Heavens! Mrs. Glynn, the child will have brain fever! Why don't you give her what she wants?"

"Go with nurse, my precious, and have everything you want," implored Mrs. Glynn. "It is all her fault; she has no business to contradict you."

So the young lady brought her dance and her sobs to a stand-still, and flew out of the room, followed by the attendant.

"It is all that servant's fault!" ejaculated Mr. Glynn.

"Of course it is," assented his wife. "When the child's properly managed, she is a perfect little angel."

A very nice angel indeed she was!

"Well?" exclaimed a fellow-servant, looking out of the kitchen, as the nurse and the little tyrant passed the door.

"The same as usual," cried the nurse, in an aside answer. "She has got her will, and I am to change her clothes. But I know what: every time that master and mistress give in to her in this blind way, it is a nail in their own coffins. Mind if I don't tell you true!"

"I know I'd cure her, if she was a child of mine," was the muttered answer. "I'd put her under the pump, when her fiery fits came on, and pump on her till she was cool."

Now this scene really occurred, word for word; and similar ones had been occurring ever since the child's earliest infancy. Some will be inclined to ask, Is it possible that any parents can be found so culpably foolish? It is not only possible but certain, that the parents of her who is here called Lavinia Glynn were so: and there are such still in the world.

The child was naturally of strong passions: her love, her hatred, her generosity, her vindictiveness, all were in extremes: and she had an inordinate share of self-will, what we are apt to term "obstinacy." This should be checked in all children, but especially in one like Lavinia Glynn; should have been constantly checked from her earliest youth. Instead of which, it was fostered by every possible means.

By the time she was a few years older, the scenes of passion and tears had ceased, for Lavinia carried her wishes without: and obedience to her every whim was become so much a matter of custom with her parents, that resistance was never thought of.

It was attempted, however, once. Mr. and Mrs. Glynn had gone to London for medical advice for the former, who was always ailing, and were staying at a private hotel near the Strand; Lavinia, who was then about fourteen, of course with them, for they would as soon think of trying to fly, as of stirring without her. It happened to be Epsom race week; and, to their astonishment and perplexity, Miss Lavinia announced her intention of "going down to the Derby" in the company of some

people with whom she had picked up a speaking acquaintanceship, at the same hotel. Mr. Glynn exhausted all his persuasion ineffectually, and finally told her she should not go.

Should not—to Lavinia? He might as well have told the tide not to come up, as Canute once did. She flew out with a little of her old violence, and set him at defiance, declaring that neither he nor anybody else should oppose her will. So, poor, weak man, he made a compromise, that is, he tried to make it, and proposed to procure a carriage and take her down to Epsom himself. But that did not do for Miss Lavinia; she should and she would go with those who had invited her; and the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Glynn had the satisfaction of seeing her get into the crowded, hired barouche of these strangers.

Oh the fruit! the fruit!—the fruit that an education, such as this must bring forth on a child! Mr. and Mrs. Glynn lived to reap it. Better that God had taken her in her sinless infancy.

II.

THE storm was nearly over: and the sun, bursting forth from the verge of the horizon, for it was near its setting, caused the drops to glisten on the trees, and lighted up the hills in the distance. The clouds were disappearing from the sky, leaving its deep blue visible, and giving promise, now, of a calm night, whilst the sweet odour arising from the heated earth was inexpressibly refreshing. An hour before, the scene had been different. Then, the clouds were lowering ominously, faint peals of thunder, quickly growing nearer, resounded in the still air, and heavy drops of rain had commenced their descent on the trees. They fell on the bare head of a gentleman, striding impatiently to and fro: he had removed his hat, for it pressed his brow heavily in the sultry heat, and he pushed back his waving hair, wishing for a breath of wind to blow on it. He was young, probably three or four-and-twenty, and of courtly presence, sufficiently attractive in feature and form, but the lines of his face spoke of dissipation, and of a will that knew little bridle. It was a secluded spot, this, to which he confined his steps. Years ago it had been but a young plantation, on the grounds of the nobleman whose estate lay around, but the trees had towered up, in their might and strength, till now they rivalled those of many an older forest. A path lay through the wood, and, striking from the midst of this path, on the right, you came upon a small, grassy opening, in which was a sort of alcove, or grotto, formed by the trees, where rude seats had been placed. On the left of the wood lay the sea-shore, but it could not be seen from that spot. It was in this green opening, so dark and secluded that one, penetrating to it, might fancy himself miles from the haunts of men, that the young man was pacing, and an impatient exclamation, very like an oath, at being kept waiting, burst more than once from his lips. But now there advanced towards him, breaking from the thick trees, a form, young and handsome, and the irritated expression left his face, and he started eagerly forward. It was that of Lavinia Glynn.

But Lavinia Glynn grown up to womanhood. Look at her, reader: a fine girl, tall and graceful, with pale, statue-like features, impassioned in excitement, calm in repose: bands of raven hair shade her

face, and in her jet-black eye there is a flashing light, a brilliancy rarely seen in woman of these more northern climes.

With the increase of years had increased Mr. Glynn's ailments. He had latterly taken it into his head that Norfolk did not suit him; was too damp, or too dry, or too something. So he sold his property there, and took a house for six months in a remote sea-side village in Sussex. And it was there Lavinia met with Mr. Somerset.

Who was he, this young man? *She* knew not. She had encountered him soon after their arrival at the village, in one of her solitary walks on the beach. It may be, that each was mutually struck with the attractions of the other: it may be, that the loneliness of the place put out of their minds conventional forms and ceremonies, especially the common one of introduction: certain it is, they got into conversation, neither quite remembering afterwards which had made the first advance towards it. This one, formal meeting had led to many others, and it was to lead to—alas! alas!

It would be impossible to describe the feeling with which Lavinia Glynn regarded Mr. Somerset. They had now met every day for five or six weeks, ay, more than once in each day, and to designate the feeling which had grown up in her heart for him by the name of love, would be to express it most inadequately. A more ungovernable passion never was indulged in: he had become to her all in all; she would have given up heaven at his bidding; father, mother, ties, kindred, all were to her now as nothing, compared with this attractive stranger, who had arisen to usurp every corner of her ill-regulated heart.

What could be expected of a girl brought up as Lavinia Glynn? That she would curb this extravagant passion, when she knew not whether him for whom it was entertained was worthy or not?—that she would at least restrain it within moderate bounds? How can you ask it? When a child, in infancy, is allowed to indulge its every fancy, ordinate and inordinate, in childhood left uncontrolled, in girlhood unrestrained, how think you will it fare with the stronger passions of riper years?

Mr. Somerset had told her nothing about himself. He may have been a reserved man by nature, though that is not often a characteristic of youth, or he may have possessed some secret motive for not wishing her to know much of himself and his antecedents. All the information he imparted to her was, that his name was Somerset, that his parents were dead, and that he was fresh from Cambridge University. What had brought him to this retired sea-coast village? she asked him one day. A love of roving was the reply. He had come to it one morning in holiday idleness, intending to remain a day, perhaps two, and then start off again; but—he saw *her*, and could not tear himself away. Sufficient explanation for Lavinia, but perhaps certain creditors of the gentleman's could have given a different colour to his sojourn there, had they been so fortunate as to learn the fact.

So their meetings had gone on unchecked, from the few first accidental ones on the sea-shore. There were scarcely any visitors staying in the village, ten or twelve at the most, and these were middle-aged invalids, devoted to themselves and to the recruiting of their own health. They had passed the age of romance, and it was nothing to them that a handsome girl and a stylish-looking man, both strangers, should appear to be striking up a flirtation; should come upon each other, on the sands, at

all sorts of odd hours, and saunter carelessly away together; now, further up the beach, as if in pursuit of breeze and sea-shells; now, back to the fields; and now, far away towards the forest, out of sight and memory.

In one of their stolen walks they had come upon this grotto in the wood, and, tired and heated, Lavinia had sat down in it. Ah! it was better there than in those public promenades, the wide sea-beach, the open fields, the broad wood-path; for Mr. Somerset could hold in his that fair hand (which, by the way, was *not* fair, in the romantic acceptation of the term, for though it was delicate in colour, it had never been so in structure), and make love as much as he pleased, unliable to be popped upon by any staring straggler. And to this spot their steps were, by tacit agreement, henceforth directed, Mr. Somerset growing more devoted, and Lavinia more passionately fond of him day by day. But take you care, Lavinia Glynn, that you go not once too often. It may be, you know not the danger that may arise from these repeated solitary meetings, when you are alone with a careless-principled man, and the impetuosity of your own uncontrolled heart! It may be, you do not know the light in which a man of the world *always* looks upon one who can systematically deceive her parents and outrage the usages of custom to be in his society: the little respect he can continue to feel for her! It was an unfortunate thing that Mr. Glynn should have had, just at this time, a renewed attack of the disorder he came to cure. Some days he did not go out at all; others, only for a few minutes, leaning on his wife's arm. Lavinia, therefore, was at liberty to follow her own course. Occasionally, indeed, when her absences were unusually prolonged, Mrs. Glynn questioned her as to how they were spent. "Reading on the beach," or some such plausible excuse, was the ready reply; and it was never questioned. One person, however, knew of these frequent meetings with Mr. Somerset. It was a female servant of Mrs. Glynn's, Eliza, a girl who had not lived with them very long, but who had wormed herself into Lavinia's confidence. She usually attended Lavinia in her walks—or was supposed to do so; and she entered into the spirit of this clandestine affair eagerly.

And now, if I could think it necessary, I would say one word of caution to heads of families in middle life against allowing their daughters to lapse into intimacy with female servants. Many a young lady has had her better principles undermined through this very common mistake: and a most fatal mistake it often proves to be. The associations of early life, a father's precepts, a mother's guidance, a governess's rules, are weakened, when once a female servant is permitted to whisper pernicious counsels. The dependant may mean well; often does; she sees no harm in her young lady having a little bit of innocent fun unknown to her parents, not dreaming to what that "fun," if once indulged in, may, in time, lead. There are instances, too many of them, where a servant has thus brought ruin and degradation into a home. A daughter, after the age of ten or twelve years, should *never* be subjected to any degree of intimacy with a servant—unless it be a tried, faithful woman of mature age, known and trusted in the family, who has the child's future interest at heart, almost in an equal degree with the parents. I will tell you of a case in point, though there is scarcely time for it. It occurred but a few months ago. A sharp, observant maiden lady, not

young, went on a visit to her sister, a widow with several sons and an only daughter. Before she had been in the house a week, she told her sister that she suffered her child to be too much with one of the servants.

"Too much with Jemima!" exclaimed the mother, rather inclined to resent the insinuation, "why the child is never with her. She is always with me or with her governess."

"Jemima dresses Emily in the morning."

"Oh, that of course."

"And she undresses her at night."

"Well. Why not?"

"And is with her each time a deal longer than she need be, if no gossiping were going on," persisted the sister. "Were I you, I should ascertain what the gossiping is about: and let Emily learn to dress herself."

The mother laughed at the notions, and, in relating this to the governess, was so far wanting in good taste as to ridicule the "starch of old maids." But not long after that sister had left the house, on the conclusion of her visit, it came to light, by the merest accident (only the string of a temporary pocket breaking, and the pocket dropping off), that Miss Emily had been carrying on a love-letter correspondence with the son of a neighbour. The letters contained a mere nothing, quite nonsense, those that could be found of them, but that was a tolerable beginning for a young lady of thirteen. Emily confessed, crying enough tears to fill a well, that Jemima had first put her up to it, had stopped in her room at night while she wrote the letters, often suggested part of their contents, and finally had conveyed, from one to the other, both hers and the young gentleman's, who had passed the same mature age by a few months. So Jemima was dismissed, and is probably practising in some other family, and Emily has been schooled and lectured ever since by her mother and governess. But, lecture as they will, they cannot eradicate the remembrance of notions thus early thrust into her heart. Believe me, my good lady reader, your daughter in her teens had better dress herself than be given over to the companionship of a female servant.

"My lovely Lavinia!" exclaimed Mr. Somerset, as Miss Glynn came forwards from the thick trees, "I feared you would never come!"

"Oh, Arthur!" she uttered, "I thought I should have gone mad! I knew you were waiting for me, and I could not get away, for I was kept reading to my father. Had there been a fire in the room, I think I should have thrown the pamphlet in."

"I imagined that the threatening storm had kept you," returned Mr. Somerset. "It seems to be coming on quickly."

"*The storm!*" she thought. "If the clouds carried fire I would joyfully walk through all if it were to lead me to him!—My mother is not well this evening, and is in bed," she said aloud, "and papa is so exacting."

Mr. Somerset's remark about the storm seemed soon to be verified. The lightning had become more frequent, more vivid, the thunder was nearer, and the rain fell faster. He passed his arm around Lavinia, and drew her inside the grotto for shelter, under its thick, intertwined roof of leaves and branches. She did not sit down, but stood at the egress, looking out. It may be questioned, however, if she saw or heard the

signs of the increasing storm: certainly she did not heed them. She had no sight but for that form beside her, no thought but for that one idol. And had an angel's voice spoken, and told her it was a worthless one, she would not have listened or cared.

So there they remained. Mr. Somerset whispering all the insinuating deceit that man knows so well how to whisper, and Lavinia drinking it in: not as poison, which she ought to have done, but as the very sweetest incense ever offered up to woman. And the storm soon raged in all its fury and strength.

III.

THE shades of night were gathering on the earth when Lavinia Glynn drew near to her home. It was a solitary cottage, standing just outside the village, surrounded by a productive garden: grass, flowers, fruit, and vegetables, all grew together in that well-kept, agreeable disorder often observable in small country tenements. A privet hedge enclosed it on two sides, in which there was a gate. It was not the front entrance, but Lavinia made for it, went through, and was passing stealthily across the garden, towards the back door of the house, when some one darted out, in a crouching posture, from between two high rows of kidney beans, and seized her by the arm. Lavinia, albeit a young lady to whom "nerves" were unknown, gave a startled cry. Yet it was only Eliza.

"Where in the world have you stopped, Miss Lavinia?" was her hurried salutation. "There has been the greatest rumpus: missis and master—Whatever is the matter?" broke off the servant, as she noticed her young lady more particularly, her strange appearance and disordered hair.

"I—I am not well," replied Miss Glynn; "I think I fainted and fell. I am going straight to bed."

"You can't go up to bed till you have shown yourself," interrupted Eliza, authoritatively; and it may here be mentioned that Miss Glynn's confidential familiarity with her servant caused the servant to be familiar with her—a natural sequence, and one that is sure to follow. "They have been sending the cook after us all over the place, and I was forced to hide myself out here, or master would have seen me, for he has been dodging in and out of the kitchen like one possessed. I tell you what it is, Miss Lavinia, if you are going to remain out at these unseasonable hours, I can't undertake to cloak it with the pretence that you are out with me. I have been off my head with fright, almost, stopping out here in the lightning and thunder."

"Has it thundered?" demanded Lavinia, vaguely.

"Have you been deaf or asleep?" asked the girl, looking at her keenly. "It was the thunder that so frightened master and missis: they thought we might be on the sands, in the thick of it. Frightfully loud it was, too!"

"Yes, yes," cried Lavinia, hastily; "I forgot. It has given me the headache, and I can think of nothing. I shall go and sleep it off. Call me as usual in the morning."

"But I tell you, you can't go till they have seen you," repeated the servant. "Missis has been out of her bed twenty times, inquiring if we were come, and master's more nervous than he has been for months. I

have heard it all from here. Hark ! he's calling out to cook now. Where's Mr. Somerset ?"

"Gone home, I suppose. How do I know ? What a fuss papa's making ! Go in, Eliza : say we stopped on the beach, and that I am tired."

"The beach won't do," bluntly retorted the servant ; "the cook went there, and came back, and reported that there was not a soul all over it."

"Then make up a tale yourself," answered Lavinia, darting past the maid, "for I tell you I am not going in to be questioned to-night. Say the thunder frightened me, and I am gone to bed, and can't be disturbed : say anything."

For a short period these clandestine meetings continued to go on, and the grotto to be a witness to many a love-vow, destined to be broken, as love-vows mostly are. While they are in progress, let us give a word of explanation about one of the two parties to them.

A few years previously, Arthur Somerset—by which appellation we will continue, for the present, to designate him, though in giving the name "Somerset" to Lavinia Glynn, he had given one that was not his—became a freshman at Cambridge. His mother had died in his boyhood, and he had recently lost his father, a clergyman. The property left to Arthur was very small—scarcely more than enough to prepare him for the Church, to which he was likewise destined ; for his father, though enjoying an excellent benefice, was a free-living man, and spent in many ways where he might have saved. Before Arthur had been three months at the university, he was deep in everything that he ought to have kept out of—bets, drink, rows, racing, billiards, suppers, headaches, and a whole catalogue of other evils, all helping him to become a parson, in accordance with our system of parson-educating. Now Arthur Somerset was a handsome, gentlemanly young fellow, a fascinating companion, and stood high in university favour, not quite, perhaps, with the deans and proctors, but with all the "sets," high and low. The consequence was, that instead of struggling resolutely out of the mud, which was likely to smother him, as a poor man, he dived deeper into it with every term, till at last the state of his affairs was obliged to be made known to his uncle, the brother of his late father, a rich man with an only son. Very wroth, and more shocked than wroth, was this good man, when he found that his nephew's substance had gone the way of all circulating metal, that he dared not walk about for fear of certain ominous taps on the shoulder, and that unless the more pressing claims on him were settled he could not show his face again at Cambridge. But he was not so bad an uncle, as uncles go, for though he bewailed and lectured, and lectured and bewailed, making Mr. Arthur, as he fondly hoped, repent to the very end of his heartstrings, he ended by paying all the debts, and made his nephew an allowance sufficient to keep him for the remainder of his terms. So back went my gentleman with flying colours, and in another year was as deep in tradesmen's books as ever, and in others more pressing than university tradesmen's. Arthur Somerset had not a bad heart, and by nature he was not profligate, but the dissipation prevalent at the university, the reckless society he mixed with there, drew him on, almost imperceptibly to himself. He did not like to approach his uncle a second time, and hence his sojourn at that obscure little watering-place ; for it was necessary to be out of the way till something was done, though what that

something would be was a puzzle to himself. He found the place excessively slow; his own account of it, in writing to a friend, was, that he was "bored to death:" perhaps that he did not quite leave it (and the world) for a better, was owing to his pursuit of Lavinia Glynn. But gallant amusements being quite "used-up" diversion at the university, Mr. Somerset still found himself "bored" considerably, and one desperate day he took heart and pen, and wrote a letter to his uncle full of self-contrition, promises for the future, and prayers for assistance, all jumbled up together as strong as the dictionary could make them.

The answer came: a stern summons. Mr. Arthur was ordered to "come out of that disgraceful hiding" and appear forthwith before his uncle. If he lost four-and-twenty hours over doing so, the old gentleman affirmed he would not see him or help him. And he was one to keep his word.

"Whew!" whistled Arthur, when he got the letter, which arrived about ten days after the evening of the storm, "what will Lavinia say?"

What indeed! Mr. Somerset met her as usual that day, and broke the news to her. But, hoping more effectually to prevent remonstrance on her part, he said the summons was from his college.

"Oh but you may not go! you dare not go!" uttered Lavinia, when the full import of the news broke upon her startled mind. "Arthur, you know, in honour, you dare not!"

"There is one thing I dare not do," he replied, "and that is, disobey the mandate. You are not aware of the power these college proctors exercise over us, Lavinia. I should be ruined for life if I refused to attend."

"You must refuse now," she impetuously reiterated; "you cannot leave me here alone."

"Lavinia, my dearest, non-obedience is an impossibility, and go I must. But you have no cause to let it thus affect you; for I tell you I shall be back the instant I can get liberty."

"And our marriage?" she continued, in a whisper.

"I am as anxious about all these things as you can be," was Mr. Somerset's reply. "Let me obey this summons, and I will see what arrangements I can make."

"Where am I to write to you—what address? I could not live now, in your absence, without writing and hearing daily."

Mr. Somerset hesitated: he had told her he was going to Cambridge, and the reader knows he was not. Her question puzzled him.

"I will write and tell you," he said. "I don't know what this confounded mandate may be for. The heads may be going to rusticate me: and I should not choose for your letters to fall into other hands. I will write, Lavinia."

"Oh go not away!" she resumed, imploringly. "Last night I dreamt that you went, and the time went on—on—on—and you never returned! The dream was so like reality, that I have thought of it all day long, with a shudder. Oh, Arthur! go not away! I have sacrificed much for you."

He soothed her into temporary calmness, into an unwilling acquiescence, and so departed.

It was late in the evening of the following day when Arthur Somerset

presented himself before his uncle, at his country residence. The old gentleman was pacing up and down his library, a handsome room, well stored with books. He turned sharply round when Arthur entered.

"So, sir," he said, darting unceremoniously into the subject, without preface or compliments, "what has become of all your solemn promises of amendment that you made to me in this very room?"

"Sir," cried Arthur, "I am deeply ashamed not to have kept them."

"Can you advance one argument in defence of your disgraceful conduct?" he resumed, sternly.

Arthur was silent: he knew that his uncle looked with no lenient eye upon the thoughtless follies of youth. Always a bookworm, always, even in boyhood, in delicate health, he had never, himself, yielded to their temptations, and could make no allowance for those who did. Marrying late in life a wife fond of retirement, he had secluded himself, ever since, on this his ancestral estate, bringing up his only surviving child, Somerset (a family name: the reason, probably, of Mr. Arthur's assuming it when he was at fault for one), on a most strict, model plan. They don't always answer, though, let them be ever so model.

"I can only advance one excuse, sir," observed Arthur: "the almost irresistible temptations that beset us at the university."

"There are no temptations, none that may not be surmounted," retorted the elder gentleman, calmly. "To get into debt, or keep out of it, is entirely at a man's own option. Somerset has been at Oxford twelve months, and he is not in debt. He has not lived up to his allowance, and he's younger than you, by years."

Whatever may have been Arthur's faults, want of generous feeling was not amongst them, and he remained silent. But it was within his knowledge that his cousin Somerset was already soaring a few kites in the air.

"Somerset goes as a gentleman-commoner, with an ample income now, and a large fortune in prospective," he observed. "I am known to be a poor man, who will have to get on hereafter by my luck or my brains."

"If your last speech is intended by way of argument," resumed the uncle, "I don't see how it bears upon the case. I should say it tells against you."

It certainly did.

"A very pretty career is yours, to fit you for one of God's holy ministers! Pray, sir, which is deepest in your thoughts—how you shall best get out of debt, or into divinity?"

"Why, sir, the university is not supposed to fit us for—for—religion, and that sort of thing," replied Arthur, candidly. "I suppose that comes with the ordination—if it comes at all."

"You may well say 'if it comes at all,'" exclaimed the old man, pacing about, in his restless manner. "It is the wretched training of our young divines that is helping to pull down our Church Establishment. Oh, you laugh! you don't think it is coming down? I can tell you, sir, that unless a sweeping reform takes place, on more points than one, in a century's time we shall all be dissenters. And the Reformed Church will be left to take care of itself—without its revenues, though," added the speaker, shrewdly.

"What an old croaker!" soliloquised Arthur.

"How is a minister of God prepared for his holy office? how are *you* being prepared?" he continued, wheeling round, and facing his nephew. "You went to school, and there you were taught just as the other boys were taught, irrespective of future career: whether to be a soldier, a parson, a rake, no matter; the training was the same for all. Then you went to the university, and what d'ye do there?"

"I only do as others do," deprecated Arthur.

"Just so; that's where it is. You learn to dress, and swindle poor duns, and feast and drink, with graver vices that I will not put you to shame by naming. A few years of this folly, each year growing worse than the last, and you present yourself to a bishop, he lays his hands on you, and you are turned out into the world to take care of other men's souls, when you care nothing and know less about your own!"

"What a confounded old croaker!" thought Arthur again.

"Well, there the system is, and I can't mend it, but I know what it will do for England. The PEOPLE are becoming enlightened, and, one by one, all abuses and anomalies will be swept away."

"Meanwhile, what am *I* to do, sir, to avoid being swept away?" broke in Arthur, coming to the point. "Will you forgive and assist me? I promise, on my honour, it shall be for the last time."

"It would go against my conscience to aid in making him one of these graceless ministers, were it not that they are all alike," observed the old man, speaking rather in soliloquy than answer. "How long is it before you can be ready to take orders?"

"About twelve months," was the reply.

"And in that twelve months, if I set you free now, you will be as deep in debt as ever."

"Sir, again I say I will pledge you my honour."

"Honour amongst university students goes for what it's worth, I expect. I have no faith in it."

"What am I to say, sir?"

"I think the less you say the better, after all you asserted once before. You are my brother's child, Arthur, and I perhaps ought to give you one more trial. Get back to college, hasten your studies there, and give me in the list of your debts."

"You are more generous than I deserve, sir—than I expected," exclaimed the young man, the tears rushing to his eyes.

"Get yourself made a parson as speedily as you can—and a choice specimen you'll make, to judge by these antecedents."

"No worse than the generality, sir."

Right there, Mr. Arthur Somerset.

IV.

It would seem that Lavinia Glynn's dream had been prophetic, for Mr. Somerset never returned. One letter came from him, in the first week of his departure, which stated that he was leaving Cambridge for the house of a relative, and it was uncertain when he should return to the university; but he would write again shortly.

He never did. And as the days, the weeks passed on, and there were no tidings from him, no sign of his return, no proof, even, that he was still in existence, Lavinia's state of mind was terrible. None can describe the fierce, conflicting passions that waged war in it. She would wand-

and watch through the livelong day, now pacing fiercely in their old resorts, now haunting the post-office with inquiries for letters, till that edifice began to think her a troubled spirit, and now she would prostrate herself in that wide forest, in its dreary solitude, and call upon his name in her uncontrolled anguish, and cry out for him to come back to her. But he never came: he was only proving himself another of those faithless cavaliers, celebrated in the song of the "Baron of Mowbray," who love and ride away.

And that was all Lavinia Glynn's requital for her insane worship. Very bitter, no doubt, but very natural.

We shall soon come to the lunatic asylum and Maria Ramar. I had thought to get all the history into one paper, but it has lengthened itself out. It's no fault of mine; and patience, dear reader, is wholesome for us both

OCCASIONAL NOTES ON LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

II.—GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC.*

WHILE M. Alexandre Dumas was enjoying the triumphs of his experimental venture in dramatic art, in the success of "Christine" and "Henri III.," M. de Cassagnac was at school at Toulouse, and there, with prodigious interest, followed with his mind's eye the movements of this new literary emprise, which crossed and defied the prepossessions of France's youth, and the traditions of her hoary eld. He likens it to a torrent in its swift and sweeping power, and himself as sitting, like Virgil's shepherd-swain, on the banks of the tumultuous waters, watching, as they whirled and eddied adown the stream, now a Delille, now a Parny,—here a La Harpe, there a J. B. Rousseau,—anon a St. Lambert, and next a Voltaire. "I was not," he tells us, "sufficiently acquainted with the great masters to understand that the new ideas, which were thus ringing out the works of the eighteenth century, would at the same time ring in those of the seventeenth. When I saw Voltaire falling, I had my fears for Corneille; and I set myself to study this new literature, so imperious and so aggressive, just as one studies the plague." The results of that study have been given to the world in various articles, more than sufficiently damaging to Racine and his school, and offensive to their partisans, who have cried Havoc! at sight of their foeman's ravages, and let slip their dogs of war.

This kind of sport he rather enjoys than otherwise. He has plenty of self-assurance, has M. Granier de Cassagnac, and is not to be put down by baying and barking extraordinary. He only charges his piece with paradoxes of heavier metal, and fires with an air of more telling execution. Really he is sorry to disturb the temper and the afternoon-of-life repose of France's conservative critics, her very worthy and approved

* Œuvres littéraires de Granier de Cassagnac: "Portraits littéraires." Paris: Lecou.

good masters, all correct, classical, and conventional, by his innovating notions and juvenile extravagances: but he is conscientious, and they must bear with him; he can argue as well as assert; he can unfold a series of reasons, as well as move a series of resolutions; he only begs them to govern their temper, and to answer him if they can. "They have passed the age," says he, "at which men study and discuss; and I am at that when truth is the object of pursuit; they are taking their rest, and I am working, that in due time I may take my rest also. I am doing what they are no longer doing, but what once they too have done; they have found, and I am yet seeking." Elsewhere he says, "The studies I put forth on Racine are not designed to depreciate the classical to the gain of the romantic school; they are but the result of a very free but very sincere, a very decided but equally conscientious examination of an entire class of works, upon which the received judgment was passed under the Regency, that is to say, at an epoch when literary taste in France was of the falsest kind; they express the opinion of a serious writer, upon poems which everybody admires and nobody reads." How comes it, is he asked, that where others affirm, he denies? that where they subscribe, he protests? Does he believe himself wiser, better instructed, more reasonable, than every one else? "Certainly not. Only, there needs not to have better eyes than another, simply to see what he is not looking at." His judicial opponents he considers disqualified for judicial authority, by this very sort of judicial blindness. The age makes a great fuss about being original, and independent, and not taking things on trust; but nothing, in his opinion, is so common as a blind assent to vulgar creeds, be they even the vulgarest of vulgar errors.

The columns of the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel*, to say nothing of the small arms of a score of "petits journaux," opened fire on M. de Cassagnac, for his treasonable attempt on Racine. It was no less than *lèse-majesté*, his audacious assault on the person of King John. And, by-the-by, a capital point in the capital crime was, the calling his majesty by his Christian name, John. M. de Cassagnac called John over the coals, as coolly as a Russell-square cit would *his* John, for sins of omission at the dinner-table, or of commission in the cellar. M. de Cassagnac accused John of bad grammar, bad rhymes, and other bad qualities; and if he did not tell John he ought to have known better, why, he told John's worshippers that they ought. Great was the wrath excited by this piece of familiarity. But even this wrath M. de Cassagnac turned against his assailants, to his own advantage and their confusion. "Many persons," quoth he, "have discovered a culpable degree of disrespect in the name of *Jean*, given by me to Racine. Let me be allowed to answer, that I am not nearly so disrespectful as my fault-finders are ignorant. It was Voltaire who, in a prodigious fit of reckless admiration, gave Racine the name of *Jean*. I have only repeated the word, taking care to underline it, to imply that it was a quotation."

But does M. de Cassagnac actually disavow all homage to King John? Does he recognise no merit in the literary dynasty of the eighteenth century? Has he no good word to say for such authors as Fontenelle, and the elder Crébillon, and Marmontel, and La Harpe,—no enjoyment in reading the prose of Fénélon, the poetry of Voltaire? On the contrary, he conjures his readers, at starting, to take his word of honour

that he is no Attila, intent on wasting and devastating his country's literature; that he never regarded Racine as a *polisson*—quite the reverse; and that he sees in the French literature of the seventeenth century one of the finest spectacles that can possibly delight an intelligent mind. "Bossuet seems to me a man of distinguished taste; Corneille I have always considered the author *aux plus nobles allures* in our language; there are few things I prefer to the style of Madame de Sévigné; and much sooner would I have written one scene of the 'Fourberies de Scapin,' or some thirty lines of the 'Femmes savantes,' than have won the battle of Arbela or that of Marathon." "I read," he adds, "as often as ever I can, the prose and verse of Molière, and I read at no time and on no account a single hemistich of M. Casimir Delavigne, or a single couplet of M. Béranger." *Voilà* his profession of faith.

Nevertheless, Racine is sadly mauled by him, first and last. Racine is argued to have been behind his age in science and thought. His "Athalie," for a century pronounced in journal and playbill "*chef-d'œuvre inimitable*," is subjected to a jealous scrutiny; in setting about which, M. de Cassagnac prays the public—however strange, bold, and rash it may seem in him to cross a national panegyric so constant and unanimous—to believe, notwithstanding, that while he thus sets himself to oppose it, without a moment's hesitation, he does so from no personal vanity, but from staunch literary convictions. The faults he finds with "Athalie" are not drawn from the violation of certain rules, imposed by the criticism of a later school; he accepts the piece on the principles of its own type of art; he is not offended by Racine's employment of nurses, confidants, and palaces open at all hours to all comers; nor does he censure in "Athalie" anything which, either in the material fabric of the drama, or the agency of its *personæ*, or the historical data of its action, might transgress the rules at present regnant in dramatic art. But he does complain that, in the first place, the *scenario* of this tragedy is conceived and arranged with such an entire absence of all reflection, that the performance of the piece, taken literally, is a thing impossible—the *locale* of the first four acts being irreconcilable with that of the fifth. "The serious oversights with which Racine is chargeable, in respect to the Temple at Jerusalem, are not the less strange, when we reflect that the author of a professedly Biblical tragedy ought to have been a reader of the Bible, where the Temple is as accurately described as in the plans of an architect." Then as to his personages: it is observable how frequently the word "priest" (*prêtre*) recurs in "Athalie:"—well; with Racine this word priest just signifies *curé*—in accordance with the spirit in which he turns the Jewish temple into a kind of Christian church, *Mathan* into a verger, and *Joas* into a boy-chorister. But it is on the ground of style that an examination of "Athalie" must be placed, in order to be just; and upon this ground, therefore, M. de Cassagnac enters at length and in detail. With regard to style, Racine, he observes, belongs to a school of which he is not the chief, for it begins with Christine de Pisan in prose, and with Malherbe in verse; a school which, speaking generally, is formed on the study and imitation of the ancients, and, among the ancients, of the Romans rather than the Greeks, and, among the Romans again, of the rhetoricians and pleaders rather than the writers of simplicity and strength. "Strange! that although Racine habitually copies the Greeks, he always Latinises in his style.

The simplicity of the Attic iambus charms him less than the composed gravity of the Latin hexameter." Now, when Racine's style is at its best, there is no denying to it, our critic owns, a very noble and imposing effect; marked by no great energy, indeed, for it is too diffuse and long-drawn-out for that,—nor again very highly coloured,—but by a beautiful harmony and balancing of phrase. But when that style is of so-so execution, it is really, he objects, "something particularly detestable." The weakened woof breaks asunder under the stress of burdensome epithets; the idea, lost in the labyrinth of words, can hardly ever reach the termination of the phrase; and the harmony of the verse is merely an insufferable dangling of idle terms, parasitical hemistiches, and bad rhymes. And so we get "slab for plenty, plethora for fulness, and tinsel for splendour." Such, in the main, contends M. de Cassagnac, is the verse of "*Athalie*:" with the exception of some fine tirades, it is a lamentable heap of useless epithets and broken metaphors. "It is the style of Voltaire anticipated; for we may call the tragedies of Voltaire a completed and enlarged edition of the faults of Racine." The choruses, so universally and uninquiringly admired, are an "inconceivable lumber of vulgar and hollow expressions," such as no birthday ode-manufacturer of to-day would put his name to. Above all, Racine is convicted of sins against—grammar! "Racine, one of the creators of the French language, can he have made mistakes in French? Alas! yes, beyond a doubt, as facts will show. However, we shall distinguish between cases where it is the language itself which has changed, and those where Racine has absolutely violated the unchangeable rules of grammar." For example, the following couplet contains an offence against the grammar of all times:

Avec la même ardeur qu'ELLE voulut jadis
Perdre en vous le dernier des enfants de son fils.

Or this line:

Armez-vous d'un courage et d'une foi NOUVELLE"—

where we ought to read "d'un courage et d'une foi *nouveaux*." Such a sexual license, again, as the next line ventures to take, would be allowed, says our critic, neither by Vaugelas, nor by Despautère, nor by Lhomond—

Tantôt à son aspect je l'ai vu [*Athalie*] s'évanouir.

To those who accuse M. de Cassagnac of a restless obtrusion of paradox and novelty, in thus confronting the time-honoured verdict of France on its favourite poet, he answers by the way, that after all he is giving expression less to his own judgment than to that of the seventeenth century entire. For, as most people are aware, when this same "*Athalie*" was first acted, in 1691, it was unanimously pronounced a mediocre production, by no means "up to" the reputation of its author. "And yet among its judges were names which are still accepted as authorities; these were men like Labruyère, La Fontaine, Boileau, and women like Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon, without reckoning all the court of Versailles, a very world of men of wit and taste, and without reckoning Louis XIV., that great writer in an age of great writers, as may be seen from his correspondence on the subject of the succession of Charles II." So that, if "*Athalie*" has subsequently been lauded to the skies, and if La Harpe has cancelled the decree

Madame de Sévigné, the question turns on a choice between authorities; and M. de Cassagnac declines to consider his offence as a hanging matter, when he can hale in, as *particeps criminis*, every big wig, male or female, which diffused ambrosial glories throughout the palmy state of France.

In one of his essays M. de Cassagnac avows that he would not think of writing them at all, if he had only to repeat and confirm current opinions. Accordingly, in all of them he is more or less a polemic. He grounds his very right to be heard, on the fact that he has something to say which clashes with what is commonly received. Writing about the Abbé Lacordaire, he propounds and defends the highest of high church theories—to the logical as well as practical annihilation of “civil power.” Writing about the Fêtes of July, he satirises, as *our* Drummond might do, the attempt to give them a religious character—observing that “Sabaoth means God of battles, not God of émeutes.” Writing about what he considers a vulgar error, the identity of the human heart, the eternity of the moral sense, &c., he brings all his ingenuity and his reading to bear on the other side. When he writes about Paris, therefore, you may be sure he will not flatter, and wheedle, and fawn. There are plenty to do that. He adopts another tone. He comments on the fact, that when the government is not to the taste of the Parisians, they change it outright, and France has to put up with their new choice; and he records, with “affliction,” the historical truth, that the city of Paris, which thus overrides the French nationality, has never shown a very fervid degree of patriotism; reminding her that, in the reign of Charles VI., she called in the English, and opened her gates to them; that in 1814, she opened her gates to the Russians, much to the astoundment of the emperor, who had said, on terminating his prodigious French campaign, that a city of 800,000 inhabitants was not to be entered in its own despite; that in 1815, she opened her gates to the Prussians; and that future chroniclers will tell how Paris has expelled the Bourbons, and restored them, by turns. Paris, he adds, has never but once sustained a siege; and that was when she held out against Henry IV., and with the Spaniard for her ally. Paris has only put to death one king; but then Paris has put to death nearly ten *prévôts*; which prove at least how impartial she is in her rage and fury. And indeed the rage of Paris is, says M. de Cassagnac, something very Homeric and thunderous. *Emeutes* are an endemic at Paris, just as the plague is at Cairo: you must not be surprised when you hear in the air the periodical roll of faubourg thunder; it is usually about the month of June or July that the malady breaks out, and it commonly lasts three days. Things have been going on in this way these thousand years past.

He revolts at the haughty contempt displayed by the public journals of Paris towards the rest of France. They talk, he complains, of the provinces, much as the Athenians used to talk of Boeotia. They give to ministerial intrigues an infinite superiority over the interests of agriculture, popular education, and provincial progress. A great country is managed without resistance, and, in order to be the more easily managed, is corrupted, by a city rife with “turbulent instincts,” with “atheistic tendencies,”—a city teeming with thieves and prostitutes,—a city “choked up with a population without parallel in the world, having more than one bastard to its every three inhabitants, while one-fifth of its denizens is born in the hospital, and the half dies there.” Great, M. de Cassagnac

assures the Parisians, is his love for Paris. But then, let them know, he loves far more the simple champaigns fertilised by the Adour, and guarded by the cloud-capt Pyrenees. *There*, wit and badinage may be scarcer than at Paris; but, on the other hand, God and home are a little more respected. With alarm, therefore, he observes the inroads made day after day by the poison of the capital on the constitution of the provinces, and in a protesting apostrophe upbraids the seducer: "Most imprudent art thou, O Paris, as well as ungrateful, to poison the springs from which thou drinkest! Whence come to thee those orators, whence those poets, of whom thou art so proud, but from the provinces at which thou gibest? Nothing which thou hast is thine own—nothing, be it the lofty or the vile, thy artists or thy prostitutes; both alike come to thee from afar, impelled by genius and by wretchedness; and of the latter thou pollutest the bodies, of the former the souls." So one of her journalists reproaches the capital apostrophised by one of our poets as—

Paris, thou strangest thing, of all things strange;
 Young beauty, superannuated flirt;
 True to one love alone, and that one, Change;
 Glittering, yet grim; half diamonds and half dirt:
 Thou model of—two ruffles and no shirt!
 Thy court, thy kingdom, and thy life, a game;
 Worn out with age, and yet, by time unhurt;
 Light without lustre, glory without fame,
 Earth's darkest picture, set in Earth's most gilded frame.

M. de Cassagnac, it is seen, then, is no favourer of the Progress-at-any-price party. Again and again he has his fling at the revolutions and revolutionists of his native land, at democracy and demagogues, mobs and mobocrats. Promptly he fastens on the saying of Lamennais, that whatever law is without the concurrence of the people, and does not emanate from the people, is null and void: a saying which, he contends, being interpreted, has this signification,—that for six thousand years the world has had none but monstrous laws, since there never has existed in the world a single country where the people, as M. de Lamennais understands that term, have directly concurred in the establishment of the laws,—and that the moral law and the law of religion are each a nullity, since they do not emanate from the people. The liberty of the press is among the things he takes the liberty to satirise. Count up on your fingers, he says, the great things effected by the liberty of the press; it won't take you long: after all, the liberty of the press can only mean the liberty to say all that is within our knowledge; now, if we know nothing, we must either hold our tongues, or talk rubbish,—and *that*, the latter alternative, is just what France has been doing for the last fifty years. He proclaims himself one of the faithful in faithless times, amid unbelievers innumerable a believer. "There is one thing," he observes, "that of itself and everywhere condemns all so-called *liberal* ideas, and it is, that they are essentially irreligious, that is to say, essentially immoral, for morality is inseparable from religion." M. de Cassagnac's logic, as well as his rhetoric, is sometimes more sweeping than steadfast, more showy than sound. But he is well worth reading, by those at least who desire freshness and freedom of thought and style, who are weary of routine in humdrum criticism, and can put up with a deal of pugnacity and paradox if only for the novelty and amusement of the thing.

THE DANCE ROUND THE PLAGUE-PIT.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

'Twas when the plague was mowing
 God's creatures down in heaps,
 That five good men of the Temple
 Awoke from their drunken sleeps,
 And flask in hand, and arm in arm,
 Went over the fields together,
 To see the plague-pit at Mary-la-bonne,
 In the bright and golden weather.
 They strolled along, and at every stile
 Drank to some beauty's health;
 And on their knees (good Lord, to see
 Such uses made of wealth!)
 They pledged the king, and toasted the duke,
 And hailed the Muses nine;
 At every death-bell tolling
 Held up to the sun the wine.
 On the green grass and the cowslip flowers
 The sad, calm sunshine slept;
 Then one laughed out, and another sighed,
 And a third man fairly wept:
 For one had lost his wife and child,
 And one his younger brother;
 A third had fled but yesterday
 From the black corse of his mother.
 And when the milk-girls singing passed,
 They kissed them one and all:
 "We are Death's five good brothers,
 Very good men and tall."
 Then flourished their swords and capered,
 And such mad antics played:
 Thinking them madmen broke away,
 Fast flew each milking-maid.
 'Twas very quiet in the old churchyard;
 The bees in the nettle flowers
 Moved not; the swallows flew
 Silent between the showers.
 But the chasm, black and gaping,
 No cloud or sunshine lit:
 It struck them cold to the heart and bone
 To see the path to it
 Trodden like any highway
 Over the meadow grass,
 Where the dead-cart-wheels by night and day
 Creak rumbling as they pass.
 Through suburb road and village street,
 Where playing boys stand still,
 Where ploughmen stop to hear the bell,
 And the white face stares from the mill.
 Oh, how they laughed to see the pit
 So black and deep below!
 Yet above the sky was blue and clear,
 And the clouds were all of a glow.

And the sunrise, bright and rosy,
Turned the distant roofs to flame;
And one looked long, with pallid cheeks,
And called the rest by name.

One of the band was grey and wan,
But one was fresh and fair,
And on his comely shoulders fell
A flood of dark brown hair.
A third was sour and sneering,
Thin lip, and cold grey eye;
The last were fat-cheeked gluttons,
Who dreaded much to die.

"I see the old curmudgeon,"
Cried one, with a drunken scream,
And flung his glass at the mocking eyes
Of the dead, that glisten and gleam.
"My father turned me over
To beg or rob on the road;
Good-day, old lad, with the drooping jaw,
D'ye like your new abode?"

"I swear it moves," cried one, aghast,
And let his full glass fall:
"Oh, God! if my gentle brother Will
Should be there at the bottom of all!
They writhe—egad, they struggle,
Like fish in a bellying net!
I'd rather than forty shillings
We never here had met."

"There's Chloe yonder, sleeping,
Her arms round a dead man's neck;
I call her twice, and kiss my hand,
But she comes not at my beck.
Her cheeks are still warm crimson,
The rouge is not washed off,
But her curls are lost, and the bald-pate hag
Is fit for a sexton's scoff."

The sun in the old church window
Glistened with wavering gold,
Calm praying figures carved in stone
You may through the panes behold.
The poplar slowly wavered,
And stately bent its head,
As if in homage to the wind,
Or reverence to the dead.

"Sink me!" cried one, "Canary
Will wash our dull eyes clear,
And brace our hearts; you quakers,
I can see nothing here
But a hole in the ground, and faces pale,
That seem to grin and stare.
Let us away—I feel a quail—
There's death in the hot thick air."

The Dance Round the Plague-Pit.

"Rot me!" a third voice bellows,
 And flung down a shower of wine;
 "This rain'll wake the fools to life,
 And make their white lips shine.
 There, in a snug nook crouching,
 I see my mother sits,
 She's rather warped and shrunken,
 She was always whining in fits."

"Born devil," cried another,
 "My little Will lies there,
 His blue eyes cold and faded,
 And worms in his golden hair;
 Crushed by those black heaps livid,
 Without a coffin or shroud,
 Thrown in, dog-like, without a prayer."
 The strong man wept aloud.

"Excuse me now proposing,
 My gallant friends, a toast:
 Here's a health to good old Rowley—
 Long may he rule the roast—
 To Nell and Mall, the pretty Whig,
 The Queen of Hearts, and all!"
 The sneerer knelt, and "in a grove"
 Began to shout and bawl:

"We all go mad together,
 If once we dare to think"—
 He dashed out the wine with a shaking hand
 And staring eyeballs—"Drink—
 Drink till the brain grows fiery,
 And the veins run o'er with joy;
 And when I'm drunk, then twist my neck,
 And let me join my boy."

Then one pulled out the loaded dice
 And threw them on a tomb,
 And another flung some greasy cards
 Stole from a tavern room.
 And all the while the lark rose up,
 Gay singing overhead,
 As if the earth were newly made,
 And Adam were not dead.

"Room, room for a dance!—the sexton
 With the dead-cart comes not yet—
 A saraband or a minuet:
 Well are we five lads met!
 Come, pass the flask, and fill the cup,
 And send the bumper round,
 And drink a health to our friends and foes,
 So snugly under ground."

Then round the plague-pit footing
 A measure one or two,
 With scarf and spangled feather,
 Roses on every shoe,

All hand-in-hand, in circles,
With many a mad grimace,
Round the hole, thick black with bodies,
The drunken dancers race.

Round and round in madness
The noisy dancers flew,
Shaking off hat and feather,
Kicking off stocking and shoe;
But a quicker reel flung one man in,
Swift as a stone from a sling;
Down—down—down! In the loathsome pit
They hear the fellow sing.

He holds his glass to a dead maid's mouth,
And pledges the plague-struck men;
He shouts to his fellows far above
To fill the bowl again.

But a sudden shiver seizes him,
And he leaps at the side of the grave,
And weeps and screams for life and help,
But none of them care to save.

They lay down flat at the brink of the pit,
And hold the red glass up,
And drink his health, and fling in his eyes
The dregs of the empty cup.
He draws his sword in madness,
Hews at the dead around,
And tries to carve out steps to climb
In the crumbling, reeking ground.

The dance renews with frantic speed,
They leap round the open pit,
Till another reels, with a cry of "*Lost!*"
Far in the womb of it.

Then at him, like a panther,
The first who lay there leaps:
They roll and fight, and curse and stab,
Tossing the dead in heaps.

And, looking down, the dancers laugh,
And clap their hands, and sing,
Just as they would a bull-dog
In the Paris garden ring.
A groan—then perfect silence—
Both wretches are struck dead—
One smitten by the vapour,
The other with cloven head.

* * * *

The dead-cart comes in the heat of noon,
The dancers are all dead,
And each had sunk like men asleep,
The earth-heap for a bed.
"Kind gentlemen," the sexton said,
"To save me trouble sure,
Food 'll be all the cheaper
For so many mouths the fewer."

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Monte Cavi—Home Life—Maria—The Geese—The Dance—Marino, and Gossip about its History—A Night at a Convent.

THE great sight of our savage fortress-home is Monte Cavi, which rises, as I have said, majestically behind the Rocca. Troops of visitors come daily from the beautiful environs, through the chestnut forest, to visit this highest summit of the Alban Mount. I was naturally all impatience until I also had addressed myself to the ascent. The road lay through the fair overspreading woodlands, overmantling all around, save the grim sides of the Latin Valley, and the heights of Tusculum, alone bleak and bare in this rich circle of loveliness. On I went through that charmed wood by a rough track, passing by clearings where those dusky squatters, the charcoal-burners, sit month after month by their smouldering fires, undermining by their insidious labours the magnificent old trees, spared by time from bygone centuries when Diana ruled the woods. On I go through parting walls of lava rock, rising like gigantic fortifications on either hand, the stone of a ruddy glowing colour, warmed, as it were, by internal fires, and ever palpitating with a subdued heat. How grandly these ravines open before me, laced and embroidered with a luxuriant undergrowth of vines, clematis, and wild roses blushing out here and there, and diademed with sombre trees and shrubs, forming a rich contrast with the ruddy peaks and masses on which they hang. Grottos yawn in the deep sides, leading down into unfathomable depths, perhaps to Tartarus and the ghastly circle where Lucifer sits enthroned amid blue fires. The merry light is subdued and oppressed in this mysterious pass, where eternal twilight reigns; a solemn awe steals over me.—After a time the defile terminates, and I emerge into light, and life, and gleesome sunshine, on an elevation about the Rocca, and the ever-glorious prospect opens far and wide. Around me a valley, or rather plateau, appears, carpeted with the finest, greenest grass—a great space, perhaps four miles in circuit, bordered by low hills, bare and unwooded, suggesting bitter, piercing winds;—a strange, lonely region.

This space, so singular in aspect, is said to have been the mouth of the ancient volcano; for that fact, no one can vouch save some mad-brained antiquarian, nor does it matter; but it matters much to know that it was the camp of Hannibal, where that eccentric one-eyed hero encamped with his army during his memorable *scappata* out of Campania, for the purpose of terrifying the Romans by the near approach of the Carthaginian forces led by himself, and inducing them to raise the siege of Capua, too hard pressed by the legions for him to succour on the spot. But the stern Romans budged not from Capua until the gates opened to receive them in triumph; and vainly did Hannibal sound his loud alarms in his camp on the Alban Hills—vainly did he, descending into the Campagna, intrench his forces on the Anio stream, three miles from imperial Rome, and skirmish with his swift-riding Numidians under the very walls. The Seven Hills heeded not—the Palladium shook not—the sacred fire burnt bright and clear, though the dreadful Carthaginian and his

awful host glittered before the very eyes of the Quirites. The ground on which he stood was bought and sold in the Forum by those immovable men of brass, who knew that it was written Rome should stand as long as time endured. A great army marched out of the opposite gates to Spain—far off, distant Spain—in mocking defiance, to show the Carthaginians that Rome had stout hearts and to spare, both to conquer the Pillars of Hercules, and to drive Hannibal back in shame from whence he came. Brave old Rome!

These recollections came vividly before me as I looked on the great field, formed by nature for an encampment, with its fringe of low hills, high enough for shelter, but too bare for ambushades. I thought on the day when Hannibal, gazing down on the Campagna and the Appian and Nomentana Ways, stretching away towards the towers of Rome, saw them, as I did then, glistening in the sun. The great outlines are the same: there, in the distance, is the Street of Tombs, the Latin valley, and rocky Tusculum; but the foreground is changed—I and my pony, instead of the Carthaginian host and the great conqueror that led them!

Before me rose Monte Cavi, a conical peak, said to be three thousand feet above the neighbouring ocean—a lovely mountain, green and luxuriant as an English plaisance. The road winds up gently through the under-wood and parting branches, until a purer air clothes all around with sheeny light; and joyous and exhilarated one mounts the pleasant height, where Nature in her softer mood beckons one on to where fresh beauties rise, unbought by fear or labour. Here are no fierce rocks, no frowning precipices, or thundering streams, or crashing avalanches—all is serenely softly lovely, rich and harmonious as befits the smiling land beloved of Venus, where the Graces and the Muses still are worshipped. A turn of the road brought me suddenly face to face with a group of Passionist monks—pale, emaciated men—resting on some stones by the wayside. They had been below in the common world, and were now returning to their sky-parlour—the aerial monastery aloft. Ascetics as they were, and weaned from all earthly things, these good monks, like true Italians, were full of courtesy; their abbate hats were instantly raised as they perceived me, and a “*Buona passeggiata alla Signora*” was uttered in dull, cold voices, where, though no mundane passions lingered, much that was kind and charitable was expressed.

As I wound round the mountain, the panorama grew beneath me wider and grander; the sea, vast as eternity, outstretched into far-off fields of light and glory, melting dreamily into the vague clouds fluttering down to embrace it. There was old Tiber glittering across the Campagna, and the vast forest enshrouding the descending valleys, and the two sweet lakes reposing in their loveliness within umbrageous banks—that of Albano sad and solemn, ever mourning the majestic past; Nemi like a fairy-cup set in an emerald casing, so small and delicate that Titania might have borne it in the hollow of her hand, and carried it to fairyland. Oh! the fair smiling lawns, the bonnie braes of velvet turf, the luxuriant fields of corn like golden rivers winding amid the woods, the tufted knolls and parting rifts that opened to my gaze! As the fleecy clouds came and went over the mighty landscape, playing “antic tricks” with the light, one might deem some goddess moved among the woods, making brighter shadows as she passed.

Now I have reached the old Roman kerb-stones, that begin midway up the ascent, formed of great polygonal blocks, perfect and well preserved, the marks of the chariot-wheels still visible. And this, then, is truly and veritably the *Via Triumphalis*, and these stones are worn by the chariots of Rome's greatest generals, mounting to celebrate her triumphs at the Latin shrine! Here Julius Cæsar triumphed when named Dictator; and Marcellus, after his cruel siege of glorious Syracuse, when the beauty and the power of the fair southern capital was crushed once and for ever; and many other heroes whose deeds are chronicled on the classic page,—here they passed, coming from out the great city and its pillared Forum. Many of the stones bear the letters V. N., still plainly visible, meaning *Via Numinis*, "the road to the clouds;" so I am fairly *en route* for heaven—even if it be a pagan one, still heaven—and I go on rejoicing on my way, for my Pegasus (meaning my own individual Pegasus-beast, not the quiet pony who, poor soul, cares for none of these things) gets very rampant and wild at the notion of mounting to the classic heavens, and meeting the whole circle of gods and goddesses of high Olympus, all to become my very good friends and acquaintance, and converse with me in a quite friendly thee-and-thou way. But mortals, though favoured with visions, are ever denied fruition. Oh! ye cruel gods, why entice me on this, your well-trodden pathway, and then suddenly break off and leave me? It was cruelly, unkindly done.—Here I am actually at the summit on the broad platform, and lo! a white ugly staring monastery and a church, all so matter-of-fact I feel quite unhappy, and a dog barks, and a man comes out and looks askance and begs for a bajocchi—all on the place where Cæsar trod, glittering in burnished armour, and offered sacrifices for a thousand victories, and where the gods of poetic Greece ascended and descended, watching over Rome in the far-off time.

There is not a vestige of the past, not a sign to lead the mind back to the great feasts of the *Feræ Latinæ*, when the forty-seven cities forming the Latin confederation met in solemn conclave. Here every consul came, before departing on foreign service, to celebrate the Latine games. Fabius Maximus, before advancing against Hannibal; and Publius Scipio, who afterwards vanquished his hosts; Marcellus, before proceeding to Syracuse; Titus Flaminius, before the conquest of Greece; Paulus Æmilius, before the Macedonian war; and Dentatus, after his victory over Pyrrhus. Marcellus is especially remembered as triumphing first at Rome, and then receiving the lesser triumph, or ovation, on the Alban Mount. In this ceremony the victorious general did not ride in a triumphant chariot—in fact, the narrow road was too steep to admit of the ascent of so ponderous a machine—nor was he crowned with laurel, neither had he trumpets sounding before him, but he mounted the *Via Numinis* in sandals, attended by musicians playing on a multitude of flutes, wearing a crown of myrtle, his aspect rather pleasing than formidable, and entirely divested of war's alarms. For the flute is an instrument dedicated to joyous measures in the "piping" times of peace, and the myrtle is the tree of Venus, who, of all the deities, is the most averse to war and violence; indeed, the whole triumph of the ovation has been referred to the festivals in honour of Bacchus rather than a warlike solemnity.

Not one stone remains of the once glorious temple of Latian Jove,

pillared on a thousand marble columns, which once crowned the Alban Mount. Cardinal York, Vandal as he was, has taken care of that, and removed everything tending to lead the mind of his Passionist monks back to pagan times. There is a solitary bit of an ancient wall, out of which grows a wide-spreading beech-tree, old enough to have overshadowed the mysteries of Cybele, or to have looked on when Saturnian Juno descended from her starry throne, preceded by bright-herald Iris floating through the air, when she came to survey the broad lands of Latium mapped below, and the battle-field where the armies of the Laurentines and the Trojans stood forth in bright array. Who knows but that under the shadow of that majestic tree, and of the solemn grove cresting the summit, Juno, in her golden chariot drawn by gaudy peacocks, may not have first touched the Ausonian earth, and hither called Juturna, the sister of Rutulian Turnus, Æneas's murderous rival for the hand of Lavinia, a goddess who presided over pools and streams, once beloved by Jove himself. "Oh, nymph!" cries Juno, as the drooping goddess of streams approached, "glory of rivers dearest to my soul, thou knowest how thee in chief I have preferred, and willingly settled thee partner of the skies." Scarcely had she spoken, when from her eyes Juturna poured forth tears, and three or four times with her hand smote her comely breast.—Such is the legend of the Alban Mount, which I remembered standing under the old beech-tree.

Then I turned and beheld the goodly lands of Latium, a fair and pleasant prospect, where the whole locale of the "*Æneid*" is visible: Cività Lavinia, once the Pelasgic Lanuvium, seated on its pleasant hill, founded by Diomedes, and famed for its great temple of Juno Sospita, guarded by a horrid dragon, the birthplace of Milo, and of Roscius, and the three Antonines; Ostia, where the Trojan ships first touched the Ausonian strand, the seaport and foreign mart of imperial Rome in her greatness; Antium, now Porto d'Anzio, once a Volscian city on the Tyrrhene Sea, where Coriolanus, "standing in the palace of his enemy, vowed eternal vengeance against his ungrateful country;" where Nero was born, and from whose ruins in after ages the Belvidere Apollo emerged to astonish the artistic world; ancient Corioli, now Monte Giove, whence Coriolanus, heading the Volscian legions, marched against Rome; Pratica, once Lavinium, founded by Æneas near the shore, in honour of his wife, the modest Lavinia, whose blushes, celebrated by Virgil, were "as if one had stained the Indian ivory with muddy purple, or as the white lilies mingled with copious roses;" Ardea, the Argive capital of Turnus and his Rutulians, whose walls, once stormed by Tarquinius Superbus, were afterwards hallowed by sheltering the exiled but heroic Camillus, who departed hence bearing the proud title of Dictator, conferred on him by repentant Rome; Etruscan Cære, Mezentius's capital, once a city of the Pelasgi, but named Cære by the Lydians of the Etruscan League, whither the Vestal virgins fled for safety, bearing the sacred fire, when the Gauls conquered Rome; Tusculum, proudly seated on its rocky heights, sometimes the rival, but often the ally of infant Rome, a place of fabulous antiquity, said to be founded by Ulysses's son and the enchantress Circe, whose huge Pelasgic walls withstood the attack of Hannibal, but fell a sacrifice to the miserable feuds of the middle ages. Near at hand Frascati, sprung from Tusculum's ruins, and Albano, the modern representative of Alba Lunga, "the long white city," and domed Castello,

with its castellated palace and its azure lake, and many a pleasant city among the Sabine Hills, where Tivoli, the ancient Tiber, the city of the Sicani conquered by Camillus, the home of Horace, and Catullus, and Propertius, appears embosomed and belted with olive woods, backed by Monte Gennaro, Horace's Lucretilis; while further on Soracte towers in solitary majesty, on whose summit Apollo's golden temple once stood, and Mount Cimino, leading on towards ancient Etruria and the Ligurian lands. In the centre of the plain stands Rome, girded with her Cyclopean walls, the walls of Aurelius, the religious city, no longer the luxurious capital of the Cæsars, but consecrated to the service of the great Christian temple, whose gigantic dome rises against the heavens. All Italy does not boast a braver view—vast, suggestive, beautiful. Would that I could fitly describe its charms, and unfold the mysteries of the classical hieroglyphics spread around! but it is given to me only to come on a humble pony, not mounted on a living Pegasus, and I can but paint in dull prose what I saw, and how I saw it.

The platform on which the temple stood—where were celebrated the Latin games instituted by Tarquinius Superbus every year at the beginning of May, the consuls and other chief magistrates going forth in procession from the city—is now occupied by a garden, where apples and cabbages grow, without shame, on the soil once so fertile in Roman laurels. No woman can enter, for the Passionist order eschews us as the parents of evil and of sin, and where radiant Jupiter once ruled no woman can now approach. Strange metamorphosis! But there is a path encircling the garden wall, constructed of massive blocks of stone, spoils of the ancient temple, and the view unfolds through the overarching branches of the sacred grove yet fringing the crest of the summit, disclosing mountains, valleys, hills, ravines, all solitary and uninhabited, tossed about in chaotic confusion, a green wilderness without form and void, melting into the purple masses of the Abruzzi, whose lofty peaks shut in the prospect. And then the sea peeps out again near the rock of Terracina, that beauteous portal to the land of Græcia Magna, distinctly visible in the far distance, and the small islets of Palmaria and Pandaria lying like dots on the blue ocean.

One more look towards the great city and I am gone, for see! the sun, a ball of liquid fire, is sinking beneath banks of purple clouds, night has already spread her sable wings over the distant mountain-tops, the sound of the *Ave Maria* rises from the church of the Rocca below, and the stars are coming out one by one, timid and pale at first, but soon to rule the blue expanse with their queen, the silver moon. Dreamy Italy, where life is poetry, and poetry is life, nought common or unclean dwells in thy romantic realm, thou Raffaele of nations! * * * *

Maria told me to look out of the window this morning, and I saw that the ground before the opposite house was strewn with rose-leaves.

"Cosa significa?" said I to the jolly donna di facenda (housekeeper) who stood beside me, with her scarlet head-drapery flying in the wind, bridling and looking full of mystery.

"Significa l'amore," replied she. "L'amore, il bel amore." And she sighed and looked sad for an instant, and I remembered her rage and jealousy, and her sewing up the unfortunate peccatore, her sposo, in the sheets.

"Ma," said I again, "che cosa significa?"

"Ascolta," said she. "Opposite lives the baker Pietro, he that wears the red cap; well, he has long loved the daughter of Fondi, pretty Teresina, but her parents said she was too young, and sent her to a convent for education for a year. To-day she is seventeen, and she has returned, and Pietro has strewed the rose-leaves before her door to declare his passion: è un certo modo nostro. He has strewed the rose-leaves; if they are removed, 'tis a sign she refuses his suit; but if they remain, why, certo, she accepts him. Ah! Teresina will not sweep away the rose-leaves, ne son sicura; they may fade, but her love to Pietro, and Pietro's love to her, will only bloom and blossom as time goes on. Once, io fui così, and rose-leaves were strewed before my door, in the grey morning light, red rose-leaves, to show the fervour of his passion. When I went out at sunrise to draw the water, I stepped on them, and when he saw I smiled, and gathered some into my bosom—for he was hid behind a portone watching me—he came forth and kissed me, and asked me to be his wife. But it is all changed now, tempo passato non ci penso più; but still—che bella cosa è l'amore—I could have loved long, yes, and borne much, Iddio lo sa; but——" And she pointed to the fresh rose-leaves, and tears sprang into her bright eyes. "There will be a serenade to-night," continued she, wiping away her tears with the back of her hand; "two guitars will play sweetly before Teresina's door when the moon rises, and she will come out on the balcony to show Pietro that she is pleased, and accepts his suit. Oh, che bella cosa è l'amore e la gioventù!"

I must introduce some more of the characters of our Rock hung up so high on the Via Numinis. We almost forget we have any relation at all with terra firma, and are inclined to try an excursion on the ambient air, when the fleecy clouds come hovering down. But, although the heavenly altitude affects me with uncontrollable fits of longing to mount on Pegasus and be off and away into the land of ideality, the rest living up here are of the earth earthly. The marchesa below thinks only of her knight—he of the Guardia Nobile, who dutifully comes, trotting on a donkey from Frascati, to visit the deploring fair—when he has spent all his money, *bien compris*—she standing on the terrazzo watching his approach. A little niece, some sixteen summers old, has arrived from a convent to visit her aunt. I wonder what she thinks of things in general, and how she will describe her aunt's *ménage* to the pious Sisters! Talk of Italian ladies' progress in virtue—oh miserere! the sun shall stand still in the heavens, truth shall become a liar, the Ethiopian cast his sable skin, before Italians learn to practise virtue!

Then there are the geese—ah! they are far more interesting than the marchesa and her superannuated loves; their fate is a *real* tragedy—those unhappy birds who wandered for years up and down in search of that "something unpossessed" (viz., a mossy pond, such as is seen in a shady English lane, under the thick hedgerows), but, withal, quiet and uncomplaining as they increased and multiplied; they are all dead as a ducat! It fell out in this wise. The Padrona Nena—she who sacrifices each afternoon on her domestic altars to the jolly Bacchus god—in a drunken frolic descended with her three attendant Furies, or rather Fates—for 'twas a black edict of Fate to the poor cackling geese—they seized on the devoted birds quietly reposing on the grass, and cast them headlong into a pool of water, used to irrigate the garden, a high walled-up

place, from which there was no escape ; there they left them, laughing and yelling like evil spirits at the frolic. The geese, unaccustomed to the cold of the chill, unwholesome tank, struggled earnestly to escape ; plaintively they cackled, and beat their snowy wings with dumb and piteous pleadings ; but in vain—their fate was sealed. No more the bright August sun would shine for them—no more would they peck the moist-scented grasses under the wide chesnut-trees—no more rest under the pleasant vine arbour in the garden where they were first freed from the encircling egg. Clotho had drawn their brief thread of life, Lachesis had turned the wheel, and Atropos, with her fell scissors, cut the slender thread. The poor geese all died a melancholy death in the cold tank. But they died not unlamented, for their misfortunes caused such dolorous sympathy among my little sisters, that after shedding those bitter tears that any strong and sudden grief so readily calls to the eyes of children around their white corpses—after wreathing and garlanding them with flowers—they buried them under a solitary rose-bush in the rocky garden.

But away with melancholy—it befits not our cloud-home. Yesterday was a festa ; the church bells rang out a merry peal ; little cannons exploded from the top of the rock ; and squibs and crackers woke the classic echoes of Latian Jove's ruined shrine. The contadine appeared in their snowy head-dresses, coral beads, and crimson bodices, and said their prayers to the Madonna del Tufo (of the Rock), and then a party of laughing maidens came to dance the tarantella in our rooms. Glee-some, jolly maidens these, their eyes already gleaming with incipient passion, their girlish forms already rounding into voluptuous womanhood. Timidly they came at first, one by one, with a rough curtsy, and a "*Buon giorno, Signora,*" and sat down crimson with blushes. But when Elena, the fair-haired daughter of the *speziale*, struck the tambourine with a grace worthy of Terpsichore herself, and sent out the lusty whirring sounds that the excitable Italians love so well, and little Gioletta, who had brought an harmonicon, accompanied her with some simple notes, then the bright-eyed girls came quickly, pressing through the door, all anxious to dance before the signora. They began—Carolina with Michelletta, sounding the merry castanets, and encircling each other—now near, now distant—now accepted, now rejected—till at last Carolina kneels, and her partner dances round in triumph. 'Twas a pity such eloquent dancing should have been wasted on a girl ; 'twas like a prospect dimly lighted by an eclipsed sun—the dance, the steps were there, the form, the shape, the gesture ; but where was the all-pervading spirit ?—the soul of the universe—man ? On earth call him Apollo, or Pietro, or Giovanni, or what name you will, like the great sun above, all-enlightening, all-inspiring, all-powerful—scorching in his love, chilling, blighting in his hate—he rules the destiny of woman.

After the dancing had fairly begun, the pretty maidens excited each other to exertion, the tambourine passed from hand to hand, and many a graceful measure was threaded. Maria danced fast and furiously for a while, as became her passionate nature, and stamped on the floor, and flew round and round with vehement energy ; then, as if a vision of the past had suddenly appeared before her, she covered her face with her hands and rushed out. "*Povera Maria,*" said her forsaken partner, "*ha molto sofferto*" (she has suffered much). The miller's love came too—

she before whose door the roses were strewn—looking conscious and happy, a trifle reserved, perhaps. She sat in a corner and arranged her head-dress, and smoothed her hair, thinking doubtless of the miller, and all the pleasant things he said.

After the dance they partook of wine—good *vino sincero* of Genzano, sweet and creamy, like champagne—and eat *salamé* and cakes, each coming to thank the *signora* for her *gran bontà*, and to wish her all kinds of felicity, “*lei che era tanta buona*.” And then the merry girls ran off, and then the tambourine was heard in the street, and then fainter and fainter as they ascended the hill, until distance bore away the sound, and all was again silent.

Marino, surrounded by castellated walls and towers, picturesquely situated on a rocky height overlooking the Campagna, is a place I love to visit—a cosy, happy-looking spot, little suggestive in its aspect of the dark reputation it bears of being in its collective capacity extraordinarily addicted to the use of the stiletto. There is a medieval look about the town that fascinates me: here an old wall pushes forward, forcing its way through the modern buildings; there an old gateway, flanked by tottering “towers of other days,” leads, perchance, up a lonely lane, where, if you value your skin, you would do well not to venture alone after the *Ave Maria*—that pathetic twilight hour the *assassini* love so well. Whenever you hear of a robbery or a murder, it is sure to have taken place about the *Ave Maria*. The *aggrastatore* offers up his hasty prayer to the Virgin, fumbles over his corona (for they are all wildly superstitious), and, thus fortified, plants himself, musket in hand, under the shadow of some high bridge or dark portone, or in a wood, or behind a wall, from whence he can take a deliberate aim at your head, unless you will freely consent to make your *meum* his *tuum* instantly, and without any kind of palaver, else—Heaven and all its saints have mercy on your soul!

Marino can boast broad handsome streets, where the soft summer breezes have free leave to palpitate; there is a pretty piazza with an antique fountain, rich in gods and nymphs, somewhat coated and obscured by moss, but still, even in their fallen condition, respectable; there is a fine middle-age palazzo, looking down with dignified scorn on the surrounding houses; and there is a duomo, with a handsome architectural façade, to say nothing of scores of pretty women wearing long white veils. No wonder the town looks medieval, for its history is a rare old chronicle of the feudal times; volumes might be written of all the fights, the sieges, the battles fought about its tottering walls. It was originally called *Castrimanium*, and is mentioned by Pliny—whether favourably or not in regard to its acknowledged fighting and cut-throat character, I have no means of ascertaining. Then it afterwards became a stronghold of the Orsini family, those powerful barons whose ceaseless hereditary feuds with the rival house of the Colonna so often crimsoned the streets of Rome with the blood of her citizens, and spread havoc and misery over the Campagna and adjoining towns. Marino was to the Orsini a mountain stronghold and impregnable fortress, from whence they could defy all law, human or divine, the thunders of the Vatican (then weakened by distance, for those were the days when the terrified popes had fled into France), or the attacks of their hated rivals, supported as they were by powerful allies, the walls manned with stout German mer-

cenaries, more odious to the Italians than the devil himself. These were the days of the great companies, and Duke Werner, of romantic banditti, who murdered as well as robbed, of fraud, rapine, and insolence, "the oppressor's wrong and proud man's contumely"—days so black and dreary and heavy with crime, one wonders how the miserable old world lived on, and did not expire altogether in that brooding night.

When a ray of light penetrated this opaque gloom, it was in the person of Rienzi, the eccentric but generous-hearted hero, who, loving the great city which gave him birth dearer than his soul, endeavoured to revivify her wasted energies, and plant about her dying trunk the fresh soil of freedom. In this noble attempt to revive "the good estate," Rienzi was bitterly opposed by the bloodthirsty Roman barons, who, like foul and savage beasts, batten on the general slaughter. The Orsini, as being the most savage and remorseless of them all, were his bitterest enemies. Giordano Orsini, expelled from Rome as a traitor to all law and order, retired to the fortress of Marino, where he was besieged by Rienzi, but the Bear and the Orsini prevailed, and Rienzi was driven back.

In the following century, amid the chances and changes of war, Marino passed into the possession of their rivals, the Colonna, who at last, after having sacrificed thousands of lives, and spread misery and annihilation around, conquered their ancient foes. "Revenge and the Colonna" was now the cry. "The Bear" was forgotten, or only remembered on some old frieze, or capital, or painted sign, which the rival house had not cared to obliterate. When Martin the Fifth ascended the Papal throne, after the council of Constance, and ended the disgraceful schism which had so long rent Mother Church, he came to reside at the stronghold of Marino, as an impregnable fortress where, surrounded by his powerful family, whose glory was now at its very acme, and defended by their retainers, he could live in armed peace.

Many times, subsequently, the possession of this stronghold was disputed. Once it was besieged by Ricci, Archbishop of Pisa, one of those warlike prelates who loved plated armour better than the sacerdotal robe, embroidered copes, or cup and chalice. Again the stout fortress was attacked by Sixtus the Fourth. But the Colonna, determined not to lose possession of so valuable a retreat, fortified it anew with massive walls and strong towers, whose ruins still remain, broken by umbrageous trees and waving shrubs, frowning down over the lovely valley below—a valley so narrow, and deep, and mysterious, so belted and darkened by woods, such a still, quiet retreat, that before descending a very precipitous hill, and actually treading its cool recesses, one would never dream that it existed at all. Oh! the romantic, solitary spot, surrounded by hills opening into rocky ravines and fissures, all of the same ruddy sunburnt tint as the bare rocks on which the town is built. Great overarching trees of living oak, side by side with the ilex, a bubbling stream that sparkles through the bottom of the dell, overhanging woods mantling the hill-sides, altogether make it a place to dream of—cool, murmuring, and refreshing, while the surrounding lands are baked by the fervid sun. There is a gate beside a fountain that bursts splashing out of a wall, leading up to the deepest part of the glen through an overarched walk of willows, whose delicate spraying branches fall twisting like ringlets over the underwood, and the tall flowers that spring from the fat, moist soil. This is the Parco di Colonna, a labyrinth of loveliness, leading on

under grey rocks over wooded braes, by lawns sown with the pink and white cyclamens, opening out like fairy parlours under the umbrageous rocks, rent asunder by the descending stream. After following this beauteous ravine for some time, a bluff face of tufa rock, overmantled with arbutus and acanthus plants, appears, out of whose sides the presiding deity of the cool valley, a sparkling stream, gushes forth, and falls into two shallow circular reservoirs or basins, before pouring its waters through the emerald grass that carpets the dell. I am particular in describing the aspect of this spot, for this valley—which I would have you admire as much as I do—has a history—an ancient, timeworn history—chronicled by old Livy himself. The same rocks that shelter us, the ancient oaks and sombre ilex-trees under which I stand, and this brawling stream, rushing from the silent woods to careen in light and sunshine beyond, saw the Latin tribes assemble from the day that proud Alba fell, and could no longer shelter the confederate nations within her stately palaces. The forty-seven tribes, forming the strength of infant Rome, held their triumphant festivities on the Alban Mount, whose summit tops the distant prospect, and met for deliberation at the Acqua Ferentina, where, under the leafy canopy, they sat in solemn conclave with the Roman state.

On a certain day, when kings swayed over the seven hills of Rome, Lucius Tarquinius, called the Proud—he who had cruelly caused his father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be put to death, the husband of the wicked Tullia, who, driving from the Forum by “the Cyprian street, where the enclosure of Diana stood, towards the Virbian Hill,” ordered her charioteer to pass over her father’s corpse—Lucius Tarquinius, the last king of Rome, issued orders that the Latin chiefs should assemble at the grove of Ferentina, to confer on some matters of common concern. They came accordingly in great numbers at the dawn of day, but Tarquinius delayed making his appearance until sunset. Meanwhile the news of the day, and various topics of general interest, were discussed by the assembled chiefs as they sat by the banks of the stream, waiting the arrival of Tarquinius, who, in thus disregarding his appointment, taught all men that he was with reason called “the Proud.” Turnus Herdonius, the chief of Ariccia, was particularly violent in his complaints against Tarquinius, and eloquently resented the affront put on them all by his absence. “It was no wonder,” said he, “that the surname of ‘Proud’ had been given him at Rome. Could any greater instance of pride be given than by thus trifling with all the nations of the Latins, after their chiefs had come so great a distance in obedience to his summons? He surely must be making trial of their patience, intending, if they submitted, utterly to crush them, for it was plain by such conduct he aimed at universal sovereignty.”

This and much more was spoken by Turnus of Ariccia. While he was haranguing the people, Tarquin himself appeared, and every one then turned from Turnus to salute Tarquinius, who was surrounded by his lictors and attendants—a pompous train befitting so powerful a king. Standing forth in the grove, he apologised to the chiefs for his remissness, saying “that he was obliged to remain in Rome, having been chosen umpire between a father and son;” which, when Turnus understood, he was heard to mutter, “That there was no controversy between a father and son that ought not to be terminated in a few words, for that

a rebellious son should suffer the consequences of his rebellion." Indeed, Turnus continued so indignant at the slight put upon the chiefs, that he retired from the assembly, leaving the rest in consultation with Tarquinius.

Now this latter was highly incensed at seeing Turnus retire into the woods—where temporary lodgings had been prepared for the chiefs—so, being a bad and wicked man, and fresh from the murder of his father-in-law, he determined to have his life. In order to effect this purpose, he bribed some Aricciens to convey a quantity of swords privately into Turnus's lodgings during the course of the night; then, a little before sunrise, he caused the other chiefs to be summoned in great haste, as if he had been alarmed by some extraordinary circumstances, exclaiming, as they entered, "That his accidental delay of yesterday was surely owing to the favour of the gods, having been the means of preserving him and them from destruction, for that he had been assured that Turnus of Ariccia had formed a conspiracy to murder them all, that he alone might rule over Latium. He was told, indeed," he artfully continued, "that a vast number of swords had been privately conveyed to his lodging, therefore he requested all the chiefs to accompany him at once, and see if the report were true." Great commotion was shown by the chiefs as they listened to what Tarquin said, and they ultimately followed him to that part of the wood where Turnus lay asleep, surrounded by his guards. His servants, observing the menacing aspect of the chiefs, prepared, out of affection to their master, to oppose their approach; but being few in number they were soon secured, and the swords which Tarquinius had caused to be concealed were drawn forth from every part of the lodging. Then Turnus was loaded with chains, and an assembly of the chiefs being called, and the swords being brought down and laid in the midst, their fury became so ungovernable that they would not even allow him to speak in his own defence, but at once commanded that he should be thrown into the reservoir of the Acqua Ferentina—*Caput Aquæ Ferentinæ*—where a hurdle was placed over him, and a heap of stones upon it, until he was drowned.

Extraordinary to say, after the lapse of so many centuries, the Acqua Ferentina still remains precisely in its original state, being the bluff face of rock I have so particularly described, from whence the stream flows into a circular reservoir, much too shallow, indeed, to drown a man, unless he were pressed down by absolute force.

S—— (which, if you like, shall stand for Sculpture once more) came up to pay us a visit from imperial Rome. (I feel such respect and love for the dear old city, I can never mention it without qualifying it with a majestic adjective.) Well, S—— came up, and underwent quite a chapter of accidents. The horse sent to meet him, troubled by a chronic affection of the loss of a fore-leg occasionally, was taken bad with the old complaint on the road, and without the slightest intimation of his intention—which, considering the circumstances, would only have been polite—dropped poor S—— on a heap of stones. S——, bruised, astonished, and indignant, refused to mount the treacherous quadruped any more, so addressed himself to the journey on foot, but as the mountain road through the *macchia* is as difficult as the road to Paradise, when he arrived, what with the fatigue, and the heat, and the bruises, he was inconsolable.

The next morning it rained an Italian deluge; notwithstanding which

S—— would ride out on another horse through the forest, damp as a sponge after the recent moisture. We told him he would have a return of the Roman fever; but all in vain, off he went, and on again came the rain—a respectable waterspout. Hours flew by, the rain continued, but no S—— appeared, so we supposed some of the elderly English misadens abounding at L'Ariccia had taken compassion on him, and housed him. Not a bit. Up comes a little pencil-note, saying he had taken refuge at Palazzuola, the romantic convent on the shores of the Alban Lake, and was so happy with the Franciscan monks he didn't intend to return till the next morning. When he came back he told us all about it.

The rain driving him in, and an ominous fit of shivering supervening, the good monks were full of compassion. He was installed in the great sala, looking out over the mysterious lake, from a window with a balcony "alla Giuglietta." This room, grand and spacious as a feudal hall, was lined with pictures of founders, benefactors, popes, and saints—all good and holy men, whose images seemed to sanctify the solemn space. Here, on a late occasion, the dear benign Pope was received when he visited Palazzuola, and here all the worthy Franciscans kissed his hand.

Then they took him through long corridors lined with cells and dormitories on either hand, each bed with its little crucifix lying demurely on the sheets, down into a beautiful garden, "quite," as he said, "unreal and enchanted-looking, like fairyland." Cypresses, the Virgin's tree that points towards heaven, grew there in thick, tangled masses, flinging around mystic shadows, and ilex woods, and fresh oaks, and sycamores; and long broad walks stretched across the formal grass-plots on by ruined fountains, where pale lilies grew, to shady groves beyond. On one side the garden was enclosed by medieval walls (the place is more a fortress than a monastery even now), castellated and turreted, and carved in quaint devices, with heavy stanchions and buttresses overhanging the trackless woods that are mirrored on the bosom of the sleeping lake. "Such walls," said S——, "reminded one of Castle Dangerous, and giants, and dragons, and magicians, and all the phantasmagoria of the dear old stories one has trembled over in one's childhood."

Well, on the opposite side of that antique garden, along whose front ran a lordly terrace, uprose the solemn rocks on which the building stood, moss-grown and grey with the hoary dew of centuries—a heavy load since the world was young; there they lay, rifted and ravined, and broken into fantastic glens and crevices—here a yawning cavern, going no one could guess where; there a hole, as deep as Malabolge; further on, a deep, deep rift, bottomless as the everlasting pit. Such a garden as S—— described it, with the sedate friars creeping noiselessly about, their black robes and monkish cowls, sandled feet and hempen girdles, harmonising, like a chord of sweet music, with the impressive aspect of that fair, sad scene.

There was no end to the *gentilezze* of these worthy Franciscans, who, after walking him all round and about, through the vine pergolas and up among the leafy arbours in the rock, showed him the establishment, the stables, the bakehouse—where a lay-brother was up to the elbows kneading flour; the kitchen—where another cowed monk was labouring among the frizzling spits, and pots, and pans; even to the savage dog that kept the

gate. Then he saw the church and the organ, where they daily sang their psalms of love and praise; and, in fact, everything—ecclesiastic, mundane, domestic, romantic, feudal—in this forest-home and convent-fortress.

When supper was ready, the monks, twelve in number, assembled in the refectory, spread with little tables, each table being laid for two persons; in the centre was bread, and a bottle of *padronale* wine. The superior took his station at the top of the room—an eagle-eyed, sharp-featured man, wearing spectacles, with an inveterate habit of putting away everything into the overhanging folds of his right sleeve. At his little table was seated a friar from Assisi, on a visit—a personage of importance; for, although the Franciscans are a begging order and ought to possess nothing, all the monks at Assisi are gentlemen and *Possidenti*, and, as such, much regarded by their poorer brethren. When the superior had pronounced a benedictite, and blessed the tables, and the monks had crossed and blessed themselves, the *cena* was brought in by the lay-brethren—humble, servile species of the “Friar Trick” pattern, red-cheeked, jolly, and cunning-looking, and withal orthodoxly smelly and dirty. These lay-brethren, never having been ordained priests like the other monks, form the ecclesiastic “*profanum vulgus*.” A priest is a gentleman though penniless, because he is a priest, and can celebrate mass and offer the blessed sacrifice; but these—they are the *oi polli*. Well—speaking after S——, for no woman, under pain of the most horrible excommunications, can enter these doors—the *cena*, consisting of the *minestra* (broth), and a *frittura* or omelette, salad, and roasted quails, fat and luscious, shot by Fra’ Felice in the wood, and fish netted by Fra’ Giacomo in the classic lake, was admirably washed down by *such* wine. Ye heathen gods! had ye then left behind a sample of Bacchus’s sparkling cup when ye fled from these your native wilds? S—— got quite rampant about the wine, I assure you; and said the monks, though moderate, seemed to enjoy and value its fine flavour. One frate entering after the benedictite, kneeled on the floor before the superior, with his hands clasped; the superior, hotly engaged in an argument with the Possidente from Assisi, not perceiving him, there he knelt motionless, looking like a penitent ghost come to be shriven, until at length, on turning round, he saw him, made the sign of the cross over him, and the frate took his allotted place.

After supper all the community assembled in the noble sala, the setting sun lighting up the old walls in a glowing haze. Beyond, over the sea and the Campagna, bands of gold and purple clouds shone for a while, then the blue hills melted into grey, and the gloomy mountains darkened into black, with here and there a pistol-shot of light searing the heavens—the sun going down opposite the convent window. Then the window was closed, and the *lucerna* appeared, and cards were brought out, and the monks played *una partita* with the well-thumbed pack, which had afforded amusement to many a generation of tonsured friars. S—— played too, and made the acquaintance of Fra’ Bonaventura, an amiable young monk, whom I had met in the woods, and remarked from his apostle kind of head. And then, when night was come, they made up a bed for S—— in the great sala, where he slept soundly, lulled by the soft night breezes rustling among the forest trees, under the custody of those stern old images looking down from the walls—the guardian angels of the place.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CRIMEA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

At the period when the Tartar Khans were still seated on the throne of Baktchi-Sarai, the Tauric peninsula was rather densely populated, if we regard its area and the natural peculiarities of the country. During the eighteenth century, however, this population was so lowered by war, internal dissensions, and after the Russian occupation of the country, by emigration, that towards the end of that century it did not amount to more than 60,000. Since that period it has risen again, owing to the zealous exertions made by Russia to populate once more the desolated region; but with the exception of Sebastopol, which contained above 41,000 inhabitants before the outbreak of the present war, Karasu Bazar was the only city which attained a population of 15,000: even the old capital, Baktchi-Sarai, and the new governmental city of Simpheropol, have each only 12,000 souls. But what is become of that civilisation, whose seed was formerly borne from the west to the shores of the Pontic peninsula—of the once so flourishing colonies and seaports of the Genoese? Kaffa, formerly, with more than 100,000 inhabitants, brilliant with splendour and wealth, and by means of its commerce propagating the cause of Western civilisation along the littoral of Pontus, is now, as it were, a desert, and the population has degenerated to 4700. According to the statements of Prince Anatol Demidoff, the entire Crimean peninsula in 1837 had only a population of 190,000, while P. von Köppen estimates the population of the whole government of Tauria, comprising the Crimea and the Nogai country to the north, at 572,000 souls, of whom, in the year 1850, 245,700 were Tartars.

The greater portion of the population of the Crimea is composed of the Tartars, in addition to whom there are Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Germans, Karaïta, and other, Jews and gipsies. The Tartars of the Crimea are divided into mountain and steppe Tartars. Both unite, with great honesty and good faith, with charity to the unfortunate, with the greatest affection to family and friends, with a pious, harmless, cheerful temperament, a distaste for work and indolence. Neither the great love of money, which is peculiar to the Tartars in an eminent degree, nor the example of the ever busy Germans, whose increasing prosperity does not escape their notice, has hitherto been able to disturb the innate propensity of the Tartars for comfortable laziness. The Tartars of the Crimea are more civilised and moral than the Nogais living to the north of them: they are good, gentle, and hospitable beings. The Nogais eat horseflesh, but this is not the case with the Crimean Tartars, who live on milk, butter, honey, eggs, poultry, fruit, rice, mutton, corn,

millet, &c. Polygamy is permitted them as Muhammadans, but is not so frequent, or so extended, as among the Osmanli. They have retained their Eastern garb thoroughly. The men have their heads smoothly shorn, wear in winter woollen caps; in summer, turbans. Their shirts have loose sleeves, their jackets are made of silk and cotton, their trousers, bound tightly below the knee, extend in thick folds to the centre of the calf, and they wear slippers of Cordovan leather. The festal attire of the women consists of a red cap, a coloured silk tightly-fitting bodice with a caftan, red or green silk trousers, and yellow slippers. The Tartars are divided into Mursi, or nobles; Mullahs, or priests; and countrymen. The nobles wear the Circassian dress, have a very stately appearance on horseback, and their clothes are adorned with gold and silver fringe. One of the richest Mursi is Mohamed Mursa, in the village of Sultan Mahmud, who has 28,000 acres of land. The Mullahs are held in great respect. The Tartars are free men, and quite ignorant of the blessings of serfdom. Neither noble nor peasant pays taxes, nor are they liable to conscription. The intercourse with Christian colonists has nearly entirely destroyed the fanatic hatred of those of a different faith, and the Tartars, among the Muhammadan races of the East, are the only ones who, in spite of their devotion to their religion, reveal scarcely a trace of bigotry. Christians visit the mosques during the night prayers at the time of Ramasan, are present at the strange devotions of the Dervishes, examine the graves of saints, and everywhere meet with smiling faces. Moritz Wagner, who observed the mountain Tartars more closely than many other travellers have done, calls them hospitable and amiable. According to his statement, the Tartar population of the rocky southern coast amounts to about 20,000. They live in villages, having a very picturesque site on the sides of the mountains, or in the valleys and ravines; and, through their peculiar style of architecture, are easily distinguished from the villages of the Russian crown peasants, or the German and Bulgarian colonists. The side of a hill generally serves as the back wall of the house; posts, the interstices between which are filled up with stones, clay, or mud, form the other thin walls; the roof, which thus appears to grow out of the hill, is perfectly flat, covered with mould, turf, or reeds, and serves to dry fruit, linen, and for other household arrangements. It projects over the front wall, and forms a species of verandah with the posts which support it. In the interior are two rooms very scantily furnished, but always carefully provided with cloths and carpets.

The Tartars of the southern coast-range differ materially from those of the northern steppe in their features. Among the former the Mongolian type has almost entirely disappeared: they have regular, rather broad, faces, without the projecting cheek-bones, the oblique, crafty eyes, and the flat noses of the steppe Tartars and Nogais. They are generally of a middle height, though frequently below it, and stoutly built. Tall men are very rare, as well as lean individuals. Generally, these Tartars bear a much closer resemblance to the Turks than to the fanatic Nogais beyond the Isthmus of Perekop, or even to the northern inhabitants of the Tauric peninsula. These Tartars of the south coast are probably descendants of the Turcoman components of those Mongolian hordes who conquered the Crimea under Batu Khan: a great portion of the Turco-

means were then subjected to the Mongols, and, like many other nations, forced to follow the banner of the victor. This supposition is backed up, not merely by the facial configuration of the tribe, but also by the circumstance that the Tartar dialect, spoken in the south of the Crimea, differs much less from the Turkish language than does the language of the steppe Tartars. Still, it is not improbable that amalgamations with natives of the Tartar race occurred, and that especially many Greek and Armenian renegades intermarried formerly with the Tartar mountain race. Several inquirers, among others the learned state-councillor Steven, in Simpheropol, are even of the opinion that nearly the entire population of the Crimean south coast is descended from these renegades. Pallas mentions, among other reasons, that these Tartars receive from the northern steppe Tartars the contemptuous title of Tat, as a sneer at their impure descent. The fact that their language varies so slightly from the Turkish, these inquirers try to account for by the repeated intercourse between the ports of the Crimea and Turkey, a supposition which certainly possesses considerable probability. On the other hand, the language of this mountain population would contain many Greek and Armenian components, were they really descendants of renegades. At the same time, some of the Greek and Armenian manners, customs, and characteristics, would have been retained; but of this Moritz Wagner found no trace.

The steppe Tartars, who form the greater part of the Tartar population of the Crimea, have the pure Mongolian configuration, and retain the original type in their features. They are a pastoral race, and often maintain large herds of camels. Although extremely rough, they are distinguished for simplicity of manners and hospitality. But they are inferior to the mountain Tartars in a moral aspect, and the latter indeed possess many of the honourable qualities of the Turks, but also many virtues which the Turk is ignorant of. Among them are found few traces of those unnatural sensual excesses which are so general in Turkish towns, and among the higher classes. Hence these Tartars are a race of men much more healthy and powerful than the degenerate Turks; and hence, too, we find in most families of the Crimean mountaineers domestic peace and love between blood relations, which is absent among the Turks, and never can be found where immorality is prevalent. Nearly all the Tartars keep themselves clean and tidy, and their handsome persons form a pleasant contrast to the clumsy Russian serfs, who, next to the Tartars, form the chief population of the south coast. The younger Tartars, who live in the vicinity of Russians, and visit the larger markets, generally speak a little Russian. In the larger mountain villages, such as Usen-bash and Badarak, there are many Tartars very well off, whose houses have even a second story, where the room of the males is amply supplied with divans. The true Nogais, belonging not to the golden but the blue horde of the Tartars, never inhabited the Tauric peninsula.

As regards the Russian inhabitants of the Crimea, and especially of the south coast, they consist, with the exception of a few *employés*, estate-holders, merchants, and free labourers, of serfs belonging to Russian grandees. At the period when the most exaggerated ideas were entertained of the fertility of the Crimean south coast, many rich Russians

bought large tracts of land, and had them cultivated by their serfs. Many never even visited their new possessions, but left them to their stewards, and continued their extravagant life in the two capitals of Russia. Even at a later period, when the real nature of the country had been discovered, numerous estates were purchased on the south coast by Russians of taste, who wished to enjoy the beauties of nature. The Emperor holds Lower Oreanda; Count Witt, Upper Oreanda; Count Narishkin, Mishkor; Count Potocki, Livadia; Prince Woronzoff, Alupka. As the æsthetic value of the ground was paid for, immense sums were frequently given for excessively romantic points. To the north of the mountains the dessatine of land has a value of 10 to 15 rubles; on the south coast, from 500 to 1000; even 5000 to 6000 rubles were paid. The châteaux were erected, and magnificent parks laid out at a frightful expense. The most absurd luxury prevailed here, which extended to the stewards and servants. The Russian serfs may be distinguished by their long beards, shaggy hair, and sheepskin coats. There is no deficiency of handsome men among them, although their features want that nobility and elegance peculiar to the bearded Orientals. In the dependant and oppressed condition of these poor fellows lies the cause of many evils which are not found among the free crown peasants. They are very dishonest, and steal all they can lay their hands on to satisfy their passion for intoxicating drinks. Instances of the most fearful debauchery are of daily occurrence among these serfs. The nobles in the interior of Russia are wont to send their *mauvais sujets* as a punishment to the Crimea, and regard their estates as penitentiaries, whence it comes that the German colonists in the Crimea frequently call the south coast, in jest, "Little Siberia."

The German colonists form an important element in the Crimea, as they were summoned thither to serve as a model and incitement to the rest of the population. There are at present in the Crimea nine German settlements, which were founded in 1805, with Wurtembergeois, Badois, Alsacians, and Swiss, and contain 4000 (according to some writers, only 1800) inhabitants. Their localities are Neusatz, where the inspector resides, and Friedenthal, both about twenty versts distant from Simpheropol; Kronthal, to the south-east of Simpheropol and north of Sebastopol, on the river Bugalek; Heilbronn and Zürichthal, between Karasu Bazar and Arabat, on the river Endol. The four first are inhabited by Wurtembergeois and Alsacians, the last by Swiss. The inhabitants of the villages of Rosenthal (south-east of Karasu Bazar), Herzenberg, Sudagh, and Ottus, are mixed, and emigrants from nearly all the smaller South-German countries have found their way there. The majority of the settlers are Protestants, but Rosenthal is a purely Catholic community. In Kronthal the population is mixed, and Protestants and Catholics have here a common house of prayer, and the greatest toleration prevails among the various creeds. Instances have even been known, that Protestants living in retired districts have been married by the Catholic priest in the absence of their own clergyman. Each of the larger German villages has a church or chapel and a school, where the children are only taught to read and write their own language; but nearly all the younger villagers speak Russian or Tartar, which they have acquired by intercourse with their neighbours. These German settlements, however,

do not enjoy that degree of prosperity which is found in the flourishing settlements of the German Mennonites on the Molotshna, and in the settlements of the Moravian Brethren on the Volga. But it must be borne in mind that the establishment of the German colonies in the Crimea took place under very unfavourable circumstances. They were exposed to many unlucky accidents; among others, to the seven years' desolation caused by the locusts. But afterwards the colonists recovered, and found themselves in at least a comfortable position. According to Wagner, the colonists in Neusatz, Rosenthal, and Friedenthal, the first who came to the Crimea, received each twenty-two dessatines of land, and the poorer classes an advance consisting of two cows, two oxen, two horses, agricultural implements, and a small sum of money, all of which they bound themselves to repay. The land granted was sufficient for the wants of the immigrants, but as the population has since then doubled, the want of land has become so felt, that many families found it advisable to remove to other parts of the Crimea. The settlers have made various attempts at cultivation, and have at last discovered that potatoes are best adapted for their soil. In 1843, when Wagner visited the Crimea, the inspector of potatoes lived at Neusatz, the richest German colonist, who introduced the cultivation of potatoes among the Tartars, and received an annual pension of 400 rubles from the government. The settlers at Kronthal were better provided with land, as each received sixty dessatines, but as it was adapted neither for corn nor potatoes, this colony is poorer than the others. The peasants of Kronthal principally produce wine, of which there is a large amount made, but it meets with a poor sale. Many also devote themselves to sheep breeding, and there is one colonist who has 2000 sheep and 20,000 vines. Probably the richest settlement is that of Zürichthal, in which and in Heilbronn the best corn grows. The inhabitants of Zürichthal are not only the richest but also the most moral: crimes very rarely are committed among them. The German colonists are generally satisfied with their condition. They enjoy many privileges over the other subjects of the Russian Empire; they pay fewer taxes, have no conscription, and possess their own jurisdiction. In addition to the colonies, there are many Germans resident in the towns and on the estates as gardeners, stewards, teachers, and surgeons. Nearly all of them are well off, and lead a jolly life. In the absence of the nobility they form the upper class of the undercliff. A gardener has his 2500 rubles in addition to his board. Still greater is the income of the surgeons, and teachers of languages and music in the towns. Many gardeners keep their carriage, and each has one or two riding horses.

In 1816 and 1817 these German colonies were to have been augmented by 1400 Suabian families, who left their fatherland partly through necessity, partly through religious enthusiasm. They sailed down the Danube from Ulm: many perished on the road, others remained in Hungary and Moldavia. When the rest arrived in the Crimea, the country did not please them, and 400 families, who were joined by 100 Suabian families, heretofore settled in the Crimea, crossed the Caucasus, and founded the settlements of Alexandersdorf, Helenendorf, Annenfeld, Katharinenfeld, &c.

Prince Anatol Demidoff estimates the Greek and Armenian population of the Crimea at about 2600 souls; probably too low a figure. The

Greeks are less numerous in the interior than on the coast-range, where the population of Feodosia is principally composed of them: Balaklava, too, was exclusively inhabited by them, until Lord Raglan turned them out last year, owing to well-founded suspicions of their attachment to the Russians. We have only recently called to mind that the present Greeks of the Crimea are not descended from the old colonists who inhabited the peninsula under the Turkish dominion, and who, in the first war of Catharine against the Turks, were removed to the Sea of Azof, where they founded the town of Marioupol, not far from Taganrog. After the occupation of the Tauric peninsula by the Russians, Potemkin settled Island Greeks as colonists at Balaklava, Kadikoi, Kamara, and Karanion. They were formed into eight legions, or companies, and were employed as coast-guards, and Paul I. converted them into the legion of Balaklava, which behaved very creditably in 1806 and 1813. At the time of the Greek insurrection, a colony of Greeks was founded about half-way between Simphenopol and Baktshi-Sarai. Greeks from Asia Minor—the majority from the environs of Sinope—whose lives were threatened by the Turks, fled to the Crimea, and received land from the Russian government.

As regards the industry of the inhabitants and the cultivation of the soil, it is clear that formerly the productiveness of the Tauric peninsula was greatly exaggerated. In spite of the encouragement which the Russian government, and especially Woronzoff, gave to the various branches of cultivation, the results are not very brilliant. The exports from the Crimea were never of any great importance. In good years it does not produce sufficient corn for home consumption, and must make up the deficit from the steppe countries beyond the Isthmus of Perekop, where the varieties of corn flourish much better than in the Crimea. But good years do not arrive very often; bad harvests are so frequent, owing to the want of rain, that, on an average, only once in ten years a fair crop can be anticipated. A single sharp spring shower is frequently decisive in the Crimea for the welfare of thousands: if it occur at the right moment, the granaries of the steppe are filled with corn, and the cellars of the south coast with wine; and when it is missed, there is a universal complaint and misery. Besides, the soil is poor; the heavy lime of the Crimea only produces on an average fivefold of the seed, while the plains to the north of the Sea of Azof, with their light, sandy soil, yield a tenfold harvest. The Tartars of the Nogai have also a far better soil than those in the Crimea. Pallas fancied that cotton, oil, and all the productions of Greece could be grown with profit in the Crimea; but this was an error, of which the landowners have long convinced themselves. Southern fruits, which, like oranges and citrons, can only endure a very slight degree of cold, will never be very successful even on the coast, and just as little plants which require a damp soil. In the mountainous gorges of the south fruit-trees flourish, and the mulberry and walnut attain a considerable size. At Sudagh, 40,000 nuts have been obtained from one tree. The Crimea appears to be the only spot in the immense European Russia where the cultivation of fruit and vines at all succeeds. Besides the upper valley of Salghir, fruit (principally apples) only grows near Sudagh, Sebastopol, and on the south coast, which is generally sent northwards to Petersburg and Moscow.

With all their distaste for work, with which the Tatars have been reproached by Pallas and nearly every succeeding traveller, we should be greatly mistaken were we to suppose this nation entirely ignorant of agriculture. The Tatars of the Crimea were always more industrious than the Nogais: many of them are engaged in the cultivation of fruit and tobacco, others buy the produce of the Russian gardens wholesale, and then dispose of them retail. Many have vineyards, though they do not make wine themselves, but sell the fresh grapes, and dry any that remain on hand. The Tatar is only anxious to obtain the largest amount of grapes at the least outlay of trouble, and consequently he pays no attention to improving the growth. They are most successful in the cultivation of water-melons, which grow to a great size in the Crimea, and are the favourite food of Russians and Tatars in the hot season. More tobacco is planted in the Crimea than will satisfy the wants of the population, although the plant only prospers at a few spots. The cultivation of tobacco, however, like that of many other articles, has sunk, owing to the difficulty of disposing of it. Prince Worenzoff paid immense attention to the cultivation of the vine; it forms the favourite amusement of the Russian nobles in the Crimea, and has cost both government and private persons enormous sums. The result has been unsatisfactory: only two sorts of wine are known in the Crimea—the light and the strong. On the dark-coloured soil which retains the heat the Crimean wine obtains that fire which distinguishes it. The vineyards at Sudagh, which generally grow on a light-coloured Jura lime, and more especially those on the white chalky hills of the Alma and the Katcha, produce a much weaker wine, but a much more abundant vintage. The strong wine grown on the clay-slate of Livadia and Alupka costs seven to eight rubles per *wedre*; while the light wine of the Alma hardly finds a purchaser at a ruble. The wild plants appear to feel the effect of the soil equally with those that are cultivated. Thus lime seems more favourable to forest vegetation than slate. The most remarkable trees are the Tauric pine and the arbutus. The latter grows among the rocks, to which it adheres with its branches and roots; while the Tauric pine collects round its stem and roots a damp description of soil, which is greatly esteemed by the gardeners for its fertility. The oak of the Tauric peninsula differs considerably from our variety, and has leaves of an extraordinarily beautiful shape. Sycamores and turpentine-trees contest the space between the rocks, and the crawling caper-bush is universally found. The pyramidal apple-tree is peculiar to the Crimea. The ivy appears to have its home there, for it grows with a large stem, and ramifies to a considerable distance. In every part of the south coast we meet with the cornelian-cherry and several varieties of hazel-nut, which are so productive that their fruit forms a considerable article of trade.

Cattle-breeding, for which the Tatar has more liking than agriculture, is very important. On the grassy steppes countless herds of cattle pasture, which spend winter and summer under the open sky. In the spring, all the old grass is burnt off the steppes to make room for the fresh crop, and the ashes serve as dung. Large patches of the steppe are, consequently, seen on fire. The large flocks are found on the leased *owra* steppes. The shepherds carry their nomadic abodes with them on

cars, or arabas. Flocks of sheep, amounting to a thousand or more, are frequently met with. The Tartar sheep, however, do not look in such good condition as those found in Cis-Caucasia among the Nogais, and appear to have degenerated more or less. Formerly the Crimean sheep of the Kirghis race were celebrated; the skin of their young lambs, called Krimmel, especially at Kertch and Koslov, produces a magnificent covering for the winter. Attempts have been made to improve the breed of sheep by the introduction of Merinos, but the attempt was generally a failure, as the common Tartar sheep are more productive. Cattle-breeding is most successful in the south of the Crimea. Camels are also bred, but they are employed almost exclusively in the Crimea as beasts of draught. The Tartars are passionately fond of sporting, which is also the chief amusement of the estate holders and bailiffs. The number of migratory birds that visit the Crimea is extraordinary. Swallows and cranes can cross the Black Sea in a few hours. Even the quail, which only attempts the flight in favourable weather, is said, in spite of the shortness of its wings and the weight of its body, to cross from Anatolia to the Crimea in a few hours. In the steppe, bustards are found in flocks of forty and fifty, and hunting them is a pleasant and profitable amusement. Though abounding in wild duck and quails, the south coast possesses no other game; roebuck are rarely seen, deer and wild boars are no longer in existence. In former times wolf hunting was carried on in the Tauric peninsula, but during the present century the number of the wolves has been extraordinarily diminished, and the remaining animals are so cowardly and timid that they fly even from unarmed men and hide during the day in the forests and caves. On the mountains bordering the steppe land they are more numerous. The Tartars generally hunt the wolf in the steppe on horseback. The Crimean wolf eats no pork, and is consequently called by the colonists a Muhammadan. The fisheries are very important, and are carried on by companies. With the exception of the herring, which only goes as far as the mouths of the Danube, the best known in trade of the European fishes visit the coasts of the Crimea. The Russians only distinguish two varieties of fish, the red and the white. The name of red is given to the different varieties of sturgeon so frequent in the Black Sea, while the white genus comprises the smaller sorts of fish, of which the mackerel is the most important. Great quantities of salt are obtained from the salt lakes, on the peninsula of Kertch, the promontory of Zenika, the Isthmus of Perecop, and the district of Eupatoria. When they are covered with a coating of salt in the summer, owing to the evaporation, the salt is dug out, and either sold immediately or placed in the public magazines; it is of a yellowish-brown colour. The carriers, who take it into the interior of Russia, are called Tchumaks. The salt trade goes on the whole year through. The manufactures are very unimportant. The principal branch is the preparation of leather; there are also cloth manufactories, earthenware works, and iron foundries. The Tartar women spin and weave wool or cotton, flax and hemp. Among the Greeks and Armenians there are silk and cotton weavers, tanners, &c.

As regards trade, which is principally carried on by means of the sea-ports, the Russian government has made great exertions to foster it, but the result has not been very satisfactory. The northern coast of the

Crimea is cut off from communication with the sea by the Spit of Zenika, or Arabat, which separates the Sivash from the Sea of Azof. The havens commence on the east coast with Yenikale, where there is but a slight traffic, while the neighbouring town of Kertch, whose harbour has a sufficient depth of water close up to the land, is visited by numerous vessels. The harbour of Feodosia is very capacious. The south coast forms an almost uninterrupted line of cliffs, and possesses only two good havens, Yalta and Balaklava. Yalta, situated in the central position between Odessa and the Caucasian coast, was the principal station for the steamers, but has this disadvantage, that its bay is exposed to the south-east winds, and after a storm the sea is for a long time rough. Eupatoria, or Koslov, on the western coast, has been quite cast into the shade by Odessa and Sebastopol. The coast, which runs hence in various angles and promontories to the north as far as the Dead Sea and the Isthmus of Perecop, is desolate, and has no large settlement. As regards the routes of communication in the interior of the Tauric peninsula, the rivers, which in other countries form such a valuable chain of connexion, are of no service in the Crimea for the promotion of transit. They are generally insignificant, and almost dried up in the summer draught: even the largest of them, the Salghir, forms no exception. The Tauric peninsula is intersected by two main roads, meeting at Simpheropol, the present capital of the Crimea, of which one runs from east to west, joining Kertch and Sebastopol, the other from north to south, from Perecop over the mountains of Alushta. The latter, which is constantly covered by trains of waggons, and runs for nearly one hundred miles over the low steppes to the mountains, forms the communication between the Tauric peninsula and the new Russian provinces to the north. Several defiles, which form the continuation of the road from Simpheropol to the south coast, were formerly the scene of sanguinary conflicts.

We will close our account of the Crimea and its inhabitants with a few details relative to the remarkable Jewish sect of the Karaïtes, who have their chief seat, as well as the foundation, propagation, history, and peculiarities of this race, whom the other Jews regard as protesting against the Rabbinical traditions. Nearly every traveller in the Crimea has spoken of the Karaïtes in terms of high respect, and as affording a pleasing contrast to the rest of the population. Almost isolated from the civilised countries of Europe, we find in this sea-girt angle of the Russian Empire the seat of that sect, which about eleven centuries ago, and almost contemporaneously with the great church schism of Christianity, separated themselves in Asia from their Jewish brethren, and since then, principally settled in Europe, form their own fraternal community. Small in number—probably with its weak filial branches not amounting to above 12,000 souls, 4000 of these living in the Crimean peninsula—but strong by the internal vital principle, this sect adheres to its doctrines, manners, and peculiar fashion of life with the most admirable pertinacity. The Karaïtes have proved their endurance by a history extending over a thousand years, by surmounting great impediments in the first centuries of their existence, and by the clearest possible comprehension of their principles. In this respect the Karaïtes owe very little to external pressure, for during many centuries they have enjoyed unrestricted liberty; to the internal pressure still less, for there is nothing resembling clerical intolerance among them;

nor must much be attributed to ignorance and fanaticism, for they sought, like the learned among the other Jews, to acquire foreign sciences, as far as they could derive them from Arabic sources; in short, the power of the innate principle is most fully developed in them. Their most remarkable settlement is the *eyrie* of *Tjufut Kalè*, situated above *Baktohi-Sarai*, the name which the Tartars give the place, while the *Karaïtes* themselves call it simply *Kalè*.

The name of *Karaïtes* or *Karacse*, Hebrew *Karaïm*, is by some derived from the general reception of the Hebrew *Mikra* (the holy writings, from *Kara*, to read); by others, from the Arabic, and signifies the examiners into the written history. The *Karaïtes* mainly reject the Rabbinical traditions contained in the *Talmud*, and only recognise a written law. The name of *Karaïtes* is most general among the learned; but we may remark that the Hebrew plural form, *Karaïm*, as well as the corrupted *Kraim*, has become the popular form by which an individual is designated in Russia and Poland: in social life and in police decrees, and they employ the plural form of *Karaïmen*, an evident reduplication.

The origin of the *Karaïtes* may be traced from an early period. In the centuries preceding the dissolution of the Jewish kingdom by the Romans, two sects existed among the Jews, who were frequently on terms of enmity: the Pharisees and Sadducees. The Pharisees adhered firmly to tradition, and exerted themselves to obtain its recognition and permanent establishment among the Jews. They were opposed by the Sadducees, who only recognised the written word of the Bible, and then only in a precise signification. The partisans of tradition gained a decisive preponderance. By degrees the influence of the Sadducees sank, and as with the dissolution of the Jewish kingdom the ambition to obtain a political supremacy entirely ceased, the energy of the contest also ceased, the opposition retired, and the Pharisees acquired the mastery and strengthened the cause of tradition still more. But, in spite of this decisive victory of Phariseism or Rabbinism, here and there the reaction still subsisted, which, if not actively appearing, continued its labours quietly, and was handed down from generation to generation. The opposition had been once so decisively expressed, that it could not be entirely overthrown, even if generally suppressed. It was a necessity that the contest must recommence by any favourable change of circumstances. This happened at last.

About the middle of the eighth century, the spirit was aroused both among Christians and Mussulmans to check the influence of tradition by a more philosophical consideration of religion, and by attracting attention to the abuses that had crept in. In Islamism, the question whether the *Sunna*, or the tradition going back as far as *Muhammad*, could claim the same religious value as the *Koran* itself, had given cause to a violent war of opinions, which splits the *Muhammadians* into the two still existing sects of the *Sunnites*, who affirmed this question, and the *Shiites*, who negatived it. This did not remain without influence on the *East Asiatic Jews*, living under the authority of the *Caliphate*; and the doubt arose among them: Could the striking difference which was proved to exist between the present religious exercises and the written word of the Bible, and which was referred to tradition, be justified? The spirit of contradiction to tradition now roused many of the *Eastern Asiatic Jews* with

fresh vigour against the doctrines of Rabbinism, whose opponents had hitherto been kept down by anathema. Probably the relation in which the Rabbis stood to the Eastern Asiatic Patriarch, or Prince of the Captivity (Resh Glutha), did its part in enkindling this conflict. At any rate, both parties agree in referring to this the reason for the establishment of an old sect under a new form (the Karaites themselves refer the foundation of their sect to the time of Alexander Jannæus, but strictly deny any connexion with Sadduceism, which they regard as a peccant branch). The first opportunity for the public appearance of these freer, anti-Rabbinical views was afforded by the election (750 A.D.) of a Resh Glutha, or Gaon (title of the presidents of the Jewish high schools in Eastern Asia, and equivalent to excellency), and possibly without this result being desired, a new sect sprang into existence, which, though never enjoying any very extensive propagation, has adhered even to the present day with admirable perseverance to the principles it professed.

A distinguished teacher, Anan Ben David, thoroughly conversant with the Holy Writings, the Mishna, and the Talmud, and instructed in many other sciences, was defeated by his brother, who was greatly his inferior, in an election. In the mean while he had attained a considerable number of adherents, who recognised him alone, and would only follow him. The affair became notorious after a while, and Anan was thrown into prison, to await death by the executioner's hand. An Arab, his fellow-prisoner, to whom he narrated the circumstances, advised him to request an audience of the Calife Abu Ghiafar Almanzor, and clearly explain to him the antiquity of the opposition raised against the Talmudic innovations, the great extension of the opposing party, and the necessity of separate authorities. Anan hearkened to this advice, was allowed to appear before the Calife, explained to him the state of the case, and really gained his object. He is said to have succeeded owing to his astronomical views about the correction of the Calendar, in which the Calife agreed with him. However, he only obtained, even after the sacrifice of a large ransom, his personal liberty and permission to quit the Jewish territory of Babylon with his adherents, and emigrate to Palestine (A.D. 754). All this is very characteristic of the Calife Almanzor, who loved astronomy, was very covetous, and yet addicted to justice: in this way he satisfied all three qualities at once.

From this time dates the foundation—probably only the restoration—of the new sect, which was immediately designated by the name of Karaim. They believe in the absolute unity of God, as Moses taught it; in eternal life; in the resurrection of the dead; in the freedom of human will; while the right road is indicated by revelation (the Holy Scriptures) by which man can attain true felicity. Of the unhappy and suffering, they say, not that they are rejected by the Deity, but that the gracious Father wishes to lead them to virtue, or to confirm them therein by suffering. They reject all the Rabbinical traditions, by asserting that the Mosaic law is the sole permanent source of all religious life, and must form the foundation of all juridical decisions. Eventually they were compelled to build up traditions of their own, but they have ever remained firm to their principle, that each of their masters is at liberty to illuminate the Holy Scriptures with his own exegesis, without reference to the opinions of previous elucidators.

Anan, soon after his arrival in Palestine, established his sect—it is not known exactly at what spot—and became their first spiritual head, with the title of Nasi: he was followed by his son, and a long list under the same name, which was abolished after a few centuries, and the title of Chacham substituted. They did not strive for riches and external splendour, but all the more for a religious and moral course of life. Handicraft, agriculture, and trading in provisions, were almost the exclusive resources of the first Karaites who settled in Palestine; the Holy Scriptures, with a few auxiliary sciences, their principal study. After the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders they emigrated, some to the East, some to Egypt and Greece; others crossed the coast lands of Barbary to Spain, whence they were, however, expelled. A few centuries later we find their communities in Haleb, Damascus, and other towns of Syria, on the western lands of the Tartars, in the Byzantine Empire, in the southern countries of the Slavons, in Egypt, Barbary, Fez, and Marocco, and even as nomades in the Atlas Mountains. The seat of the Nasi, whose succession nominally extends for a period of nearly nine hundred years, was at that time in Cairo. The history of the Karaites is very deficient in great facts, owing to their slight claims on the world. The foundation of their opposition to the Rabbis is the almost exclusive object of their literary activity. The numerous books written by them—and among them there are many very comprehensive, dogmatic, philosophical, historical, hermeneutic, and grammatical works (all written partly in Arabic, partly in a bastard Hebrew-Arabic)—have the same object, so that their entire literature only possesses the interest of a partisan war, but not that of an independent spirit or new discoveries.

The numerical increase of the Rabbinical Jews in the districts where the Karaites had settled did them great injury, and was probably the principal cause of their falling off since the establishment of the Turkish supremacy. Several accidents, entailed by wars, may have added to the causes of their diminution by deaths and the deficiency of proportionate births. Through desertion to the Rabbis they lost formerly many members, and once in Egypt (in the time of Ibrahim, a descendant of Maimonides) an entire community: but such instances have not occurred lately. Only few were converted to Christianity or Islamism. In consequence of the diminution of their communities, a great check has been given to their mental activity, and despite of their constant recurrence to the Holy Scriptures, the older works of their teachers have so risen in value, that their commands are regarded as sacred, and the slights and attacks upon them produce the most violent disputes among them. Thus, the question whether the Mosaic prohibition of fire on the Sabbath allowed the use of a light on the previous evening, which one of their most celebrated authors dared to answer in the affirmative by the precept of his grandfather, divided the Karaites into two sects—one allowing the use of a candle, the other absolutely prohibiting it.

At the present day the number of the Karaites is: in the Russian government of Wilna, at Torok, Poniewies, and Luzk, about 500; in Galicia, at Kokisev and Halicz, about 150; in Odessa, about 200; and in the Crimean peninsula, about 4000: there is a rather numerous community in Constantinople, one in Jerusalem, one in Alexandria, and, as we are informed, several in the Persian countries. In the less numerous

communities they are generally very poor, and support themselves by their crops, and by horse-dealing; in the larger districts there are many respectable tradesmen and farmers. Externally they more resemble the other nations than is the case with the other Jews. Still the men are distinguished by the style of their clothes, and especially by their beards. They generally live very much apart, and are much stricter in the observance of their peculiar customs than the Rabbinites, with whom they will not eat, because they do not regard their food as clean: they only regard the meat killed by their Chacham as pure. The latter is their immediate ruler; with his permission marriages are contracted and set aside, he attends to the circumcision of the children, he is arbiter in all family and legal disputes, and all parties willingly yield to his judgment. He preaches at times, generally in the Tartar tongue, and also holds funeral addresses. Through their peculiar habits the community is kept estranged from foreign influence, but also from foreign sciences. Still the Karaïtes are not enemies of the sciences. Their books reveal a tolerable knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, and natural history. They are also fond of Hebrew poetry in the Arabic style. Lately they have taken to reading scientific works written by the other Jews in Hebrew, and are anxious to progress. They spare no money to obtain good books, and expend considerable sums in printing their valuable MSS., in which, however, they do not often succeed, owing to the isolation in which they live.

The Karaïtes have numerous prayers: the service lasts daily, though quickly performed, one hour; and on the Sabbath and holidays, above four hours; in this closely resembling the other Jews. Their present form of service, in which they have retained much appertaining to the Rabbis, dates from the last years of the thirteenth century, and their prayers, generally composed of verses of the Bible, have been enriched during the last seven centuries by numerous poetical additions of known and unknown authors. In their synagogues they read the Pentateuch through in an annual cycle, but in an order differing from the Rabbinical, and ascribed to a scholar of Anan. On the eighth day of the feast of tabernacles, which among them is the last, they celebrate the feast of convocation, but on the next day, when the Rabbinites celebrate the feast of thanksgiving, the Karaïtes keep the fast day of the seventh month, mentioned by the prophet Zachariah. Those called to the Thora read at times out of the Scriptures. The Haphtaroth are compiled extracts from the Bible; they are read in the Tartar tongue in the Karaïte communities in Poland and the Crimea. No Targum reading takes place as among the other Jews; but on the seventh day of Easter and the first of Whitsuntide, a translation into the language of the country is sometimes read. On occasions of family solemnities, on the Sabbath, and other occasions, religious lectures are given, and, as among the other Jews, a lecturer of this sort is called Darschan. The Karaïtes fast greatly, many among them every Monday and Thursday. Each visits the cemetery several times during the year, and prays for the souls of the departed. The richer among them also make pilgrimages to Palestine, to visit the graves of their forefathers at Hebron. No one will touch a dead body—they leave it to the care of hirelings until it is placed in the coffin, when they bear it to the grave. The laws of purification are very greatly revered

by them. For their sons they consider a species of religious consecration necessary. Each male child is, namely, until he has attained his seventh year, a *Nasirite*. On the eighth birthday the boy is conducted to the temple, his hair is cut for the first time, and some wine is given him; a banquet terminates the solemnity, and thenceforth the boy is kept entirely apart from the females. With respect to many customs the *Karaïtes* are extremely anxious, and careful even to the slightest details, whence they are adverse to military duties, and generally buy themselves off. Their morality is quite unimpeachable. They are the severest judges, but help every unfortunate co-religionist so energetically, that one of them could hardly commit a crime from poverty. For many centuries there has been no instance of a *Karaïte* having been criminally sentenced. The *Karaïte* tradesman stands in such high credit for honesty, that through the whole of the Crimea his word is as valid as a written bargain. They enjoy a special protection on the part of the Russian government, and are enfranchised from the severe rules laid on the other Jews.

The central point and capital of the Crimean *Karaïtes* we have seen to be the fortress of *Tjufut Kalè*, and one of the few settlements, if not the only one in the world, exclusively inhabited by Jews. The town is situated about two miles from the old Tartar capital, *Baktchi-Sarai*, on the summit of one of the highest precipices in the Crimea, whose sides rise in the most fantastic shapes, and form a magnificent contrast to the gardens so verdant and blooming at their foot. This rocky city is reached by a very precipitous road, which, just before the gate, becomes so steep, that horses can only climb up with extreme difficulty. The powerful iron gate bears a resemblance to that of a middle-age castle, and numerous gloomy Cyclopean caves, which the *Karaïtes* employ to shelter their cattle by night and during storms, and which are found above one another, yawn in front of the visitor. At the eastern extremity of the little town, where there is another iron gate, a lofty wall bounds the place. The dwelling-houses are all built of large lumps of stone, are small, low, have no windows, and are surrounded by court-yards of large stone. Into these you crawl through narrow stone doorways; and between these cavern-like houses the streets run irregularly, the rock on which they are built serving as pavement. Not a tree or bush is to be seen in the streets or courts, not even a tuft of grass: all wears the grey stone hue—it is a real rocky eyrie. The synagogue is a plain building, differing but slightly from an ordinary Jewish house of prayer: here are preserved several valuable, very ancient copies of the *Pentateuch*, on parchment, which are rolled up and kept in handsome velvet cases, embossed with silver. There are only two entrances to the town, and the gates are locked every night. The water is carried to *Tjufut Kalè* on donkeys and mules, in peculiarly shaped barrels and leather bags. The descent to the well is by a steep flight of steps cut in the rock, whose position beneath the walls would render the otherwise impenetrable fortress perfectly valueless in war. After leaving the narrow ravine which leads from *Baktchi-Sarai* up to *Tjufut Kalè*, the traveller suddenly emerges from the deep shade of the rocky walls on a gloomy, mysterious spot, densely overgrown with majestic oaks and beeches. A winding path loses itself in the frowning recesses of this precinct, and you soon

find yourself walking through a labyrinth of gravestones, which have the form of a sarcophagus, and generally bear Hebraic inscriptions. This is the Valley of Jehosaphat, for many centuries the burial-place of the Karaïtes. This path may be followed for nearly two miles, and yet the graves do not cease. Suddenly this collection of graves terminates on a fearful abyss, from whose dizzy height a magnificent view of a rich, varying landscape, the conical rock of Tepekerman, the Tchatir Dag, and the lofty coast-range may be enjoyed. If, however, we follow the crest of the lime rock on which we are standing, we reach a spot where the prospect over the opposite coast is still more imposing. While on the right hand the weatherbeaten old fortress of Tjufut Kalè crowns the nearest height, the monastery of Uspenskoi, or the Ascension of the Virgin, built on the projecting rock opposite, seems as if its buildings towered to the sky. When the Tartar Khans exchanged Tjufut Kalè for the charming valley below, this fortress again became exclusively the residence of the Karaïtes, who ever found here in times of persecution a safe place of refuge.

According to Oliphant, the population of Tjufut Kalè has greatly diminished since trade has grown brisker, and it has been found advisable to settle at more convenient spots. A great portion of the inhabitants of Eupatoria consists of Karaïtes, and nearly two thousand are said to be still dwelling there, many of them very rich traders. Their temple is large, one of the handsomest of the few large buildings in the town, richly decorated, and surrounded by splendid bushes, in which they hold their festival of tabernacles. The ladies' portion is separated by a grating. According to the statement of a French military surgeon in a Parisian paper, they assembled in October, 1854, to celebrate the feast of expiation in their temple a day later than the Rabbinical Jews, of whom there is also a community in Eupatoria. According to the same writer, their costume is precisely similar to that of the Muhammadan Tartars, whose language they speak, and whose manners they have assumed, "while the other Jews, Germans, or Poles, in customs, trade, and language, resemble the lower classes of the Alsacians, and speak a corrupt Jewish German." Polygamy is legally permitted among the Karaïtes, but no one takes advantage of this privilege. The German historian, Dr. Jost, was for a long time in correspondence with the Karaïte *savans*. The Russian government has recently commissioned a member of the sect, Abraham Firkovitch, to make an inquiry into the history of the Karaïtes, who, as Professor Koch conjectures, had a material influence on the acceptance of the Jewish religion by the Chasars.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR EDITORS.

BY FREDERIC CARRINGTON, ESQ.

I WAS standing in the counting-house of the ——— *Journal* late one evening, just as the paper was going to press, when a young lady, a governess out of place, as it turned out, hurried in belated with an advertisement, and requested that it might be inserted in that week's paper. The clerk told her she had come too late; upon which she turned and addressed me, thinking probably that I was somebody in authority, and begged as a particular favour that I would get a place for her advertisement, as its immediate appearance, she said, was of some consequence to her. I expressed my willingness to oblige a lady at all times when it was possible; but added, that in the present case it was impossible; and, in fact, as I spoke, the floor of the room above us shook with the movement of the printing-machine. The young lady had, however, either heard or seen something of the process of printing; for she evidently entertained a belief that her advertisement could be "put into a corner," notwithstanding my explanation that the form had been already "made up." Not many weeks before the occurrence of this incident, a huge farmer, even more positive in his utter ignorance than the young lady was in her partial knowledge of printing, came into the counting-house, and wanted a copy of the *Journal* some hours before it was ready for press. In vain he was told it was impossible. "Sure-ly," he said, "you can print just one for me?" And, unable to comprehend what he was told, that fifty could be printed almost as easily as one, when we were ready for printing one, he went away grumbling and growling about the unkindness with which he, an old subscriber, had been treated on the very last day he should be in England, in that we would not "gi' a body a peaper to teake the news wi' un to Austraylyia." Now compliance with the request of the young lady would have been something like stopping the express-train in mid-career to take up a solitary passenger; while that of the farmer was just as impossible as it would be to ripen one apple on a tree before the season had arrived for ripening the whole crop. Anybody, in fact, who knows anything about printing, knows that such requests are absurd; but as there are many people who cannot see the absurdity of them, I shall make their ignorance a reason for describing how a country newspaper is "got up."

I shall choose for my subject a journal published on Saturday morning, for that is the natural birthday of a country newspaper. Saturday, being at the end of the week, the paper contains the news of the week instead of the news of fragments of two weeks. Then it is the day that country people, coming to market, can carry back the news, while on Sunday almost everybody has leisure for reading. Yet this rule does not hold good in all cases. An indifferent day, in truth, is Saturday for Conservative papers, especially for those which bear a strict Church of England character, and go into parsonages and mansions; for in the one it is not considered right, and in the others, respectable, to read or perhaps even to receive, the newspapers on the Sabbath. But for the liberal journals, circulating amongst persons who are chained to the counter six days out

of seven, and amongst working men who study the newspaper as their best possible instructor, Saturday is the day of all others for publication.

To begin the history of the week, then, with Saturday. People generally imagine that this is the busiest day in the newspaper office, being the day on which it is printed. The fact is, that it has been printed before daylight, and there is little or nothing to be done on Saturday except to distribute the copies. While the readers have been slumbering, the printing-machine has been roaring up in its loft or down in its cellar; for it is the aim to get the newspaper laid on the breakfast-table with the coffee and toast. So far, indeed, from the publishing-day being the busiest, there is generally nobody on the premises till late in the evening, except the clerk at the counter. It is curious, by the way, to note how the sale of a newspaper will fluctuate. There is absolutely no rule of computation, so irregular is the public demand. It often happens that in a week when the editor has put forth all his strength, the sale is low; while in another, when he has done no more than is absolutely necessary for decency's sake, the sale is high. A forcible leader, and a good selection of news, will often fall still-born; whilst a particular fact, a marriage paragraph, or an eulogium of the dead, will sell the paper in spite of columns of rubbish. The sale is, in truth, as great a chance as fishing, depending not so much on the bait as on the hunger of the customer. But this is the most certain criterion—if the market is either very good or very bad, the newspaper is sure to sell well. Some people buy newspapers as others take strong drink—if they are merry, to make themselves merrier still; if they are sad, for the sake of consolation.

During the first part of Saturday, as I have already said, the clerk in the publishing office is the only occupant of the premises. As the morning advances, he is reinforced by a personage well known to the public, at least in name—"the printer's devil," as the youngest apprentice is familiarly styled, and whose business during the week consists in lighting the fires and sweeping the floors, reading the copy to the corrector of the press, running up and down stairs between the editor and the printers, in and out of doors between the printers and the public-house—anywhere, in short, that anybody has to send anything, and in learning the art and mystery of printing during the intervals. The printer's devil, I say, appears, and—at the very moment, perhaps, that before the readers he is bearing the burden of last week's typographical errors, or fathering some joke which the author prefers to perpetrate in his name—he commences his dirty work, anticipating; probably, with a chuckle, the time when he will be considered strong enough and fit for the miserable toil of staying up all night, helping to make the mess which he has to clear away for others. With his brush he makes a heap of the fragments of "copy" which strew the floor, sweeping together, it may be, a folio of a sparkling leader with a leaf of "a big cabbage," the beginning of a "horrid murder" with the end of a "marriage in high life"—making a literary mosaic more curious than beautiful. With a pair of bellows, too, he disinters from the dust lots of "pie," that is, the loose letters which have fallen on the floor while the compositors have been picking them up from the cases. After dinner—when the office must be in apple-pie order—the overseer, or one of the printers appointed to take charge of the printing-office for the day, comes in; happy is he

if the sale is so dull that he is not sent for earlier, turned out of bed, or disturbed at his breakfast, to get more papers printed. During the afternoon, the printers call to receive their wages, and, perhaps, the editor may look in; though nine times out of ten he remains in bed till late in the day, or is too tired to get out of his house, or too much sickened by the week's work to go near the office. For, though Saturday is a day of rest with him, it is scarcely one of pleasure. He is weak with long fasting, yet has no inclination to eat even the most appetising morsels; thick in the head, the mouth, the eyes, chilly and miserable all over; everything is a trouble—to read, to write, think, walk, move; while the light—source and spirit of gladness—becomes painful to bear, so dizzy is his brain. The sight of his own newspaper he abhors; for to him it is merely a record of hard work; he takes no pleasure in reading his own writing, though it may be telling with the public, for, like as the actor is annoyed by the paint and pasteboard of the scene, so he is painfully aware of the efforts it has cost him. Indeed, if he does trouble himself to read his effusions, they have lost their freshness, since he has already read them in the proof; but he seldom ventures to do so, since he is almost certain to discover some fault, some slip of the pen, or some typographical sin—a word left out or put in—which mars the full effect. The editor is rarely seen, therefore, at the office on the publishing day. I have, indeed, caught one or two of the craft roaming under the hedges with the schoolboys on Saturday afternoons, and even walking with their wives; but these are instances of “loose nature,” to use the free translation which is sometimes given to a well-known Latin expression.

Sunday is, of course, *dies non* in the newspaper offices—happily for printers, reporters, editors, as well as horse and ass, and everything that lives to work and works to live. If the Sabbath (so to speak) come after the day of publication, it is a grateful day of rest, restoring the strength of the body, and the elasticity of the mind; if it come before the day of publication, it is a halt in the march of toil, a lull in the political strife, a quiet moment when the partisan spirit may take counsel of conscience, when the chafed feelings are calmed, and bitterness is softened by the healing influence of the day. But when the Sabbath comes close upon the day of publication, it is a curse—I mean, cursed is he who is forced to tug at the oar, a very galley slave, while the whole world is a holiday—stewed up in a den spotted and defiled with ink, while the church-bells are chiming sweetly, and psalms are swelling grandly up to heaven.

On Monday morning the printers come to work, the form is broken up, and the leaden words, separated into their single letters, are “thrown in” the cases, preparatory to being used in getting out the next week's paper. But this, at first, proceeds listlessly, and the men not only reach the office later in the morning than usual, but leave it earlier. Little work is, in truth, done on Monday in the printing-office, and in the editor's-room none at all. Perhaps the editor may drop in to answer a letter, and to clear his table of the *débris* of last week's work; or, perhaps, to make some arrangements respecting reports—though they are oftener made day by day as things arise. His hand is still stiff, and his head inclined to ache, or, at all events, disinclined to work, and the very look of the place is disagreeable, for reasons to be shown hereafter.

On Tuesday the editor must make a beginning of work, and accord-

ingly he begins thus. He glances cursorily over the exchange journals which have been accumulating since Saturday. He selects a column or so of paragraphs merry and tragical, anecdotes, wonders, extracts from books, and other *excerpts* which do not depend on dates for their interest—in one word, “Varieties,” as they are technically called—besides the list of bankrupts, or other similar matters, which are published as a matter of course. These are given out to the overseer of the printing-office, for the letter will be all “distributed” in the course of the afternoon, and if the printers do nothing in the evening—“mike” they call it—they will be ready to take copy the first thing in the morning. During these two days, the editor transacts his private business if he can, visits his friends, if he has any, reads to keep himself *au courant* with the literature of the day, skims over the books which are sent to him for review, and, perhaps, he may write his notices of them.

On Wednesday the editor settles regularly to work, and so do the printers—he with the scissors and paste, and they with the “composing stick.” The editor wades through the newspapers which come to hand, column by column, collecting an *olla podrida* of news—a public meeting here, a monster gooseberry there—that is, accounts of them; foreign intelligence and local gossip; an earthquake is followed by a ball; an elopement by births, marriages, and deaths; the swell mob by ballooning, and so forth. Our editor now literally makes a hole in some of his contemporaries; for his sub-editor—thus he jocosely calls his scissors—seems ravenous, as if suffering from the abstinence of the last four days, and the printers cry “copy” incessantly. Already, indeed, begins an amusing struggle between the editor and the overseer, the results of which will be developed by-and-by. The editor knows, from unlucky experience, that the danger of getting into a difficulty at the last hour arises from having more matter than the paper will contain, not from having too little. The latter case very rarely occurs, notwithstanding the popular idea that editors are perpetually distressed for something to fill up. The overseer, on the other hand, knows that he must get a certain quantity of matter into type day by day, to get the paper out in proper time at the end of the week, and in a laudable, though very mistaken desire to push his work forward, tries to get a column or two beyond the proper quantity. The one demands an enormous or impossible quantity of copy for the time of the week, the other “starves” the printers, that he may keep the space as free as possible for the days when the latest news arrives. Like the Jews, the overseer asks a good deal more than he expects to get; and, like certain ladies who consider the art of shopping consists in offering less than they are asked, the editor doles out two columns of copy when three or four are demanded. This disagreement of the officials is influenced, too, by the difference of their ideas about newspaper making. The editor wishes to fashion the newspaper like a piece of cabinet-work, symmetrical in its proportions of light and heavy matter, the latest news, if any, being the most prominent, and the whole forming a regular design previously sketched in his mind’s eye. The overseer, on the other hand, cares only about having sufficient matter to fill the paper. The story runs, that Shammickshire ships are built in lengths, and cut off as they are wanted; in like manner the overseer would get up matter, and cut it into columns.

In this way, then, the editor proceeds, compiling by regular rule. He does not cram the paper with too much of one thing, even if it happen to be a good thing; he does not make the paper all accident, or all murder, or all joke, or all politics; but he mingles these elements as skilfully as he can, so that, when served up in the broad sheet, they may form a pleasant literary salad. He gathers an argument here, an anecdote there, a fact from another place; he strips a report of its verbiage, strikes out the repetitions of a paragraph, perhaps transposes its sentences, so that the cart may come after the horse—that is, the catastrophe or climax at the end instead of the beginning of the narrative; adds a fact to make it exact, or a line that it may read more smartly; in short, he works up old materials into new stuff, or, as Admiral Burney says, makes new soles out of old upper leathers.

Contemporaneously with the editor, at his task, the reporter has been attending the police court, gleaning a few facts amongst the hard-sworn fictions of witnesses; or the county court, abstracting the grain of law from the legal chaff; or a vestry meeting; or the town council; or with flying fingers he has been following the local orators through a maze of language at a public demonstration. In the latter case, only, he refers to the editor to know “how much the meeting shall make.” Just as the captain of a man-o’-war orders the officer of the watch at mid-day to “make it noon,” and “noon it is,” so the editor orders his aid to make the meeting (say) three columns, and three columns it becomes. As a general rule, speeches, like balsams and cock’s-combs, will bear a good deal of squeezing, and be all the better for it—a good deal of mangling, and read all the smoother. “Speeches,” once said Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, “cannot be made long enough for the speakers nor short enough for the readers.” The length of the report is governed by many considerations—by the importance of the proceedings, and the space that can be spared. Often a prominent member of “our party” gets a Benjamin’s portion of the report; and if any person must suffer, then an opponent is clipped of his fine language, and his ideas are stripped naked, just as convicts are shorn of their flowing locks without being deprived of the necessary thatch for their heads. Reporters undoubtedly play havoc sometimes with speakers, who, not content with speaking what the purpose suggests, endeavour to haul in, head and shoulders, figures previously concocted and imperfectly remembered; but they never garble them, as people who have said foolish things sometimes say. That would not only be unfair to the speaker but discreditable to the reporter, and injurious to the journal. If a speech is maltreated it is from unskilfulness or inattention, not from malice, or because, as Lord John Russell once said in reply to an oration from Chisholm Anstey, “there is no chemical test by which the solid matter can be detected in the quantity of its fluid contents.”

On Thursday the business grows serious. Whatever disposition the editor may have had yesterday to hang back, to put off work, to reserve his judgment, to-day he must buckle to the work, clap his shoulder to the wheel, be up and doing. There is no time to loiter in the streets, gathering news from friends, nor for gossiping in the counting-house with a customer; while everybody who penetrates into the “sanctum,” or the “den,” as the editor’s room is styled indifferently, is positively and absolutely a bore. Time is abreast of the editor, and if the latter is not brisk, will

beat him. For now the struggle is against time. The compilation of to-day is hurried; then there is an accumulation of matter to be got through—reports of occurrences put aside until the arrival of the latest particulars, paragraphs, the sifting of which has been delayed until there is some certainty of their insertion, and other things to be written down; there are also the letters of correspondents to be hick into shape, and great is the labour and small the profit of the last. Infamous grammar, hideous syntax, execrable spelling—words expressing anything but what the writers really mean, chosen for their length instead of their pith—manuscripts too curious as regards caligraphy to be put before the printers, or too closely lined to be interpolated with the necessary corrections—such is the ordinary, or rather extraordinary, character of the communications from whence the editor gleans his local news. But still they are not to be neglected, for, trumpery as it may seem to those uninterested in the district, the local news is the bone and muscle of a country paper. To the task, then, the editor falls, searching for the needle in the bottle of hay, thrashing the grain of wheat from the bushel of chaff, cracking the covering of hard words in which the kernel of fact is en-cased, extracting the marrow from the dry bones; and the result is his original contribution to the news of the week, and the *quid pro quo* given to his contemporaries, for the matter of which he has rifled their columns. Towards evening the newspaper begins to assume something like the shape which he designs it shall take. The copy as it has been “set up,” or put into type, has been “pulled;” that is, printed on slips of paper; the reader—who is often the editor himself, often the overseer, often the reporter, sometimes the proprietor, not unfrequently the young gentlemen or young ladies of the family—almost anybody, in short, who can be pressed into the brain-cracking work—the reader, I repeat, has read the proofs to detect the errors of the printers, and the “first form” of the newspaper—that is, two pages, if it consists of four, and four pages if it consists of eight—is “locked-up” and got out of the way; and perhaps printed off the same night.

Frequently whilst the editor is trying to get through this compiling and collating, this transcribing and composing, he also gets so bothered and worried that his powers become quite paralysed. He can't think, he can't write; for his mind wanders from the thing he is about to the next thing that is to be done, and the next, and the next, *ad infinitum*; and so runs the time away. Even when a leisure hour does come, he is often haunted by the “phantom of unreal work” which scares him out of his senses. But if he can write, after the day's work on Thursday, he sits down to write his leaders, assuming for the nonce the potential style of “we.” In London, leader-writing is a sole occupation; but in the country it is merely an incident of the editor's labour. Whilst the editor has been selecting his budget of news, he has also fixed upon topics for his articles, seized the points of the question, and perhaps, mentally sketched out the course of his arguments; and this, long before he is able to find time to secure his ideas by committing them to the safe custody of paper. It is surprising, then, that the leading articles of country papers are written so well as they are, seeing how the writer's time is exhausted, how his mind is distracted, how his strength is often

fagged before he begins to write; and remembering, too, that parliamentary papers, persons in authority, and other sources of information, are not always within his reach.

But besides this in-door work, there is a good deal more to be done out of doors by the editor; or rather, he must waste much time in doing little. He has to attend public meetings to catch their spirit; to assist at the concerts, plays, and other shows, requiring superior criticism, to hear lectures, *cum multis aliis*. He has to fish for information on the local topics, to chase rumours, to ascertain, it may be, an isolated fact, trifling in itself, but important as the hinge on which a question turns, and, therefore, the very citadel of a cause. And for the benefit of persons given to talk of the mistakes of "stupid editors," I will narrate an anecdote germane to this part of the subject. During the Protestant riots in 1780, Sir George Saville, a Roman Catholic statesman, feared that the mob would attack his house. It was agreed, then, amongst a body of his friends, that whilst some remained within the house, others should sally forth in various directions, to obtain intelligence respecting the rioters. But each of the scouts varied from all the rest in his story. "Here, gentlemen," thereupon observed Saville, "is a fine lesson for an historian. We have a fact of the day before us, reported by men of integrity and ability, and willing to record it with as much minuteness as possible; yet such is the nature of the human mind, that with all its inclination to do right, it is under that operation which in some degree prevents it." In the same way, the newspaper editor, the historian of the day, if he asks, say, seven separate people for information on a given subject, is almost sure of receiving seven different versions of the facts.

There is still another heavy call upon the editor's time. He has to hold a sort of literary levee, and he is sure to find amongst his visitors those who come to correct him, as well as those who can instruct him. He is often sternly taken to task for neglecting the communication of some "Constant Reader"—one of the tribe who constantly write letters to the editor, and borrow the paper of a neighbour—and he is also often impaled on the horns of a dilemma by an admirer of a free press—"Either publish what I have sent you, or stop my paper." Even the least offensive of the editor's visitors seem to have no more idea about his convenience than a Chippeway or an Iroquois, and, like the noble savage, come at all hours, as if it were beyond the bounds of possibility that they could ever be in the way. Yet the picture should not be all cloud and shade. Sometimes the editor is cheered by the cordial greeting and hearty grasp of a real friend, perhaps one who has "done the state some service," ay, and, it may be, our editor; or a country subscriber drops in with a brace of birds or so; or a communication is received in the shape of a vast turnip, or an enormous cabbage, having a hare couched in it, with a jocular request that the editor will put *that* in his paper; and whilst on the subject of these amenities, let me say that I have seen a cask of sparkling ale rolled into an editor's room for his critical taste. Despatching these—I mean enduring the bores, getting rid of the critics, lending ear to some, thanking others—will occupy much time, and, what is worse, it distracts the thoughts, while it makes

very little show upon paper. No wonder, then, the editor is so often "not in" to all comers.

The next day, Friday, is worse than the preceding. The only consolation is, that it is the last.

The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

But how to tide over the stream of toil and trouble, which, the editor may be sure, will not run itself dry? The editor must be at his post betimes in the morning; yet, early as he may be, he can never be too early—the work is ever before him. To speak compendiously, the life of a country newspaper editor consists in doing a day's work in three days at the beginning of the week, and three days' work in one day at the end of the week. When he leaves home on Friday morning, then, it is with very little hope of seeing it again until the morrow morning, especially if he should have the good fortune to live out of the smoke of the town, and beyond its noise, even though within ear-shot of its harmonised hum. He eats and drinks at the office on the day before publication; and a wife will sometimes say, a little sarcastically, though more compassionately, that he had better sleep there also. He does, if faith, sometimes, though there is no time for sleep; he catches himself napping when overtaken by night. But I am stepping ahead of my story. When the editor reaches the office, he finds awaiting him a pile of letters on all imaginable subjects; a heap of newspapers, from which the latest news has to be gleaned; and, generally, a file of memoranda for paragraphs which must be written. He very soon discovers that he has more matter than the paper will contain, although he has thrown aside "A Patriot," "A Sufferer," and "An Admirer," and other long-winded heroes, like so much rubbish. At the moment when he wants most space to make the newspaper complete, he finds that there is least to spare. Selections from other newspapers (old) are in type, and stopping the way of better matter (new). The counting-house, too, is pumping a stream of copy into the printing-office, quite independently of him—I mean advertisements, and these take precedence of news, because they pay best. Now commences the editor's "slaughter of the innocents." There will not be room for one article because it is so long; for another, because it is comparatively unimportant; and it is a "gone goose" with the third, because there will not be time to dish it up properly for the public. Other articles, again, are rejected because there is no time to consider them, or because they are badly written, and the printers have no time to lose in bungling over hieroglyphics. The overseer now sees that he will have too much matter; and although all the week he has been declaring that he has been kept short of copy, now goes on the opposite tack, to avoid upsetting, or, as he says, "oversetting." The editor is anxious to get in all the latest news, but the overseer furtively tries to get rid of it, because he has enough matter, although it is of the stalest, to fill the paper. The editor's work often progresses like the boy going to school on a frosty day—one step forward and two steps backward. He has no sooner prepared an article or a batch of news, when a long advertisement arrives, and that must go in, to the exclusion

of everything else; or a long communication is received, the insertion of which, for special reasons, cannot be refused—and thus his labour is rendered vain. As fast as he builds, the pressure from without overthrows; the flood of matter constantly pouring in overflows the space. Reports, which have cost both labour and money, are gutted; leading articles are emasculated or withdrawn altogether; some things are mutilated, that they may be squeezed in amongst others that cannot be omitted or touched; and, in a word, the day's work consists in lightening and restowing the ship again and again. On this day of all others, too, people *will* keep calling to see the editor: one to detail a cock-and-a-bull story, which he considers news; another to entice him, in his hurry, to shoot the "light, swift arrows of a calumniating tongue," to pledge his veracity for this statement, and to avouch for the propriety of that act, although he has no personal knowledge of the matter, and as if he can overstep reason with impunity because he is an editor. Then does he remember the words which he has read in one of his Sunday books: "There are some people so full of nothings, that, like the straight sea of Pontus, they perpetually empty themselves by the mouth, making every person they meet their Prepontis;" and verily may it be added, "no trace of what they say, or mean, or intend, remains in the mind, except that there has been an outpour." The day is slipping away, the space of the newspaper is fast filling up, and the effluxion of time threatens to settle the question of what shall appear. The art of newspaper management is shown best in limiting the materials to the amount of space, taking care that the best news, which is that which comes latest, is not excluded. But generally there is more than enough. People make a sad mistake in offering their effusions as "something to fill up with," and in compassionating an editor, as they sometimes do, on having nothing to put in his paper. The fact is, there is generally too much, but rarely too little. I believe myself, that if a newspaper were as large as the side of a house, it would not even then be large enough. Take an example: no sooner did the *Times* double its size, than it was forced to add a supplement, and now it is often forced to double that.

The day before publishing is, in short, a regular scramble. The editor is in a continual worry, having to do two men's work with one pair of hands. He is continually writing and re-writing, arranging and re-arranging, curtailing and re-curtailing. The overseer is vexed and irritated by the work, and growls at the compositors; while they become ill-tempered through fatigue and harsh language, and all the less inclined, by driving, to "pull up." Lights are flaring, doors are banging, the "devil" rushes up and down stairs perpetually; and at stated hours of the evening arrive processions of cups and cans, and saucer-covered basins (borne by boys, and girls, and women, but never by men), hugely to the annoyance of the overseer, who thinks that to eat and drink whilst he is in the throes, is downright skulking. The limbs and contents of the newspaper are strewn about the printing-office—here a column of *adverts*, there a galley of local *poes*; one man is in the midst of a parliamentary debate; another has "the cholera;" another has taken part of "a dreadful murder;" another is finishing "a railway accident;" and others have shared "the Bank of England" amongst them;—there is a

state of confusion which every hour seems to render worse confounded. But order gradually comes out of chaos as the night advances. The editor's work, if it has not been duly finished, is stopped abruptly by the arrival of the hour when it is useless to give out more copy; the overseer collects the news together into columns; the columns are arranged in proper sequence; and the "second form" is made up. With a loud hammering, which invades the repose of the neighbours, it is locked up, and lowered bodily on the bed of the printing-machine; and while the machine-man is "making ready," the overseer grins wearily a sickly smile at having once more saved the post.

The printing-machine is soon at work, growling and crushing; the form is shot backward and forward like mad; the great iron cylinder turns moodily round, taking in the white sheets of paper at top, and throwing them out printed at bottom. The editor casts his eye over the pages now printing to see that all is right—that the corrections have been made, that the columns are in their proper places; and as he does this, is perhaps struck by the fact, that there is very little shown on the face of the paper for all his thought, anxiety, and long hours. And then, amidst the noise of the machine, and the shouts of the workmen, he slips into the quiet street, perhaps casting his eyes up to the sky, consoling himself with the idea that they make no newspapers there, and skulks home, watched suspiciously by the police. With fingers, arms, legs, head, aching, now that he has time to feel, he throws himself on his bed, inwardly ejaculating "Blessed is the man that invented sleep!"

Such is the routine of a country newspaper editor's life. It would, however, be incorrect to suppose that the work flows in any given channel week by week. The compilation is not always done at stated times, but often by fits and starts; the leading articles are not always written on certain days, but often as slips and parings of time afford opportunities. Sometimes, too, important events occur on the morning or evening before publication, and comments must be written upon them, although other things are thrown aside. It is this power of writing at any time, almost on any subject, which constitutes an editor's excellence; and it is the necessity he is under of always being up to his work, will-he nill-he, sick or well, that tells upon his strength. There is, in truth, no certainty in the work of a country newspaper editor, except, indeed, in its always being sufficiently hard. He leaves home in the morning anticipating a light day, and finds at the office no end of work. Alp rises after Alp, as he proceeds; the horizon extends the farther he sails. It will happen, sometimes, that advertisements and a press of other matter pour in at such a rate as to render it useless to attempt a compilation of news, and thereby reducing the editor's work to the mere filling up of the crevices which are left. But these are rare occasions; and if they were frequent it would be necessary to cure the plethora by enlarging the newspaper, and restoring the balance between the dead matter and the news which creates the circulation. And thus the editor's life goes on, until the irregular hours, the constant exertion in and out of season, the mental excitement, and the ills of a sedentary occupation, tell upon the health, and wear out the enthusiasm, reducing the work to the dull round of the mill. At length a cold, or an extra effort at a time of exhaustion does the

rest ; and the editor some morning, generally early in his years, furnishes a paragraph in the obituary of his own paper.

I have selected for illustration a journal of moderate pretensions. The description does not apply to all the country newspapers ; but it does to the bulk of them. There are some few country newspapers which have a large staff—editor, sub-editor, writers, and two or three reporters—and these are amongst the able and prosperous. Every man is charged with a department, for which he alone is responsible, and he has plenty of time to do the work well ; while, if there should be a push, the extra labour is scarcely felt, being distributed amongst so many persons. There are, again, some other journals—happily for the sake of humanity their name is *not* legion—of which the editor, sub-editor, and reporter, like Cerberus, are “ three single gentlemen rolled into one,” or, rather, one single gentleman torn into three. I need scarcely say that the work of these newspapers is done with the scissors and not with the pen, and that the contents are pitchforked together hap-hazard, not compiled. There are other journals, again, which are edited in London—that is, the leading articles are written there, and the news is put together by the printer in the country. These may be easily detected by the want of accord between the articles and the locality. In this they resemble the government steam-ships, the engines of which are built in one place, and the hulls in another, and, in consequence, it generally happens, that either the hulls are too large for the engines, or the engines for the hulls. The greater number of country newspapers are, however, managed as I have described, and the “ craft” will, I am sure, admit that mine is an “ over-true tale.”

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A FOG.

WHAT I—Mrs. Dickson—living in the rural districts, and engrossed with domestic cares, should have to do with getting lost in a fog, is so entirely above even my own comprehension, that I am obliged to write down this my true history, if only to assure myself that my senses have not got mystified. There is Dickson, now—good, comfortable, honest man—with his easy slippers, cosy arm-chair, and pile of newspapers, he does not look like a man likely to suffer by fogs ; I should say he was an antidote to them in himself ; perhaps that was the reason that the suffering from them has been reserved exclusively for me. I am sure, considering it was November—and she is always such an aguish, influenza-ish sort of lady, that we can never be secure in her—I say, considering it was November, the day wore quite a bright promise. The sun rose through a veil of tears—as a poet would express it—and the earth broke into smiles beneath that glad reflexion. Dickson and I were seated at the breakfast-table ; the urn hissed, and the muffins were quite refreshing to look at ; but ah ! who can say what a post shall bring forth ? and, alas ! that our brightest days may be bounded by a

fog. I saw by Dickson's countenance that something was wrong directly those letters were opened, but who could have thought that they would have involved a visit to town? Ah! well, certainly London people have no conscience. Railroads and quiet country people are regarded by them as legitimate property, and they think no more of asking you to travel perhaps a hundred miles, and be with them in town at a specified hour, than I should think of hesitating in asking Mrs. Jones to drop in to tea.

It is a proud thing, though, when a wife can be a helpmeet for her husband; and so, in a spirit of conjugal devotion, I sacrificed myself to Dickson—I would go up to town for him. I—"an unprotected female"—would achieve that mighty undertaking of supplying myself with a railroad ticket, and prosecuting this solitary journey! The omnibus started from Higglestone at ten precisely, and as I took my place in it I discovered opposite an unwholesome-looking man, who smelt so strongly of warm bread-poultices, that I think he must have been swathed in them; whilst close to my side was seated a very jolly-looking woman, between forty and fifty, the owner of an umbrella carefully covered up in oil-skin, a pair of bright yellow gloves strained tightly over some very red-looking wrists, and a sort of white bonnet transparency, with alarming red roses placed next her cheeks. Neither she nor the unwholesome-looking gentleman uttered a word, though each of us were evidently intent in trying to find out who were our companions, and preserving at the same time our John Bullish ungraciousness.

It was nearly twelve when we reached the station, and our beautiful day had mizzled into rain. The train was not due in town till six o'clock; and, how it happened I know not, but most unintentionally on my part, I got myself seated in a railroad carriage with the same jolly-looking lady of the omnibus, and another man, with lank, dark hair and wrinkled physiognomy, who eat sandwiches out of a greasy brown paper, and drank from a bottle labelled "Soda water." He assured me this was a most comfortable and economical way of dining whilst travelling, but he never offered me any of his delicacies. I am glad to say he soon left us.

After this my companion opened out wonderfully. She seemed to have determined in her own mind that I might be considered harmless; and gave me little episodes out of her private history, which were, however, of so mild a description, that I was continually losing the thread of them, and finding, by the time she had concluded, that my thoughts had drifted right away in some contrary direction, and had to be brought back quickly to consult the physiognomy of her expression, when I generally succeeded in falling in right again, and as I was expected to do, with her sentiments. All this time the train went on through a sort of drizzly mist that settled down into intense darkness, with a wet-blanket feel upon your face if ever you were rash enough to open the carriage-windows for a moment, while the signal-lamps flashed drearily in across us as we passed them; and my companion began to shuffle uneasily with her feet, and to yawn audibly. At last I ventured to look at my watch. It was already past the hour when we were due in town; and instead, the train was moving on at a sort of slow, muffled, funeral pace, with nothing to be

heard but the monotony of the steam-engine's laboured workings—nothing seen but a long black line, on which we might be proceeding anywhere, and a black indistinctness of country beneath us, from which lights flashed forth ever and anon like sparks from a blacksmith's forge. I opened the window and called the guard, but no guard responded to my summons; whilst my fellow-companion assured me solemnly that we had got lost in the mist. I thought of Dickson, with his feet comfortably planted in his slippers, his lamp placed close to his nose, and the *Evening Times* before him; and I would have put up even with that disagreeable trick he has of picking at his whiskers, could I have found myself but once more comfortably near him. No such good fortune. Slowly and painfully the train dragged itself along—now a stoppage—now a murmur of voices in dispute—now the slow groaning and creaking of a luggage-train as it passed us. We were an hour behind time already. But there is an end to all things; and now we are stopped, jerked forward, stopped again suddenly, and with a jarring concussion and a light thrust in our faces they demand “our tickets.” Yes! this is the London station; but where are the cabs, the omnibuses, the porters? The very platform seems deserted.

My companion and I link arms together in a fellow-feeling for our mutual helplessness, and make our way to a hazy circle of light thrown out by a lamp-post. The figure of a man comes drifting up against us. We catch hold of his arm as he passes, and beg him to secure us a cab. There is not a cab on the stand—not a carriage of any description; the fog has driven them all away long ago. What are we to do? He is sure he cannot tell us; he would advise us to go to the nearest hotel for the night. But how are we to get there? Oh, he will try and secure us a guide, if we will not move from where we are, so as to get lost.

And away he goes, lost immediately in the dense thickness of the fog, which can be tasted as well as felt. There was a pause, in which I was aware that my companion grasped her oil-skin umbrella closer to her, and then a gruff voice at our ears made me start. It was the promised guide, but he had come upon us so suddenly out of the darkness that I felt as if I had been borne down upon unexpectedly, and discovered in the act of doing something I should not. He was as benevolent, though, as the fog would allow him, for it certainly made his voice hoarse and his movements unsteady; and assuring us there was a very good coffee-house about two streets distant, where we could be taken in for the night, he finally proffered both of us an arm, and off we started with him. It was so dark that I could not see my companion's face on the other side—scarcely my own hand as I held it up. A few yards from us was one black, impenetrable wall, whilst between we were suffocated with dark rolling vapours of wet fog, that got down our throats and sat heavily upon our chests, producing a sort of spasmodic cough. There were no carriages going in the street, but the road was blocked up with innumerable link-boys, who, holding their pitchy compounds aloft in the air, looked like imps of darkness moving about in their own marsh-lights. Some of these beset us with offers of guidance; others proposed to mark out the pavement for us (a thing very necessary, as in the thick obscurity we could not keep our mark, and were continually slipping off into the

mud-gutters). A carriage of some kind was drawn up in the street, but the driver refused to take any passenger anywhere under a guinea fare, and as he would neither ensure our safety from being lost or upset, and expressed his own private opinion that he should not reach our destination under daybreak, or till the fog was likely to clear, I thought it most prudent to decline his offer. My companion had said little all this time; but now I heard a groan of thankfulness coughed forth as our guide informed us "them lights were our hotel." We had gone like ships at sea until now, coughing, groaning, swaying wildly about, on and off the pavement and up against people; but now we took courage, and hastening our steps, rolled in with a great cloud of fog at the open door of the coffee-house. The chambermaid came up to us with a flaring light, seen like a farthing candle through the mist in the passage, and ushered us into a small parlour that smelt of must, stale bread, stale tobacco, and damp fog altogether. She endeavoured to light a lamp for us, which, however, went out instantly; but here my companion's managing qualities came into request, and whilst I sat down on a chair coughing, choking, and shivering, she scolded, bustled, set the bells ringing, and finally succeeded in getting us up a blazing fire, and a tray of eatables placed upon the table.

The fire dissipated the fog; the good warm tea and fowl, heated up for us, threw off again from our systems all the noxious vapours we had inhaled, and we became talkative. What I might have confided under the circumstances to my jolly companion I am not in the least aware. I have only got a confused remembrance in my mind of an account she gave me of going up the Pyramids, and something about a donkey that she rode. It seemed to me, then, that she rode the donkey up the Pyramids, but I think I could not have been quite clear of fog at the time; and I know she impressed upon me a grand idea of her own cleverness, managing powers, and a certain gentleman who had been broken-hearted because she would not accept him. What became of her ultimately I am not aware. We wished good-night and parted at our respective bedroom doors; and as I was unable to sleep, and had only with me Edgar Poe's "*Tales of Mystery and Imagination*," which I perused by the flickering candle to the hoarse voice of an unearthly church-clock that struck all the quarters outside my window, and showed me weird ghost-like figures peeping in through the fog, I did not get much rest. I fell asleep, however, with my head under the bedclothes at last, having put the climax to my horrors by perusing Poe's "*House of Esher*;" and when I woke up again the early sun was shining cheerily, and this veritable history of a fog had passed away like a mist of the morning.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

"**LORD CARLISLE** is a great friend to America. He is the only English traveller who ever wrote notes on our country in a real spirit of appreciation. While the Halls and the Trollopes and all the rest could see nothing but our breaking eggs on the wrong end, or such matters, he discerned and interpreted those points wherein lies the real strength of our growing country. His notes on America were not very extended, being only sketches delivered as a Lyceum lecture some years after his return. It was the spirit and quality rather than the quantity of the thing that was noticeable." Thus wrote from Rose Cottage, Walworth, on the 2nd of May, 1853, to her dear —, the authoress of one of the latest books of English travels, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Four months later than the date of the letter from which we have quoted, another "great friend to America," Mr. William Chambers, in the performance of a long cherished wish, crossed the Atlantic with the same premeditated design of "writing notes" as that which influenced and ruled the conduct of his noble, learned, and candid predecessor. Hence is to be sought the reason, that Chambers and Carlisle are names which do not appear coupled in comprehensive brackets, as the patronymics of those who, in the estimation of the authoress of "*Sunny Memories*," were content to "write notes" upon her country, to use the lady's words, "in a real spirit of appreciation," or, to venture to interpret the lady's meaning, in a spirit of real appreciation. The meed of praise which we presume to imagine that Mrs. Stowe would feel disposed to award to Mr. Chambers, is not the only sentiment contained in the periods we have borrowed, which she would probably not deny to be applicable to the labours of that gentleman. We opine that Mr. Chambers would, equally with Lord Carlisle, be adjudged capable of discerning and of indicating "those points wherein lies the strength" of that "growing country," the United States. We are convinced that his notes on America would be pronounced to be "not very extended;" that his record of things, of places, and of people, would be decided to be "only sketches;" that his descriptions of men and of manners—though just—would be considered but mere outlines of manners and of men, as they appeared during a short and rapid tour to a wandering *Howadji*. And we could well-nigh take upon us to affirm that the authoress of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" would declare, that not the "quantity of the article was noticeable," but that the "spirit and the quality" was chiefly remarkable in "Things as they are in America," by the editor of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

The opinions which we have thus adumbrated as the not impossible sentiments of Mrs. Stowe, are, in truth, those to which we propose to adhere in estimating the value of the work from which we intend to glean. The title is bold and uncompromising, and with the prefix of the adjective *some*, would leave little to be desired. Some of the things, but by no means all, or a large portion, of the things as they are in America, are treated by Mr. Chambers, and are treated ably. But an absence of at the most not more than four months from England, a residence of not

quite three months in the States, a volume of not more than three hundred and seventy pages, and a fault not very unusual—of book-making, scarcely warrants the assumption on the title-page of a record *in extenso* of "Things as they are in America." From his antecedents and his position, we anticipated, in the perusal of his work, to find the author positively embarrassed with a superabundance of notes upon social, political, and moral questions which agitate our transatlantic brethren. We expected to be treated, mayhap occasionally, when the author was encumbered with materials, to be satiated *ad nauseam* with the discussion of points connected with trade, with navigation, with commerce, with science. We had even considered it not improbable that we should here and there discover, dropped from his profusion, lucubrations upon the present state and the future prospects of religion, sectarian or otherwise, which obtained in America. We must, however, first confess our own want of penetration, and then we must do justice to the author, to assert that, if he at one time was conscious of prodigality of raw material, he has succeeded, with an amount of success which does him credit, to conceal every the least trace of such misfortune; and that he has pursued a course which few authors are wont to follow, technically termed *weeding*, to such an extent, that an uninitiated reader would imagine that the writer, in his anxiety to present a neat appearance, had rooted from his garden not only all the weeds, but also many of the herbs. Without doubt we are favoured with a general account of American religion, we are introduced to the interior of an American prison, we are lectured upon American education, we are taught the peculiar laws of real property in some parts of American territory, and we are at once amused and instructed with statistical or descriptive accounts of American "railways, telegraphs, and other things." Yet is the feeling one of disappointment at reaching the close of the volume to discover that our time and attention has been mainly occupied with incidents, engaging enough in themselves, of travel; with descriptions of hotels and shops, and cities and scenery; with scraps of history; with hints to emigrants, advice to Yankees, cautions to all. Of course—for otherwise its "adapted" title would not stand at the head of the present paper—of course some wheat is mingled with the chaff, and this (or some of it) it is our duty to discover, to sift, and to place upon record for the benefit of our readers. But we cannot forbear to mention our regret, that one who has proved himself capable to instruct the world upon so many matters of practical utility, has failed to notice many "things as they are in America" which we should be glad to learn, and has succeeded in describing many things which we are altogether indifferent to know.

The style in which Mr. Chambers undertakes to convey to English readers his impressions upon things as they are in America, is one which requires some little notice. As a self-taught genius—and the latter appellation is certainly due to the author—it would be no less ungenerous than unjust to try him undefended at the bar of criticism; and as such we can find but little of which to complain. But when an author, an instructor in certain directions of a large portion of the people, leaves the path originally traced for himself, and strikes out a fresh route, and proposes to make his readers accompany him, we are entitled to look with greater minuteness into both the subject selected, and the manner

in which it is treated, than we should be disposed to view under other circumstances. That the style of Mr. Chambers's book is not of that description which carries the reader unwearied from the commencement to the close of the volume; and that adventures are described, and "things" are seen, in a quiet, humdrum manner, which fails to impart to, or to acquire from, the subject life or interest, is possibly caused by the reader's want of imagination or want of taste. But that a writer assumes peculiarities, affects mannerisms, employs archaisms, and copies Americanisms, is, we opine, a fault for which the reader is scarcely responsible. And to this charge we conceive Mr. Chambers to be liable. For example, to justify our opinion, and to take but a few instances where many may be quoted, Mr. Chambers indulges in the use of the unusual, not to say of the obsolete, words *lumbering*, *maundering*, *auctioning*. Equally with Mrs. Stowe, he invariably misapplies and misunderstands the particle *quite*; and although he assures us that the "talk of the Yankees" is as pure as that of a well-bred Anglican, yet the author's short residence in America, and his indisputable facility of imitation, directly belies his statement. We learn that in some quarters the custom of "taking tea to dinner" obtains. We read that during his peregrinations, on one occasion, "fine scenery *was disclosed*." A loquacious fellow-traveller is described as being of a "*prattling turn of mind*." "Instruction *of the best quality*" may be obtained at certain institutions. In New York the streets are *environed* with shops. In the spring, the inhabitants are oftentimes chilled with "*sudden snaps* of cold weather." A "*cram*" in a Boston omnibus is not described in terms of satisfaction. "*Breaking of bulk*" is a common practice upon American lines of railway—*vulgicè*, changing of gauge. To these peccadilloes may be added many expressions and terms drawn from what we are wont to consider American sources. To wit: The *old country* serves Mr. Chambers for his native land; public-houses go by the name of *grogeries*; we read of *news-lanes* and of *smart* houses; sitting-rooms are called *parlours*, and gentlemen's prolongations are called *pants*; and the employment of the odious word *party* annoys the fastidious reader. In the "language of the line" the author is hardly more successful; stations he terms *dépôts* or *station-houses*, substantives usually applied to mercantile magazines and police-courts; carriages he dubs *cars*; lines, *tracks*; guards, *conductors*. Nor are his nautical expressions less open to exception, since *storeys* and *floors*, by figures of speech, are used for decks. Shops, of course, are cylepted *stores*; and, to cut short a long list, coaches are called *stages*, and to indicate locomotion therein, Mr. Chambers employs the verb to *ride*.

"Things as they are in America" appear to be very much changed from things as they were in America in the times of earlier and less enlightened travellers in the New World. Purity of diction and absence of *patois* Mr. Chambers, as we have seen, has established to be one of the points on which improvement has taken place. To particularise the other matters with equal diffuseness, time and space would fail; we must therefore be content to mention, with becoming brevity, some other instances in which a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream. To take the nastiest case first, and to have done with it, we read that although amidst mirrors, marble tables, velvet-covered sofas (we quote from the volume), brown earthenware spittoons are profusely scattered in

hotels and in steamers, yet it cannot be said that they—the earthenwares—are now-a-days in much request; and that although tourists were formerly wont to be annoyed and to complain of tobacco and of its accidentals, yet our author is seldom annoyed, and but once (we believe) complains of the old-fashioned and antiquated custom of —. The scramble, haste, and hurry, to say nothing of breaches of etiquette at the American *tables d'hôte*, with which we are all familiar, Mr. Chambers ever tried to perceive, but ever tried in vain; indeed, the dinners which the author describes are models of propriety, regularity, and order, carried to such an extent, and conducted with such matter-of-fact exactness, as absolutely to consume fully one twenty-fourth part of a day's existence. Drinking, riot, and disorder likewise at the bars of the hotels, are, or were, relics of a bygone age. To suppose that the polite American ever manoeuvres in railway "cars" for the seat farthest removed from the centre of heat—the stove—is to do the polished nation a gross injustice. With "helps," domestic *fracas* are now but seldom known—the Irish, sayeth Scotch Mr. Chambers, having become hewers of wood and drawers of water to the enlightened nation. In opposition to much we have lately heard—and here, indeed, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" might enter a protest—on the subject of slave sales, the auctions of human creatures, Mr. Chambers avers, upon autoptical evidence, are attended with "entire absence of emotion in men, women, or children." Whilst to mention a concluding example of what we affirm, it chanced that "one of the few survivors of that antiquated class of characters supposed to be peculiar to America," of the *genus* "loquacious traveller of an inquisitive and prattling turn of mind," it was the author's good fortune to encounter between Ohio and Cincinnati. The cause of the extinction of the species may be discovered in Mr. Chambers's words:—"In the present day," he says, "the people of the United States have too much to do to mind anybody or anything; and so far from troubling you with questions, they are absolutely indifferent as to who or what you are, and let you go on your way in peace."

With a hearty congratulation to the Americans on their improvement in social ethics, and to Mr. Chambers for his discovery thereof, let us turn from things as they were, to such as they exist at the present day in America. In the subjects we have selected for extract and for particular notice from the journal of our author, we have been rather guided by the desire of instructing than of amusing the reader—hence we have chosen social matters connected with prisons, slaves, and schools. We have likewise been anxious to afford the largest amount of enjoyment to the reader—hence we abandon criticism, and allow the author to tell in his own words as much of the story as our space permits. In pursuance, then, of this plan, we extract, in the first place, "a few facts respecting the system of education" employed in the parent state of Massachusetts:

In the first place, the education is conducted at the public expense, and therefore no fees are paid by pupils. The doctrine on this point is—that "the public highway is not more open and free for every man in the community, than is the public school-house for every child; and each parent feels that a free education is as secure a part of the birthright of his offspring, as Heaven's bounties of light and air. The state not only commands that the means of education should be provided for all, but she denounces penalties against all individuals, and all

towns and cities, however populous or powerful they may be, that shall presume to stand between her bounty and its recipients. In her righteous code, the interception of knowledge is a crime; and if parents are unable to supply their children with books, she becomes a parent, and supplies them."

The next remarkable feature of the common-school system of Massachusetts is, that it is under the administration of a general board of education, with local boards elected by all who pay school-rates. No corporations, lay or ecclesiastic, have anything to say in the matter. Schools are erected in districts, or divisions of towns, according to the wants of the population, as ascertained by a periodical census. The laws regulating the number of schools are exceedingly minute in their provisions. In 1850, the population of Massachusetts was 994,499, or close upon a million. Two years later—that is, in 1852—there were in the state 202,880 children between five and fifteen years of age, for whose education the sum of 921,532 dollars was raised by public means, being very nearly a dollar for every inhabitant. Of the above number of children, the mean average attendance at the common schools was 144,477. It appears, however, that 20,812 attended private schools and academies; so that the entire number of children habitually at school was 165,289, or about 1 in 6 of the population. In none of the reports coming under my notice is any explanation given of the cause why the attendance falls so far short of the actual number of children. On inquiring into the circumstance, it was said that many parents were satisfied with sending their children three months in the year to school; the extreme temperature in winter and summer was also said to cause irregularity of attendance; and a heavy complaint was made against foreigners, more particularly Irish, for not taking care to send their children regularly to the free-schools. In Massachusetts there are laws against truancy; parents who neglect to enforce the attendance of their children at the free-schools, or any private school of their own choosing, being liable in penalties; but I fear these laws are loosely executed.

In the appointment of teachers, no religious test is imposed; it being sufficient that they are of a sound moral character, and competent for their duties. I believe that much difficulty is experienced in finding teachers who will attach themselves permanently to their situations; and the constant shifting tends to interrupt and injure the routine of instruction.

The state, in enjoining universal education, does not consider itself entitled to prescribe instruction in any specific religious doctrines—these being left to be taught by parents, by religious pastors, or by other private agencies. The teacher, however, is recommended to begin the duties of the day by reading a portion of the Scriptures, or by repeating the Lord's Prayer. The absence of direct religious instruction is represented by a recent English traveller as a defect in the New England system, which is leading to universal demoralisation. I feel assured that this, like some other faults with which the Americans are charged, is a gross misrepresentation, founded on the views of interested parties—for even in New England, certain denominations are chagrined at not being allowed to monopolise the duty of imparting, at the expense of the state, their own peculiar tenets. Much, I was told, is done to extend religious instruction on a footing of kindly interest, by means of Sabbath-evening classes; and so far as I may judge, from what fell under my notice at Boston, an extraordinary degree of attention is given to this kind of instruction by young persons of both sexes, connected with different congregations. I may add, that if the people are not animated by moral and religious convictions, they greatly belie outward appearances; for it is certain that no such scenes of loathsome vice or intemperance are seen in Boston as may be witnessed in the streets of Edinburgh or Glasgow.

I can positively affirm, from personal observation, that, in point of general discipline, the American schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great Britain. In Canada and in the States, every suitable provision is made for the purposes of decency—a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh school-

system of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangements in the American schools to prevent disorder, or improper interference one with another among the pupils. All are seated at small desks, not more than two together, in rows; so that the teacher can conveniently reach every seat in the school. It is customary, likewise, to cause all the pupils to enter and depart slowly and decorously, instead of being suffered, as I observe, even in some of the more pretentious schools of Edinburgh, to rush rudely out like so many wild animals. In Massachusetts, and generally in the States, the plan of imparting a free education according to abilities, is pursued through several grades—primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, such as have been noticed in New York; and I would, from the bare knowledge of this fact, ask any one to compare so wide a range of instruction at the public cost, with the meagre and antiquated routine of elementary education legally maintained in Scotland, and which some persons complacently represent as the perfection of human wisdom. Boston, with a population of about 150,000, appropriates 330,000 dollars for the support of public schools, being more than a fourth of the whole city taxes; and as the number of pupils is nearly 23,000, the yearly cost of educating each child is therefore about fifteen dollars. In what city in Great Britain could we find the inhabitants voluntarily taxing themselves to give every child an education at 3*l.* a head? Besides her elementary and advanced schools, her normal schools, and her university, Massachusetts supports a State Reform School at Westborough. It is on the principle of an industrial institution—work of various kinds, including field-labour, being given to the inmates. To this school, young persons from seven to eighteen or nineteen years of age are sent by courts of justice, for petty offences. Of 724 committed since the opening of the school, 115 were born in foreign countries, mostly in Ireland.

Looking at Massachusetts as a small and comparatively sterile state, of only a million of inhabitants, it is matter of astonishment that she does so much for social amelioration. "For public, free education alone," says Horace Mann, in the paper already quoted, "Massachusetts expends annually more than a million of dollars. To support religious institutions for the worship of God and the salvation of men, she annually expends more than another million; and what she gives away, in the various forms of charity, far exceeds a third sum of equal magnitude. For the support of the poor, nine-tenths of whose cost originate with foreigners, or come from one prolific vice, whose last convulsive energies she is now straggling to subdue, she annually pays more than 300,000 dollars; for the support and improvement of public highways, she pays a much larger sum; and within the last dozen or fourteen years, she has invested a capital in railways, within and without the state, of nearly or quite sixty millions of dollars." Whence comes all this wealth? asks this fervid writer; and the answer is ready: "One copious, exhaustless fountain supplies all this abundance. It is Education—the intellectual, moral, and religious education of the people." I am glad to be able to present this as the opinion of one who may be presumed to be better acquainted with the kind of instruction which is generally imparted, than any stranger who makes a casual visit to Massachusetts.

The next subject to which we beg to draw attention is embodied in a scene at Richmond, in Virginia, acted at the office of a slave auctioneer in one of the streets of that slave-cursed town. Of the tone in which the account is written we are not altogether prepared to approve, yet the evident candour which is impressed upon it bears truth upon its face, which forms a striking contrast to the overdrawn pictures elsewhere to be viewed. For this cause only we allude to this degrading topic. Richmond—which the author visited for the purpose of investigating the working of the slave trade—

Richmond is known as the principal market for the supply of slaves for the south—a circumstance understood to originate in the fact that Virginia, as a matter of husbandry, breeds negro labourers for the express purpose of sale,

Having heard that such was the case, I was interested in knowing by what means and at what prices slaves are offered to purchasers. Without introductions of any kind, I was thrown on my own resources in acquiring this information. Fortunately, however, there was no impediment to encounter in the research. The exposure of ordinary goods in a store is not more open to the public than are the sale of slaves in Richmond. By consulting the local newspapers, I learned that the sales take place by auction every morning in the offices of certain brokers, who, as I understood by the terms of their advertisements, purchased or received slaves for sale on commission.

Where the street was in which the brokers conducted their business, I did not know; but the discovery was easily made. Rambling down the main street in the city, I found that the subject of my search was a narrow and short thoroughfare, turning off to the left, and terminating in a similar cross thoroughfare. Both streets, lined with brick houses, were dull and silent. There was not a person to whom I could put a question. Looking about, I observed the office of a commission agent, and into it I stepped. Conceive the idea of a large shop with two windows, and a door between; no shelving or counters inside; the interior a spacious, dismal apartment, not well swept; the only furniture a desk at one of the windows, and a bench at one side of the shop, three feet high, with two steps to it from the floor. I say, conceive the idea of this dismal-looking place, with nobody in it but three negro children, who, as I entered, were playing at auctioning each other. An intensely black little negro, of four or five years of age, was standing on the bench, or block, as it is called, with an equally black girl, about a year younger, by his side, whom he was pretending to sell by bids to another black child, who was rolling about the floor.

My appearance did not interrupt the merriment. The little auctioneer continued his mimic play, and appeared to enjoy the joke of selling the girl, who stood demurely by his side.

"Fifty dolla for de gal—fifty dolla—fifty dolla—I sell dis here fine gal for fifty dolla," was uttered with extraordinary volubility by the woolly-headed urchin, accompanied with appropriate gestures, in imitation, doubtless, of the scenes he had seen enacted daily on the spot. I spoke a few words to the little creatures, but was scarcely understood; and the fun went on as if I had not been present: so I left them, happy in rehearsing what was likely soon to be their own fate.

At another office Mr. Chambers ingratiates himself with a "gentleman," the auctioneer, who, upon an expressed desire, "with much politeness stepped to his desk and began to draw up a note of prices" of human flesh and blood, "at the same time making the observation the market was dull at present, and that there never could be a more favourable time for buying." The following is "a copy of the slave-dealer's price-current:—"

Best Men, 18 to 25 years old.....	1200 to 1300 dollars
Fair do. do. do.	950 to 1050 "
Boys, 5 feet	850 to 950 "
Do. 4 feet 8 inches	700 to 800 "
Do. 4 feet 5 inches	500 to 600 "
Do. 4 feet	375 to 450 "
Young Women.....	800 to 1000 "
Girls, 5 feet.....	750 to 850 "
Do. 4 feet 9 inches	700 to 750 "
Do. 4 feet	350 to 452 "

(Signed)

Richmond, Virginia.

The sale at this "gentleman's" office being delayed in consequence of a want of bidders, our author wanders down the street, in search of other

and more fashionable resorts. He stops where a crowd has collected, but on entering he finds that "the lots for sale had not made their appearance." In about five minutes, however,

They were ushered in, one after the other, under the charge of a mulatto, who seemed to act as principal assistant. I saw no whips, chains, or any other engine of force. Nor did such appear to be required. All the lots took their seats on two long forms near the stove; none showed any sign of resistance; nor did any one utter a word. Their manner was that of perfect humility and resignation.

As soon as all were seated, there was a general examination of their respective merits, by feeling their arms, looking into their mouths, and investigating the quality of their hands and fingers—this last being evidently an important particular. Yet there was no abrupt rudeness in making these examinations—no coarse or domineering language was employed. The three negro men were dressed in the usual manner—in grey woollen clothing. The woman, with three children, excited my peculiar attention. She was neatly attired, with a coloured handkerchief bound round her head, and wore a white apron over her gown. Her children were all girls, one of them a baby at the breast, three months old, and the others two and three years of age respectively, rigged out with clean white pinafores. There was not a tear or an emotion visible in the whole party. Everything seemed to be considered as a matter of course; and the change of owners was possibly looked forward to with as much indifference as ordinary hired servants anticipate a removal from one employer to another.

After making the observation to which we have above referred on slave sales, Mr. Chambers proceeds to state that his belief is

That none of the parties felt deeply on the subject, or at least that any distress they experienced was but momentary—soon passed away, and was forgotten. One of my reasons for this opinion rests on a trifling incident which occurred. While waiting for the commencement of the sale, one of the gentlemen present amused himself with a pointer-dog, which, at command, stood on its hind legs, and took pieces of bread from his pocket. These tricks greatly entertained the row of negroes, old and young; and the poor woman, whose heart three minutes before was almost broken, now laughed as heartily as any one.

"Sale is going to commence—this way, gentlemen," cried a man at the door to a number of loungers outside; and all having assembled, the mulatto assistant led the woman and her children to the block, which he helped her to mount. There she stood with her infant at the breast, and one of her girls at each side. The auctioneer, a handsome, gentlemanly personage, took his place, with one foot on an old deal chair with a broken back, and the other raised on the somewhat more elevated block. It was a striking scene.

"Well, gentlemen," began the salesman, "here is a capital woman and her three children, all in good health—what do you say for them. Give me an offer. (Nobody speaks.) I put up the whole lot at 850 dollars—550 dollars—550 dollars (speaking very fast)—850 dollars. Will no one advance upon that? A very extraordinary bargain, gentlemen. A fine healthy baby. Hold it up. (Mulatto goes up the first step of the block; takes the baby from the woman's breast, and holds it aloft with one hand, so as to show it was a veritable sucking-baby.) That will do. A woman, still young, and three children, all for 850 dollars. An advance, if you please, gentlemen. (A voice bids 860.) Thank you—860; any one bids more? (A second voice says, 870; and so on the bidding goes as far as 890 dollars, when it stops.) That won't do, gentlemen. I will take such a low price. (After a pause, addressing the mulatto:) She is down." Down from the block the woman and her children were then conducted by the assistant, and, as if nothing had occurred, they calmly resumed their seats by the stove.

The last subject for extract, in which again America is famous amongst civilised nations, consists of one upon prison arrangement and prison management. Here is an account of the "celebrated Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which, originating in the efforts of a few humane individuals interested in the subject of penal discipline, has formed the model for the system of prisons now authorised in Great Britain."

The plan adopted is that of the separate system, as it is called, but with considerable modifications. About eleven acres of ground are surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, with battlemented turrets; and in the middle of the enclosure is the prison, designed on the principle of corridors radiating from a central point. The cells open from, and are ranged along, the corridors, in the usual manner, each containing a convict, who, from entry to dismissal, lives and works in his cell, and is allowed no communication with other prisoners. In England, it is customary to permit the prisoners to have out-door exercise at certain hours in court-yards. Here, a more humane and reasonable practice is followed. Each cell is provided with a small court-yard, into which the unhappy inmate may, during the day, step at pleasure. The door into this little airing-ground is at the end of the cell opposite the door, and according to taste, is laid out partly as a *parterre* of flowers, in the cultivation of which the prisoner may relieve the wretchedness of his confinement. In several instances, on entering the cells, I found the inmates in their court-yards reading in the sunshine, which stole over the top of the high bounding-walls; and I thought, that this open communing with nature must have in it something soothing and improving to the feelings. Hand-weaving at small looms, and shoemaking, seemed the principal crafts pursued by the prisoners. In one of the cells, occupied by a shoemaker, there was a pair of pigeons, which sat meekly on the edge of a pail by the man's side; and on questioning him respecting these animals, he said he prized them as companions. "They do me good," he said, "when I look at them: their cooing cheers me when I am alone." I was glad that the prison authorities allowed the unfortunate man this simple pleasure. But it seems to be one of the aims of the directors of the institution, to neglect no means of operating on the moral sentiments of the prisoners. Though styled the separate system, the discipline admits of the freest intercourse with respectable visitors. The best people in Philadelphia call upon, and hold converse with the convicts, who doubtless receive no small benefit through such agencies.

The last cell I visited was double the size of the others, and occupied by a man who was busily engaged at a bench, making chairs with carpentry tools. On our entry, he did not look up, but continued at his employment. He was a stout-made young man, probably not more than thirty years of age, with a good-humoured expression of countenance, and was dressed in a linen blouse, confined round the waist. A more unlikely person for a criminal could hardly be imagined. After a few introductory observations, I inquired the nature of the offence for which he was committed. His answer was the single and startling word—"Murder!"

"Whom did you kill?" I asked. His reply was affecting.

"I killed my wife; but it was in self-defence. She was a bad woman; she had been drinking with some men in my own house, and when I returned home after a short absence, she ran at me with an axe. I saved myself by holding out my razor, which happened to be in my pocket at the time; it unfortunately struck upon her neck, and she bled to death. I was tried, and condemned to twelve years' imprisonment." Such was the man's story; and if true in all particulars, it seems to infer scant justice in the tribunals. On looking about, I observed a child's chest of drawers, which the prisoner said he had made for his daughter, who came at times to see him, and whose visits afforded him the only gleam of happiness in his lot. I could not but feel deeply interested in this individual; and I ventured to throw out the hope, that by good conduct he might by-and-by obtain a remission of his sentence.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

SINCE the commencement of the war much has been written, good, bad, and indifferent, about our enemies, and if any reading Englishman can still be found ignorant of their external characteristics, the fault does not assuredly rest with our indefatigable *littérateurs*. Reminiscences have been looked up, and note-books sedulously examined, to see whether something relative to the Russians might be selected, to be converted into shekels with our much-suffering publishers, and though the result has not been exactly the most satisfactory, still the good will of the authors to impart their mite cannot be gainsaid.

For a while the epidemic appeared to break out in the shape of the narrative of so many years' residence in Russia, and we have now on our library table "Nine Years in Russia," by Mr. Harrison, published by Mr. Newby; and "Thirty-three Years' Recollections of Russia," by a German Nobleman, translated by our old contributor, Mr. Wrazall, and forming the new volume of Constable's Foreign Miscellany. From these two sources we propose to cull such matter as appears to us to throw light upon a subject so fearfully interesting to ourselves as the vitality and powers of endurance of the Russian Empire. Of course, the commoner must yield precedence to the nobleman.

From internal evidence it would seem that the German was ambassador of one of the smaller German powers at Petersburg, although he maintains a truly diplomatic mystery as to his individuality. In this he is, perhaps, not to blame, for the Russian government has notoriously a fearfully long arm, and he might be carried off to atone for his outrageous sin of speaking the truth, and left to meditate on the consequences of his crimes in the oubliettes of Schlüsselburg. Nor is this danger quite imaginary—instances have occurred, and that not a hundred years back, when the Russians laid down the law in Berlin. The editor of *Spener's News* wrote an article against the Russian General Tottleben, in which he openly expressed his feelings. The Russian commander made his appearance in the Prussian capital with his military machines. Russian justice sentenced the editor, in the year 1760, to run the gauntlet. He saved his back from laceration by humiliating himself, and crawling in the dust to beg for mercy from the Russians.

The opening incident of the book gives the key-note to his way of regarding the Russian character, and an extract will serve better than pages of description to show what the feelings of an enlightened German must have been at such a sight :

Not far from the doorway of the customs inspector's house two young Russian officers were standing, who had evidently some amusing subject to discuss, for they laughed immoderately. Close by their side two soldiers were tanning something motionless, with the regularity and speed of the ticking of a watch. I supposed that the object was a post, over which a grey goat-skin had been hung, and that the two workmen were trying to render it more supple. I could not tell, of course, how long they had been at their labours; but in some ten minutes the soldiers stopped, the post moved, and crawled to the foot of one of the laughers, who repulsed it with kicks. It was, I now learned, an officer's servant, who had committed the heinous crime of forgetting to carry

his master's long tobacco-pipe to a neighbouring house, and so the gentleman had been compelled to fetch it himself. The fancied goat-skin was the shirt of the servant, which had at last become dyed of a blood-red hue. . . . The bleeding wretch crept up to express his thanks, and was greeted with kicks. What a docile animal is man!

The first city the author visited in Russia was Petersburg, and the description he gives of it varies extremely from that with which Dr. Granville favoured the world a few years back. The prominent characteristic of the Russian nation is vanity, and this is evident in the city itself. The boundaries have been thrust out far beyond the limits of the population, and the consequence is that you may walk for hours within the city, and not see even a house. The public squares are of an immense size, which facilitates the commission of murders, and enables the police to arrest any one who tries to prevent any such horrible deeds. A notable instance of this is quoted by our author, but we have not space to extract it.

The character of the Russian nation in this truly remarkable book is brought out in the most striking relief, but unfortunately the pictures have all a true Rembrandt hue, and the light is concentrated on a marvellously small point. The Russian, however, appears in his best character, when pure from the taint of European civilisation, as understood by the Russian government. It might be very possible to find men possessing what we should look upon as sentiments pertaining to man in the abstract, but such must not be sought anywhere beyond the lowest strata of society. The Russian Mujik is really an estimable character among the *vassiers* of every grade, whom the Russian system so sedulously fosters. He has a very Asiatic tinge about him—a considerable amount of ferocity with the concomitant cowardice; he is given to intoxication, but that only as a relief, and that he may forget for the while he is the property of another; he is religious, if his feelings are not preyed upon by the popes; hospitable, in as far as his master's covetousness will allow him to display such a laudable propensity. Altogether, he is well adapted to be converted into a defender of his fatherland; and the following is the process by which he attains his training, which the government fondly hopes will make him more than a match for free men:

When the appointed number in the government is filled up, the new defenders of the fatherland are sent to the regiments, the tallest among them to the guard. Now begins the training. A soldier first receives the recruit, to give him elementary instruction in military bearing and carriage. For every lesson the pupil must pay at least a glass of vodka, or else he receives tremendous digs in the ribs. A non-commissioned officer then undertakes the humanities. The scholar must learn to balance himself, to stand on one foot and stretch out the other, till it forms a right angle with the thigh. In this position he stands as long as the teacher thinks proper, and hand and foot form the graphometer, if the angle is contracted a few degrees. By the time the first classes with the pedal exercises are over, the face of the recruit begins to assume the pale barrack hue, his cheeks have grown thinner, and he is ready to study in the barrack court the thundering volleys of "Hurrah!" The invincible only awaits a foe. Such is the soldier's school in the Baltic provinces, Poland, and the whole of Russia.

Our author appears to have a special aversion to the Tchinovniks, or

class of titular nobility, who occupy the posts of government officials and clerks, and his statements serve to show that his animosity is well founded. These men are the true curse of Russia, and by their collective strength render any amelioration in the system utterly impossible. Even Nicholas, with his iron will and inflexibility, found these gentlemen more than a match for him, and after years of struggling was obliged to give up in despair every hope of improving the Russian government. Bribery is with them the rule, and not the exception; and any one who has a cause to win must first sow his money broadcast ere he has a hope of succeeding, and then, probably, find in the end that his opponent has gained the cause, because he has bribed higher. We have selected the following anecdotes, which we have strung together, to show what our author's opinion of the *Tchinovniks* is:

A German bought a house on the Petersburg side. Before he could guard against it, Russian trickery had got him firmly in its clutches. He had bought the house described as No. so-and-so. It was now discovered that the house was inscribed under two numbers, and consequently the government official wished to deprive him of half of it. A lawsuit was inevitable. At this moment an offer was made to destroy the old document for five hundred rubles, and interpolate a new one in the purchaser's favour. This was a good deal to give for nothing at all.

A collegiate councillor lived *en grand seigneur*, and in the summer received his guests in an elegantly furnished, hired country-house. In 1845 his villany was exposed. For instance, he had swindled eight instrument-makers of their pianofortes, and sold them. When one of them threatened to give him in charge, he calmly replied, "If you dare to hand in a complaint, I will give up my situation and take office in the police, and then you will get nothing at all."

One Vassili-Ostroff a merchant was robbed of a large chest of plate. He announced the robbery. In a few days he was summoned to the police-office. "Have you any portion left of your silver? Could you send us any patterns? Thieves have been detected, and a good deal of silver has been found at their houses; by comparing it with specimens of yours, we could easily find out your property." The merchant immediately sent specimens of the spoons, &c., to the police—and never saw one of them again!

From the officials to the police is but a step, and we find similar instances of venality, tyranny, and extortion in that interesting class. But to add to the annoyance entailed on the Russians by the public police, there is a section called generally the "third section of the Imperial Chancery," which may be safely translated "spies." These iniquitous scoundrels are to be found everywhere, from the palace to the hovel; no one is safe from their denunciations, and fathers of families are frequently seized and immured in the casemates without it being known what has become of them. The German Nobleman, by his acquaintance with one of the lieutenants of police, was enabled to detect the true man from the false; but even he, already well broken in to the Russian system, was utterly horrified at the persons he found performing the honourable *métier* of spies. No rank appears to feel a shame in supplying specimens—nobility and ignobility vie with each other in making money in this disgraceful way, and the methods they employ to gain their ends are extraordinary.

A man belonging to an old noble family informed his friends of his disagreeable conviction that the secret police had an agent in his house, and yet it was im-

possible for him to detect the fellow. Long, long was it ere accident led to the discovery. A Russian merchant had a free servant. He was fortuitously found to be a spy. He had orders to report who visited, and what was said at the nobleman's house. For this purpose he paid court to a girl, made her numerous presents, and promised to marry her. This girl was on friendly terms with a serf girl in this house. The maid-servant, in her innocent gossipry, repeated all the secrets and conversations she overheard to her confidante on Sunday at church, as they had no other opportunity of meeting.

These spies, too, appear to exercise a surveillance within the palace of the Czar himself, resembling that which Fouché instituted over Napoleon. A dangerous, i. e. a revolutionary, book had been smuggled into Russia. The Emperor heard of it, and immediately ordered the book to be seized, and the owner sent to the fortress. Within a few days the officer announced that the work in question would be found on the writing-table of the Empress, behind the first row of books—and there it was.

But these spies have one advantage over the other branch of the police : they are satisfied with denouncing their victims, but do not add personal suffering. The conduct of the police will be best understood from the following extract :

An elderly Russian was brought to the police-station one evening by a policeman, on suspicion of being about to steal, but without any further proof of this conjecture, than that he had been found asleep in the ground-room of an empty and dilapidated house. On his denial of the charge, the policeman seized him by his grey locks, dragged him back and forwards, and, as his fury increased, struck his head against the wall and the back of a chair in turn. The blood streamed down the old man's face. The policeman threw him on the ground, stamped with all his strength upon his chest, stomach, and sides ; then seized him again by the hair, and dragged him round the room. "Take him away !" he yelled to the bystanding soldiers. Two of them seized the bleeding man, who lay like one dead, dragged him out by the hair, as if he had been a log of wood, and cast him among the other prisoners ; and yet the magistrate was compelled to dismiss him the following morning, as he could not be proved guilty of any crime !

But in the higher classes the same wantonness of cruelty may be found. The Englishwoman in Russia, though evidently anxious to *gazer un peu*, threw a lurid light on the fiend-like propensities of Russian ladies (Heaven save the mark !), and our author adds further details to complete the picture. He knew ladies who would themselves flog their servants for trivial offences as long as they could stand over them, and another, a hyena in woman's garb, invented an instrument of torture, which reminds us of the scenes that took place under the Roman Empire. She attached a pin in the end of a stick, and while calmly reading the latest romance from Paris, would thrust the pin into the arm of her shrieking chambermaid, with the same nonchalance as if she were amusing herself with working one of the new-fashioned collars, the principal art in which appears to consist in digging holes in a piece of muslin, and then sewing them up again. The following anecdote speaks volumes for the amiability of Russian ladies :

Eight years ago four serfs came to Petersburg to their lady of the manor, to beg her to accept a smaller obrok for this year, on account of the failure of the crops. They complained about the ill-treatment of the steward (a state councillor, by the way), and one of them exposed his bleeding arm, to give an idea of the remainder of his person. And the gracious lady ?—"You beasts,

you canaille, you brutes, you want pay! You want to complain? Who gave you leave to come to me? You shall not come again!" The poor fellows were flogged,—and since that period they have not come again.

This tyranny to inferiors is naturally combined with the utmost cringing and deference to superiors. The Czar is regarded as a species of terrestrial sun, round which the satellites circuit, and happy is the man on whom his beams happen to fall benignantly. The emperor, fully aware of this feeling, seeks to keep it up by those small presents which Rochefoucauld so aptly describes as serving to *entretenir l'amitié*, in the shape of crosses and orderlets, and the consequence is that there is no nation in Europe which displays so many decorations as the Russian. In every ball-room these rewards *pour le mérite* glisten, and it may be assumed as a general axiom, that the more crosses, &c., a man has, the greater scoundrel he is.

The nobility, if free from the coarser vices of the Tchinovniki, are yet lamentable specimens of the blessings of civilisation: they are eaten up with vanity equally with the rest of the nation, and the absurdities they commit would be ridiculous, were it not that they summon up so mournful a picture of the internal condition of the Russians. The most senseless extravagance is constantly found, and the nobles pledge one estate after the other at the imperial Lombard, whence there is but slight hope of their extrication. The property reverts to the crown, and the serfs, being emancipated by the Czar, are employed to build up a middle class, which may serve to check the power of the nobility. Whether the present emperor will continue these exertions remains to be seen. But, indeed, what can be expected from a race of men who are exposed to the autocratic sway of a tyrant, and who may be condemned, unheard, to Siberia or the knout? Witness the following anecdote, referring, it is true, to a more remote period; but the spirit which dictated such a punishment is still rife:

The Princess Lapuchin, one of the most beautiful women at the court of the Empress Elizabeth, was condemned to the knout, as participator in a conspiracy. Without knowing anything of this sentence, she was led to the place of punishment, when terror at the preparations made for her torture almost deprived her of her senses. A hangman tore her little cape from her bosom. In a second she stood naked to the waist, exposed to the sight of a gaping mob, which thronged to the scene of blood. A second hangman seized her, and raising her on the back of his comrade, placed her in the position most suitable for the punishment. He then seized the long knout, stepped back a few paces, measured the requisite space for the blow, and the knout, whizzing through the air, tore away a narrow strip of skin from the neck along the back. These blows he repeated, until the entire skin of the back hung down in rags. Immediately after, her tongue was plucked out, and she was sent to Siberia.

The natural consequences of such a state of things were unmitigated brutality toward inferiors, from which there was no appeal. Potemkin, for instance, had a merchant dragged from Moscow to Petersburg by the police in order to show a lady his immense beard, about whose length she had doubted. The merchant was brought to the capital and kept in chains for months, until Potemkin happened to think of his beard. After the curiosity had been inspected, the Muscovite returned home, with shattered health, to find his fortune ruined and his wife dead of grief. Or take the following anecdote about the same unmitigated scoundrel:

Major Tcheglovski, because he had picked up a lady's glove, was sent by the jealous Potemkin to Siberia, with such indecent haste, that the chasseur did not even allow him to take leave of his mother. In the midst of a howling wilderness he built a wretched hut with his own hands, wherein he passed *seventy* years of his miserable existence. Since this took place in 1774, Catharine II., Paul I., Alexander, and Nicholas have ruled, without justice and all her officials having once thought of this man, until accident brought an officer into contact with him. On his return to Petersburg in 1844, he announced his discovery to the Minister of War; and no delay took place in telling the circumstance to the Emperor.

We will close our review of this book, which we strenuously recommend to the notice of our readers, by offering a few remarks about Siberia, a country apparently condemned by Heaven to sterility, and which now serves as the abiding-place of unhappy exiles. These unfortunates are condemned to labour in the mines, quarries, in the forests, or in building new ostrogs (wooden forts) for the reception of future transports; they drag post-boats and provision-barges up the rivers for hundreds of miles. Any one not condemned to the mines can purchase a house in the desert, where he must contrive to support life by hunting and fishing. The ostrogs in the mines are inhabited only by those compelled to work in them, who are guarded by soldiers, and driven to labour in chains. Few questions are asked if a man, who no longer possesses a name, but is only enrolled and known by a number (like cattle driven to market), disappears and another placed under this number. If the exile is condemned to hard labour for a certain number of years, and his body is strong enough to survive this period, a place of residence is afterwards allotted to him. He cannot expect, however, to live by his daily labour, for there is no one to hire him. The most fearful form of punishment is the Barabinsk steppe, an immense barren district, where Catharine II. had the first ostrog built. We will close our extracts with a description of the departure from Petersburg to Siberia:

The exiles are usually removed from the prisons of the governmental towns at early dawn. In Petersburg they are driven in a van to the Moscow barrier, where the escort awaits them, and friends and relations bid adieu for life to the banished. They are here fastened to a chain, and the devil's music commences. The procession moves on, and it grows larger at every town. The chain in itself is painful. If one of the prisoners seat himself, the others must either follow his example or stand in a stooping position. When one rises, he drags up the rest. The chain is never taken off. In their escort, made up of Tartars and Cossacks, every spark of compassion is extinguished, through the frequency of the sight, and they even rob the miserable men of a portion of their daily bread. Compassionate persons along the road hand the exiles a few kopeks, but if they did not share them with the armed men they would expose themselves to ill-treatment. Just imagine, in addition to the scanty fare of bread and water, the climate, savage as the nation—where in winter the tear is frozen on the cheek, and in summer the sun burns like red-hot iron on the head and on the feet, swathed in rags. The chain grates, the frost cuts, or the perspiration scalds. Thus they progress about fifteen miles daily—the third day is one of rest. The end of the journey lies at a distance of from two thousand to ten thousand versts.

Mr. Harrison's journal of his nine years spent in Russia is of a more cheerful tone than the German Nobleman's. He does not appear to have been a very profound observer, but what he has to tell he describes in an

easy, pleasant manner. Of course no great value can be attached to his statements of things which did not come within his personal observation, but the *tout ensemble* forms very agreeable reading. The following description of Menchikoff, for instance, is interesting :—"The first time I saw Prince Menchikoff was in the performance of an act of kindness to the memory of a most estimable man, whom I had the happiness to know, the late Major Whistler, an American, and chief engineer of the Petersburg and Moscow Railway. He came to attend the funeral of this gentleman, and I witnessed a little incident, scarcely worthy of mention but for the notoriety which the personages concerned have lately acquired. His highness was seated in the vestry of the British chapel among the friends who had assembled to pay the last honours to the deceased, when, with the pompous bluster that so often characterises naturalised foreigners who hold official situations, there entered General d'Estrem. Exposing his breast, covered with orders, and showing his heavy epaulettes, the latter began to patronise the company, consisting mostly of civilians, in a loud and unbecoming tone of voice, when suddenly he observed the smiling gentleman in a military cloak quietly sitting in the shadow of the wall. The change that came over him was almost ludicrous. Before the Emperor's minister and favourite, pomposity became servility, and with many low bows the decorated general of engineers inquired after his highness the prince's health."

Our literature relating to the Russians may be divided into two clearly marked phases, namely, the exaggerated laudation, of which Dr. Granville's work may be regarded as the type, and the equally exaggerated abuse, which has been the offspring of the present war. Hence, the importance we are disposed to attach to the German Nobleman's work is augmented, for it happened to be written long prior to the war, or any rumour of it. The conclusion we are led to arrive at is assuredly a melancholy one; and the very fact that civilisation has produced the exactly contrary effect to what might have been reasonably anticipated, speaks ill for the chances of Russia ever becoming the mistress of Europe—mentally we mean, of course, for the Allies will eternally prevent the actual realisation of such a prospect, as once flattered the vision of a Peter the Great, or a Nicholas. The war has, therefore, had the most beneficial effect: it has proved the internal weakness of Russia, and the bugbear of her supremacy has been utterly overthrown. The prestige which she has been striving so zealously to obtain has been destroyed with the downfall of Sebastopol, and the death-blow given to her pretensions will be felt long after the war is terminated.

The only thing in which Russia is strong, is in a wonderful amount of passive endurance; but even this must have its limits. No nation will continue a hopeless contest beyond a certain time, and the end of the war may be accompanied with a climax which the Russian government is probably far from expecting—namely, the uprising of the nation against a system of despotism which tries to check even free thought. If such a consummation take place, more will be effected to bring about the Utopia of the peace party than all the solemn humbug of congresses can produce. Let those gentlemen exert themselves to expand knowledge over the face of the globe, and the first step will have been taken in paving the way for the millennium of peace. But so long as a nation is

kept down by the despotism of an individual, so long will it be employed to pander to his aspirations, for the power of even the most enlightened autocracy is supported by the bayonet. But why need we attempt to prove our position in our own weak words, when we can quote the *ἔνθα πρεσβύτερα* of one of the wisest men a republic ever produced:—"All despotism, whether usurped or hereditary, is our abhorrence. We regret it as the most grievous wrong and insult to the human race. But toward the hereditary despot we have more of compassion than indignation. Nursed and brought up in delusion, worshipped from his cradle, never spoken to in the tone of fearless truth, taught to look on the great mass of his fellow-beings as an inferior race, and to regard despotism as a law of nature, and a necessary element of social life—such a prince, whose education and condition almost deny him the possibility of acquiring healthy moral feeling and manly virtue, must not be judged severely. Still, in absolving the despot from much of the guilt which seems at first sight to attach to his unlawful and absurd power, we do not the less account despotism a wrong and a curse. The time for a fall we trust is coming. It cannot fall too soon. It has long enough wrung from the labourer his hard earnings; long enough squandered a nation's wealth on its parasites and minions; long enough warred against the freedom of the mind, and arrested the progress of truth. It has filled dungeons with the brave and good, and shed enough of the blood of patriots. Let its end come. It cannot come too soon!"

And the bells chiming merrily for the downfall of Sebastopol cheerfully carol to us that the blessed hour has arrived.

LYRICS.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

I.

"ELLE EST SI DOUCE, LA MARGUERITE."

I do homage to the Rose, and low,
To the Lily's grace, my head I bow;
On meek Mignonette my praise I shower,
And greet softly the sweet Cuckoo flower;
In my love the Violet hath its part,
But I clasp the Daisy to my heart—
Clasp it close, the while my lips repeat,
"Elle est si douce, la Marguerite!"

Other blooms, as fresh and fair, may be—
Gentianella, pale Anemone,
Snowy Meadow-sweet and scented Clover,
And Wild Woodbine, that unshackled rover;—
In my love these flowers have all their part,
But I clasp the Daisy to my heart—
Clasp it close, the while my lips repeat,
"Elle est si douce, la Marguerite!"

II.

"IN THE GOLDEN MORNING OF THE WORLD."

In the golden morning of the world,
 When Creation's freshness was unfurled,
 Had Earth truer, fonder hearts than now?
 One at least, in this our day, I know—
 (Whisper soft, ah! benedicite!)—
 Faithful-fond as any heart could be
 In the golden morning of the world.

And were faces in that orient time
 Flushed, in sooth, with more resplendent prime,
 More consummate loveliness than now?
 Nay, *one* maiden face at least I know—
 (Whisper soft, ah! benedicite!)—
 Just as fair as any face could be
 In the golden morning of the world.

But dark shadows reign, and storms are rife
 In the once serene, clear heaven of life.
 Oh! sweet Angel at the shining gate,
 By God's mercy keep *one* earthly fate,
One dear life—(ah! benedicite!)—
 Happy, calm as any such could be
 In the golden morning of the world.

III.

MAID MARGARET.

AND what shall I bring, Maid Margaret,
 From the lands beyond the sea?
 A feather-plume white, or a necklace bright,
 Or a girdle of gold, for thee?
 "You shall bring me back," said Maid Margaret,
 "What now you take from me."

And what shall I take, Maid Margaret,
 To the lands beyond the sea?
 "A curl of my hair, and a ring to wear,
 And the love I give to thee—
 You shall keep them all, whate'er befall,
 And bring them back to me."

He took the curl from Maid Margaret—
 'Twas golden as curl could be;
 He took the ring, and a sweeter thing,
 Fond kisses, two and three.
 "No more, no more!" said Maid Margaret,
 "Till you come back o'er the sea!"

IV.

" 'Twas in the bleak December."

" 'Twas in the bleak December,"
On a dark and dreary day,
I heard the waves lamenting
To the headlands, grim and grey—
" Oh! the wind has rest from blowing,
And the flower has rest from growing,
But for *our* sad billows flowing,
No rest, no rest!" said they.

Thereat, to the wailing waters,
The headlands, grim and grey,
Made answer, softly sighing,
On that December day—
" There is joy for the bird in loving,
There is joy for the cloud in roving,
But for us, for us, unmoving,
No joy, no joy!" said they.

Ah then to the waves of ocean,
To the headlands, grim and grey,
Sweet angels seemed to whisper,
On that December day—
" Cease, cease your lamentation!
Seek rest in resignation,
Seek joy in duty's station,
And love in all!" said they.

V.

CLASPINGS.

LISTEN, darling!—lo! the winter blast
Bows the bare woods, rushing wildly past;
Clouds are gathering fast, the night is nigh—
Draw the curtains, pile the wood-fire high.
Listen! how the mad winds rave and whine!—
Lay your cheek, love, closer still to mine!

Now the storm breaks—hark! the sudden rain
Patters, beats against the window-pane
Fast and faster; now the swollen rills
Leap adown the hollows of the hills;
Now the North-wind rages fierce and free—
Darling, clasp me close, as I clasp thee!

Bitter-keen will be the night, when soon,
Through the black cloud-battle, gleams the moon,
When the ice-wind o'er the land doth pass,
And the hoar-frost glitters on the grass—
Darling, for the cold, that pains and parts,
Let there be no room between our hearts!

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-
FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

CRIME AND PETTY OFFENCES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OF Barnworth's gang we read: "The circumstance of Marjoram having turned evidence being the public topic of conversation, John Barton provided a loaded pistol, and placing himself near Goldsmiths' Hall, took an opportunity, when the officers were conducting Marjoram before the lord mayor, to fire at him; but Marjoram, observing him advancing, stooped down, so that the ball grazed his back only. The suddenness of this action, and the surprise it occasioned, gave Barton an opportunity of escaping."

Even the pickpockets accompanied their depredations with acts of violence, as we may learn from the *Gazetteer* of July the 17th, 1789:

"To such daring outrages have pickpockets arrived, that, on Tuesday last, as the Society of Solis was going into Pentonville Chapel, Islington, eight or ten surrounded a gentleman who lives near the spot, and was standing to see the society pass. They jostled him, and turned his breeches-pockets out. He cried aloud, 'Take care of your pockets!' In a few minutes one came up to him, and, without speaking a word, struck him a violent blow on the head, which knocked him down. A person who was standing near informed the gentleman that his pocket was picked, on which they knocked him down also, and dragged him about the road by his hair, and then dispersed, no person choosing to secure them, though it was noonday, and hundreds present."

These were strange scenes for the streets of such a metropolis to witness; or, in admirable keeping with the character of the times, a struggle between a band of smugglers and a troop of soldiers would take place on Blackfriars-bridge, such as there was in 1778. These smugglers took advantage of the unprotected state of the City streets, for some time even making a dépôt for their contraband stores at the Fleet Prison! They had storehouses and places of safe deposit for their wares in all parts of London; and from the *Westminster Journal* of October the 29th, 1774, we find they used to carry their articles pretty openly:

"Wednesday morning early, three custom-house officers stopped a postchaise and four on the Deptford-road, in which were Indian goods to the amount of some hundred pounds, which they seized. It is said they were designed for a capital smuggler at the west end of the town, and that the officers got the information by making one of his servants drunk."

In another paper we find that, in the article of tea alone, the revenue was estimated, in 1784, to be defrauded to the extent of one million sterling annually!

At another time we read of a band of smugglers, armed to the teeth, escorting a cavalcade of "run" goods, as they were termed, in the very face of the officers, from Poole to London. The caravan consisted of some

eight or ten waggons and carts, drawn by six, four, and two horses respectively, and the officers did not dare to meddle with its progress until it arrived in the streets of London, when the result of a pitched battle was, that the constables and revenue officers were worsted, and the smugglers carried their merchandise to its destination in safety, or, as the newspaper account has it, "re-formed the procession, and carried their arms, which consisted of blunderbusses, pistols, cutlasses," &c.

Fierce, indeed, and for life or death, were these encounters; for, from the Continent being closed to us by successive wars, and foreign goods consequently commanding a high price in the market which could be legitimately supplied with them, the gains of these smugglers were enormous; although not greater than their risks, for, by the Smuggling Act of 1747, all magistrates and justices of the peace were enjoined to use every effort to apprehend them, on pain of being convicted of "an high misdemeanour;" to "repel force by force," and adopt "any violence and hostilities which may be necessary to suppress and subdue them, or bring them to justice;" and to "raise the *posse comitatus*, or use the whole power of the county capable of bearing arms, and any military force in those parts, to assist them." For, "the assembling and going armed, to the number of three, to assist in any sort of smuggling, or receiving or protecting run goods, or rescuing persons guilty, and the resisting officers of the customs or excise by the like number of armed men, are made felony, without benefit of the clergy."

But there was another kind of smuggling occasionally going on in the streets of London, and the hackney-coach or chair was frequently employed in carrying newly-dead and disinterred bodies from the churchyards to the surgeons! Assisted, like all the other crimes, by the inefficiency of the police force and the dreariness of the streets, it was also much encouraged by the high price which, in a scarcity of "subjects," the anatomists would pay for a body for the purpose of dissection. Large parties of "body-snatchers," or "resurrectionists"—often in league with the parish sextons or gravediggers—were constantly prowling about, and watching around the churchyards; and, the night after a funeral, they would disinter the body, toss it into a sack, or a chair, and carry it off to the dissecting-room.

In the winter of 1778-9, it is estimated that this trade was carried on in London to the extent of something like fifty or a hundred bodies weekly. Some ludicrous stories have been told of the doings of the resurrection men. One runs thus: A young swain, who was returning from courting, chanced to observe, as his way lay past a churchyard, a cart standing at the gate, in which a figure, dressed in a great-coat and slouched hat, was sitting, erect and stiff. Lubin, having a glimmering of the truth dawning upon his mind, jumped into the cart, and, finding his suspicions correct, stripped the corpse of its great-coat and hat, and putting them on himself, unceremoniously placed it by the roadside, and took its seat in the same grave posture in which it had been propped up. On the return of the body-snatchers from filling up the grave which they had robbed, one jumped up to each side of the fancied corpse, and the horse was started off at a gallop, each fellow taking hold of one of the arms to steady and support their prize. After a short time the warmth of the body startled one of the rascals, who exclaimed to his companion, "Why, Jack, the body's warm!" "Ay," cries Lubin, turning fiercely

upon them, "and I'll warm you in a minute, by G——!" The fellows, with a wild shriek, sprang out of the cart, and as they rolled over in the mud, Lubin drove on, with a horse and cart, great-coat, and hat, to begin his married life with, for it need not be said that they were never claimed.

Another band of resurrectionists alighted upon a man who was lying, drunk and insensible, in the streets, and "bagging" him, carried him off to an anatomist, to whom they sold him. The unfortunate bacchanalian was duly stowed away in the dark cellar for dissection in the morning, but, on coming to his senses during the night, shouted for his liberty. On the return of the snatchers with another body, the surgeon told them of the deception, and, much embarrassed by the awkwardness of the case, demanded what he was to do with his noisy subject? "What are you to do?" they repeated, coolly; "why, *keep him till you want him.*"

There was another class of desperadoes, happily now extinct, who were called "invisible thieves," from the manner in which they conducted their operations. It was about the year 1730 that letters were freely circulated to wealthy persons, threatening them that, unless they deposited a certain sum of money in a particular place, they would be assassinated, or their houses set on fire. These threats were frequently carried into execution, till, from fear of the consequences, their extortionate requests were pretty generally complied with. One rich merchant in Bristol, who resisted their demands, had his house reduced to ashes by these miscreants; and presuming upon the impunity they enjoyed, they had at last threatened one of the judges, and this seems to have led to the adoption of vigorous measures for the protection of the public against their alarming proceedings:

"William Lee, Esquire, one of the judges of the King's Bench, having received a letter signed 'Honesty, Trusty, Fidelity,' requiring him to lend them fifty pounds, and to lay it in a certain place therein mentioned, and threatening to murder him in case of refusal, his Majesty has promised his most gracious pardon, and two hundred pounds reward, to any one who shall discover his accomplice or accomplices in writing or sending the said letter."—*London Magazine*, December, 1735.

Soon afterwards, the panic occasioned by the increasing audacity of these invisible bands became so great that the king issued a special proclamation, forbidding persons from acceding to their demands, and setting a reward of three hundred pounds upon the heads of the incendiary letter-senders—a step which, in a short time, put a stop to their infamous practices.

Street tumults, it may be imagined, were frequent, and sometimes rose to an extent that required the use of military force to repress; the mob were fond of displaying their power, and that power was, for a time, almost tacitly acknowledged to be absolute. In the forty-ninth number of the *Covent Garden Journal*, the assumed rights and privileges of the mob are recited: such as those of insulting all passengers on the river Thames; obstructing the footpaths with chairs and wheelbarrows, and the streets with cars, drays, and waggons; and the disputing possession of the country roads, so that "a gentleman may go a voyage at sea with little more hazard than he can travel ten miles from the metropolis." Encouraged by success, they at length claimed the exclusive right to the parks on Sunday evenings; and ladies, without regard to their rank or

beauty, were summarily expelled from "the people's grounds" by the popular means of "mobbing."

But there were feuds even among this commonwealth; for, in May and June, 1717, open war was declared between the butchers and the footmen of the city of Westminster, in which the former made an alliance with all their brethren of the London markets, and the latter with the Bridewell boys. The weavers were also very turbulent about this time, and attacked all ladies whom they met in the streets wearing foreign silks and satins. At a later period, the London mobs delighted in storming the hearses, and attacking the mourners at funerals; in tearing up the pavements before, and breaking the windows, and even pulling down the houses of persons who offended them. At different times the Irish, the Portuguese, the Catholics, the Jews, and the Quakers were the objects of King Mob's aversion, and scenes as closely bordering upon anarchy as many that have received the name were constantly occurring.

A few specimens:

"*April 13th.*—A quarrel happened in Stepney-fields between some English and Portuguese sailors, in which three of the former were killed."—*Annual Register for 1760.*

"*April 15th.*—This evening, as an English sailor was walking in Mill-yard, Whitechapel, he was stabbed in the back by a Portuguese sailor, and instantly died. The murderer was pursued to Rag Fair, where the mob nailed him by his ear to the wall. Some time after he broke from thence, with the loss of a part of it, and ran; but the mob were so incensed that they followed, cut and wounded him with knives, till, at last, he either fell or threw himself into a puddle of water, where he died."—*From the same.*

A Jew seizes the opportunity of a consternation occasioned by an accident at the postern gate of the Tower, to pick a sailor's pocket, and the sailors, in a body, retaliate upon the whole community:

"*June 4th.*—During the consternation occasioned by the accident, a sailor had his pocket picked by a Jew, who, after undergoing the usual discipline of ducking, hopped out of the water, pretending to have his leg broke, and was carried off by some of his brethren. But the sailors, discovering the trick, and considering it as a cheat, pursued him to Duke's-place, when at first they were beaten off by the inhabitants; but, presently returning with a fresh reinforcement, they attacked the place, entered three houses, threw everything out of the windows, broke the glasses, tore the beds, and ripped up the wainscoat, leaving the houses in the most ruinous condition. With the furniture, three children sick of the small-pox were thrown out of the window."—*Annual Register for 1763.*

An execution or a parliamentary election were, of course, galas for his Majesty King Mob. At an execution in 1721, at Tyburn, some of the criminals had their eyes almost beaten out by the missiles that were flung at them; but, generally, the sympathies of the populace seem to have been with the culprit:

"As soon as the execution of several criminals, condemned at last sessions of the Old Bailey, was over at Tyburn, the body of Cornelius Sanders, executed for stealing about fifty pounds out of the house of Mrs. White, in Lamb-street, Spitalfields, was carried and laid before her door, where, great numbers of people assembling, they at last grew so out-

rageous that a guard of soldiers was sent for to stop their proceedings; notwithstanding which, they forced open the door, pitched out all the salmon tubs, most of the household furniture, piled them on a heap, and set fire to them, and, to prevent the guards from extinguishing the flames, pelted them off with stones, and would not disperse till the whole was consumed."—*Annual Register* for 1763.

"*May*.—The criminal condemned for returning from transportation at the sessions, and afterwards executed, addressed himself to the populace at Tyburn, and told them he could wish they would carry his body and lay it at the door of Mr. Parker, a butcher in the Minories, who, it seems, was the principal evidence against him; which being accordingly done, the mob behaved so riotously before the man's house that it was no easy matter to disperse them."—*Annual Register* for 1764.

"*August 19th*.—A terrible storm made such an impression on the ignorant populace assembled to see a criminal executed on Kennington-common, that the sheriff was obliged to apply to the secretaries of state for a military force to prevent a rescue, and it was near eight in the evening before he suffered."—*Annual Register* for 1763.

But an election was an excellent occasion for the display of their propensities. Here is a series of scenes enacted at, and arising out of, the election of Lord Warkworth for Westminster, on March the 15th, 1763:

"The guard placed over a large quantity of beer provided for the entertainment of the populace, getting drunk, stove the casks, and, in the struggle to get at them, a quarrel broke out between a party of sailors and some Irish chairmen, when the former, getting the better, drove the others from the field, and destroyed all the chairs they could meet with, except one, having on it these words: 'This belongs to English chairmen.' The disturbances were renewed on the 17th, when a party of guards was obliged to interfere. 20th.—Search being made by the peace officers at the houses of ill-fame about Tower-hill, several women of the town and some sailors were taken, and, next morning, carried before the justices for examination; but, intelligence being given to their shipmates, a large body of them assembled and threatened the justices if they should proceed to commitment. The justices applied for a guard to the commanding officer at the Tower, and, a few musqueteers being sent, they were found insufficient to intimidate the sailors, whose numbers increasing, a second and third reinforcement were demanded, and an engagement would certainly have ensued but for the address of a sea officer, who, by fair words, called off two-thirds of the sailors, just as the word was given to the soldiers to fire upon them. The justices proceeded to business, and made out the mittimus of eight of the street-walkers; but in the afternoon of the same day, as they were going to Bridewell, under a guard of a sergeant and twelve men, they were rescued in Chiswell-street by a fresh party of sailors, who carried them off in triumph, after one man had been shot in the groin."—*Annual Register* for 1763.

Here is another specimen of the tumultuous disposition of the chairmen, which could only be checked by calling out the military:

"On Wednesday night last, about twelve, there was such a great riot in Windmill-street, near the Haymarket, that near a hundred gentlemen and others were all engaged at one time, some with swords, and others with sticks and canes, wherein abundance were dangerously wounded.

The watchmen that came to put an end to the affray were knocked down and barbarously used; at last the patrol of horse guards came, and, finding them obdurate, rode through them, cutting all the way with their swords, yet we hear of none that were killed upon the spot, though many, it is thought, cannot recover of their wounds. When they saw their own time they gave over, and, upon summing up the matter, the quarrel began with two chairmen only."—*Original Weekly Journal*, May 21st, 1720.

Much mischief arose out of the corrupt manner in which justice was administered, the magistrates, even in the metropolis, being often indolent, ignorant, or mercenary men, while those in the country were as often distinguished by their cruelty, severity, and actual brutality—all equally injurious to the cause of peace and order. The London magistrates were at one time notorious for receiving bribes from such brawlers as porters, chairmen, and the like, and openly compounding with the keepers of disorderly houses. Henry Fielding, in the "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," declares that during his career as a Middlesex magistrate, he reduced the emoluments of his office from 500*l.* down to 300*l.* a year, by adopting a purer course of conduct, although Smollett ungenerously insinuates that he was one of the class known as "Trading Westminster Justices." In his comedy of "Rape upon Rape," Fielding draws a portrait of one of these trading justices and his minions, the constables, in the characters of Justice Squeezum and Staff. The ignorant and tyrannical country justice of the time is well-drawn in his character of Squire Western; and even Allworthy is in some haste to commit wenches to Bridewell for indiscreet connexions. The Justice Gobble of Smollett's "Sir Launcelot Greaves" was, no doubt, no exaggerated caricature, but the type of a large class.

Neither, we may here incidentally remark, were juries always incorruptible, for, in the *London Evening Post* of April the 2nd, 1774, it is boldly asserted that, in all crown cases, Middlesex special juries "are allowed an elegant dinner at Appleby's, and five guineas a man, if a verdict be given for the crown or government, otherwise they pay their own expenses." This by the way.

In a previous chapter, in which we spoke of public sports and amusements, we have shown what was to be apprehended from the mob by contumacious householders who refused to "light up" at the time of an illumination. We are not told whether the following attacks arose out of any such causes, but they are pretty fair samples of the mob violence of the latter part of the century:

"A few days since three men were, by William Addington, Esq., committed to Newgate on a charge against them on oath, for riotously and tumultuously assembling together to the disturbance of the public peace, and for demolishing and pulling down four dwelling-houses, situate in St. Anne's-lane, Westminster, belonging to the governors of the Grey-coat School."—*Old British Spy*, January 4th, 1783.

"Convicted at the old Bailey on Monday, Thomas Biggett, for having feloniously and riotously assembled, with divers other persons, at the dwelling-house of Luke Case, in Golden-lane, and begun to demolish and pull down the said dwelling-house."—*British Gazette*, September 28th, 1794.

The outrages perpetrated by the mob during the Sacchaveral, or "High Church" riots, and demolition of meeting-houses, in 1710, and

in the memorable "Riots of Eighty"—the burning of Newgate and destruction of the gaols, the pulling down of Roman Catholic places of worship, and the other enormities of the mad mob that followed mad Lord George Gordon, and who frightened poor Kennet, the Lord Mayor of London at the time, into a state of perfect helplessness, are fully recorded in history; but the savage proceedings of a club, which took its name from a savage nation as illustrative of its practices, have not been so elaborately reported. We allude to the Society of Mohawks, established in London for the benevolent purpose of terrifying and ill-using the unprotected passengers in the streets at night—one of the most extraordinary combinations that ever set law at defiance, startled society in its securest resting-places, and disgraced the character of civilised and reasoning beings, to which its members pretended. Senseless in its purpose, and destitute of feeling, fear, or shame in the execution of that purpose, this club of fiends kept the metropolis in a state of constant alarm by its atrocities, and astonishment at its audacity, and almost leaves us in doubt whether it can belong to history, or is not the offspring of some wild romance. However, to the shame of human nature, it was no unsubstantial terror that Gay alludes to in the following lines:

Who has not trembled at the Mohocks' name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?

Worthy Sir Roger de Coverley, on going to the playhouse, was so apprehensive of an attack from the Mohawks, that we find him guarded by Captain Sentry and a whole posse of his own servants, the former armed with the very sword with which he fought at the battle of Steinkirk, and the latter with stout oaken flails and staves.

The account which the *Spectator* gives of their rules and practices is certainly somewhat appalling, and justifies all these preparations for defence on the part of his friend Sir Roger, before he sallied out by night: "An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity, then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbanadoed."

We might be inclined to speak lightly of this society of rabid "young men about town," did not the publications of the time treat the matter so gravely as to force upon us a conviction of the demon-like nature of their midnight orgies. The Mohawks, taking their name from a nation of Red Indians, almost rivalled them in the barbarities they practised. The president of the club was named "Emperor of the Mohawks," and the club itself divided into several classes, each of which took its particular department. One party would sally forth for the purpose of "Tipping the Lion," or violently flattening the noses of passengers who fell in their way, and gouging out their eyes; another tribe would give pursuit to some trembling passer-by with frantic shouts of "A sweal! a sweal!" and on overtaking him, they would form round their prey, and, with the dance of a set of imps, prick him with their swords till they had exhausted

him. Then there were the "Tumblers," who devoted themselves especially to the diversion of turning females upon their heads; and the "Dancing Masters," who took their name from their skill in keeping their victim in constant motion by running their swords into his legs. One tribe delighted in thrusting females into barrels, and then setting them rolling down hill; another derived its chief sport from beating and ill-using the watchmen. In fact, they were the scourge and terror of the city, and that they might not be inclined to stop at any atrocity, they made a point of drinking till they were in a state of perfect frenzy, before they sallied forth.

They fairly frightened Swift out of his evening walks, and appear to have been a perfect nightmare in his thoughts. He sends all sorts of stories about them to Stella, such as:

"*March 8th*, 1711-12.—Did I tell you of a race of rakes called the Mohocks? that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them," &c.

"*9th*.—Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's son is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs, and a great lady sent to me to speak to her father and to Lord Treasurer to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself, for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends. I know not whether there may be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion."

"*12th*.—I walked in the park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and, though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks from Lord Treasurer's, and have given him warning of it too."

"*15th*.—I came home a-foot, but had my man with me. Lord Treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in these villains. Several of them, Lord Treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard at dinner that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I do not like them as to men."

"*16th*.—Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messengers' hands."

"*18th*.—There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks; one of those that are taken is a baronet. I met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I stayed till twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone; and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe."

"*19th*.—We stayed till past one (at Lord Masham's), but I had my man to come with me."

"*26th*.—Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night,

but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs," &c., &c.

Here then is the town talk of three weeks about the Mohocks, but we never heard Swift's statement, that they were attached to any political party, confirmed. We attribute it to his prejudices against the Whigs, and his desire, which often peeps out in his *Journal*, of impressing upon Stella that he was a mark of note among his party, which the Whigs always had their eyes upon.

In 1720, the young "bucks" and rakes had changed their sport, and, in the same depraved taste, had conceived a new order of clubs, called "The Hellfires." These infamous assemblages were held at various taverns, and frequented by the most dissipated of the higher classes, who, first maddening themselves with ardent spirits, took pleasure in uttering every kind of horrible blasphemy. The Trinity was a favourite subject for their profane jests; and in obscene derision they would shock the feelings of some quiet company by entering a tavern and calling for a "Holy Ghost Pie," or proposing a toast that made the blood run cold. Women were often among their number, and at their meetings assumed the character of the "Mother of Christ," and gave utterance to all kinds of horrible ribaldry and lewd jests. The horror which the reports of these revels caused in the public mind induced the government to issue a proclamation, enjoining their immediate and entire suppression, which appeared on the 28th of April, 1721.

But the "choice spirits" of the age were not to be restrained by law or public opinion, for, from Dr. Johnson's "London," we may infer that the old Mohock spirit was among them as late as 1735 :

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man—
Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet even these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way,
Flushed as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeaux' bright approach,
And shun the shining train and gilded coach.

Ho! ho! even in your lawlessness, Messieurs Mohocks, you feared the rich and trampled on the poor! If there could have been a redeeming point in your conduct, it would have been that you paid no respect to persons, but treated all alike!

The "Nickers" were another class of "gentlemen" street offenders. Their sport was more harmless, and smacks somewhat of more modern tastes, for Gay tells us—

His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,
And with the copper-shower the casement rings.

If these worthies had broken the windows with golden guineas instead of copper pence, it would have been more generous. Many an honest Cit would then rather have heard the Nicker at his window than the knocker at his door.

In the chapter on "Travelling," we have said that we hear of few river pirates, but we have just alighted upon a paragraph in the *Craftsman* of May the 12th, 1787, which proves that they not only existed, but were rather formidable characters, although their designs seem mostly to have been against the property lying on, rather than the persons travelling by, the "silent highway" of the Thames:

"Thursday night, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, the *Calais Packet*, Captain Thomas Meriton, lying in the Thames, at Lady Parsons' Stairs, was boarded by eight men, armed with pistols and cutlasses, who, with horrid imprecations, went between decks to the mate, demanded his money, asked for the captain (who happened not to be on board), robbed the vessel of goods to the amount of one hundred pounds, the custom-house officers, stationed on board the same ship, of all their moneys, and then got safely off with all their booty. Information being immediately given at the public office, East Smithfield, Messrs. Dawson, Mayne, and Whiteway went in pursuit, and apprehended, after a desperate resistance, eight notorious fresh-water pirates, and brought them before Robert Smith, Esquire, at the said office, who committed them to New Prison for further examination on Thursday next."

And here are three other paragraphs, the last of them proving the determined character of these robbers:

"Wednesday night, as three fresh-water pirates were attempting to board a merchant ship near Shadwell Dock, the mate, who had hid himself behind the mainmast, being armed with a large blunderbuss, let fly at them, killed one on the spot, and the other two are so much wounded that it is thought they cannot live. They were conveyed to the London Hospital."—*Craftsman*, February the 17th, 1787.

"Friday night, some fresh-water pirates boarded a merchant ship in the river, near Church Stairs, from which they carried off different articles to the value of near one hundred pounds."—*British Gazette*, February the 19th, 1792.

"On Monday evening last, about half-past eleven o'clock, a gang of water pirates, well armed, attempted to rob the Red House at Battersea, kept by Mr. Diston. A neighbour was sitting in the parlour with Mrs. D. and another lady, and, upon hearing a noise in the taproom, he went out to know the cause, when he was seized by five villains masked, who threw him down and stabbed him several times in the breast near the heart. The lady, hearing the scuffle, opened the door, and seeing Mr. Gray wounded, she and Mrs. D. ran up-stairs, and, concealing themselves, they put out the lights. The robbers, having bound the servants, were proceeding to plunder, when they were alarmed by the approach of some neighbours, and took precipitately to their boat."—*British Gazette* of same date.

We have now gone through the catalogue of crime, from the murderer to the street-rake—from the men who broke heads to the men who broke windows; but we have only seen it at present out of doors—let us visit it at home.

Hogarth has opened up to us the home of crime in his Night Cellar scene of "Industry and Idleness," and recent improvements in the City disclosed a haunt in which vice and crime had lurked secure for centuries. The print of Hogarth presents all the features of those dens of horror, the night cellars of thieves and murderers. The trap through which a

corpse is being flung for concealment is part of the machinery of which so much was brought to light some years ago in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in the demolition of a house which had served as the hiding-place of guilt to generations of highwaymen and assassins—with its secret spouts for the conveyance of the stolen property from floor to floor or underground, in case of search; its spring panels in the wainscoting; its subterranean passages; its drawbridges across the Fleet ditch; its false floors and double ceilings.

In these cellars the first lessons of vice were taught, and the last qualms of conscience laughed to scorn, and, in their foul and fœtid air, the last feeling of virtue, compunction, or repentance, sickened and was stifled; in these cellars robberies were planned, the plunder shared, gambled away, or secreted, and, if necessary, the mutilated victims hidden where the murderers took refuge. In 1747 one of these cellars in Chick-lane, Smithfield, was so notorious for almost daily murders, that it was called the "Blood Bowl House;" and although, while these fungi swarmed till lately about the root of London, they were seldom used for such bloody purposes as those of the previous century, yet they still, in the character of lodgings for the idle and the poor, were the nursing-places of vice, and the traps in which straying feet were caught.

Such, then, were the cradles of crime in the last century. In the next chapter we shall view its graves, the cross-roads, the stake, and the prison-cell.

"PAUVRE PETITE CHASSE" OF M. LOUIS VIARDOT IN ENGLAND.

A FRENCH sportsman is in his own country a very eccentric personage. His apparel, his equipage, and his modes of proceeding, are alike *suorum generum*. What must he be in England? It has been our misfortune to see him in his own country—alone, with a lark in his capacious gibecière, and in company with another, both emptying their double-barrelled fowling-pieces at the same moment into an unfortunate covey of partridges, and then quarrelling as to who killed the solitary victim of the hap-hazard and multitudinous discharge! A real sportsman, say what they will, is a rare individual among our gallant neighbours and excellent friends. They have not even a word to express the thing. Chasse and chasseur do not mean sport. They meant, originally, hunt and hunter, and have only been accepted by custom in the former sense. In almost all that regards sport, as in all matters that concern railways, they have had to borrow, to express themselves, from the English, to the infinite annoyance and discomfiture of certain pedagoguish old members of the Académie Française, who never cease to declaim against innovations. The last public anniversary, for example, of the Academies, held on the 14th of August, was enlivened by an *Épître à Despréaux* by M. Viennet, which, we are told, obtained "a brilliant and legitimate success," and in which occur the following passages, protesting against the introduction of English words into the French language:

Faut-il pour cimenter un merveilleux accord,
Changer l'arène en *turf* et le plaisir en *sport*,

Demander a des *clubs* l'aimable causerie,
 Flétrir du nom de *grooms* nos valets d'écurie,
 Traiter nos cavaliers de *gentlemen riders*,
 Et de Racine un jour parodiant les vers,
 Montrer, au lieu de Phèdre, une lionne *Anglaise*,
 Qui, dans un *handicap* ou dans un *steeple-chase*,
 Suit de l'œil un *wagon* de *sportmen* esborté,
 Et fuyant sur le *turf* par un *truck* emporté?

Railway expressions appear to be peculiarly obnoxious to the post-academician :

On n'entend que des mots à déboîrer le fer,
 Le *railway*, le *tunnel*, le *ballast*, le *tender*,
Express, *trucks* et *wagons*. Une bouche française
 Semble broyer du verre et mâcher de la braise.

Then we have a final question, put, we suppose, by the academician to a sportsman as a settler :

Si, pour me garantir d'un cheval qui galope,
 Au lieu de l'arrêter il faut que je le *stoppe*?

To inundate France with the jargon of English grooms and railway officials is, perchance, an objectionable evil, but to carry French ideas of sport into England is simply suggestive of the ridiculous. We have, for example, before us an account of a *Chasse en Angleterre* by M. Louis Viardot. It was not (he tells us) one of those national and characteristic chasses, one of those famous fox-huntings, where all the noblemen and gentlemen of a district, assembled in red coats, black caps, top-boots, with their *hunting-knives* suspended at their sides, gallop away in the rear of some fifty *chiens d'entreprise*, leap at the sound of a horn (!) over hedges, ditches, and rivers, in order to give to the country the spectacle of a real steeple-chase, under pretence of hunting a fox, or, as M. Viardot has it, *sous prétexte de forcer un renard*. Alas! no, he sighs forth (inwardly, we suspect, with great self-satisfaction), such good luck was refused me! I only made one *pauvre petite chasse aux perdreaux, sans tambour ni trompette, et comme dit M. Prudhomme, pedibus cum jambis*.

Our sportsman, accompanied by his lady, was attended upon at the Gloucester station by his anonymous host, who, making the two take their places in the inside of a "magnificent" four-horsed coach, himself took the reins and drove them to his habitation in the fields, an elegant and tolerably comfortable cottage, surrounded by an English garden, combed and brushed up to the highest degree of formality. The master himself was a wealthy country gentleman, an Englishman from head to foot, without and within, *intus et in oute*, of pure blood and ancient stock. He had never gone beyond his own island. He hunted, made bets, attended the races, read his Bible every Sunday, cultivated his lands, raised cattle, and his house was full of silver cups that he had won at agricultural competitions, whether for having made an acre of land yield a few more sacks of corn, or for having presented to the delighted jury the fattest ox or the most woolly sheep. On seeing, on the one side, his two daughters, young misses, fair, slightly formed, mild in manners and language, and, on the other, his tall, spare, imperious better half, who spoke in sharp harsh tones, with her teeth protruding out of her mouth, like her pet dog when it barked, it was impossible not to feel the justice

of an observation long ago made upon English ladies: that they are extreme in goodness or worthlessness, either handsome or ugly, good or wicked, without any medium! Luckily, the girls took after the father, who was one of the best-hearted men alive. He gave up to us the best room in the house, half filled by a vast bed, *à la duchesse*, which was placed in its centre, its tall canopy supported on four pillars rising up to the ceiling. People lie down in such beds with all the pomp of the dead in their catafalques. We washed our hands in silver basins, due no doubt also to the generosity of agricultural societies. Lastly, to place a climax upon the honour done to us, to further astound us, and to make his hospitality so sumptuous and so magnificent that we should remain proud of it for the rest of our days, our *brave* gentleman had invited at the same time as ourselves two lords, members of parliament, whose country mansions lay in the same neighbourhood. Up to this point all went on marvellously well.

Next morning, as the clock struck ten, the bell tolled for breakfast. No one had yet left his room. We found the family assembled round a colossal tea-urn. The eldest of the daughters offered me a cup, which I was obliged to decline, never having been able to train my European stomach to Chinese habits, and preferring the smallest trifle at the end of my fork to all the infusions in the world, no matter how sweetened and perfumed. My objection to drinking tea caused the greatest possible surprise among all present, mingled, I believe, with some feelings of pity, and I am sure with a great deal of contempt. "What! you don't take tea?" the father, mother, and children exclaimed all at once. I had heard them ask in Murcia, "What do people breakfast upon in countries where there are no oranges?" No doubt my kind hosts in England were saying to themselves: "What do people breakfast upon who don't drink tea?" The fact is, that not one of them thought of offering me an egg. That day and the following I had to satisfy my matutinal hunger with brown bread and butter. (Strict adherence to truth is not to be expected in a slight sketch of this kind, manifestly penned for effect; but we cannot help remarking, that in the whole course of our own experience we never sat down to a country breakfast, especially where there was company, where there were not eggs, and also bacon, or viands of some description or other.)

A few hours were afterwards passed in the parlour, the gentlemen and ladies as carefully separated as in a mosque, with needlework on one side and newspapers on the other, occasionally interrupted by a frigid, starch, and affected conversation, as carefully regulated as it was formal and serious. Then at a certain hour we all went to take a walk in a certain path of the garden, keeping a regular pace, and preserving an invariable order: any one would have said that we were prisoners in a yard. This accomplished, every one got to his or her own room. Five o'clock struck, and the bell summoned us once more to the dining-room. The weather was cold and rainy; notwithstanding which, the daughters of our host were dressed as if for a ball, in gowns of white muslin, with their neck and arms bare. They were actually shivering in such absurd garbs. Their skin was in places of a violet hue, and in others spotted by *la échar de paille*, attesting to the eyes of all to what suffering they were exposed. My wife reproached them amicably for such an act of imprudence, which she thought she might have indirectly contributed to

by her presence. "Oh, no," one of them answered, ingenuously, "we did not dress in white for you; every day, were my father alone in the house, we come down dressed thus for dinner. It is customary to do so."

She might also have added, like an eccentric acquaintance of mine, who was seen walking in a cold rain in the month of June in white trousers: "Are you mad?" exclaimed one of his friends, meeting him thus attired. "It is not me that is mad," he replied, "it is the weather." But let us get back to our society. Besides the two lords, who no doubt reserved their eloquence for the time when parliament should lay claim to it, and their appetite for the time of holidays, for they eat much without speaking even a little, there was a third stranger guest: he was the eldest son of the family, established in the neighbourhood, and among the invited on the present occasion, for he would never have dreamt of taking a place at the paternal table without an express invitation. It is not the custom. For fear that any mistake should happen in the proper distribution of the plates and the *morceaux*, the master of the house, seated alone at the head of the table, cut up the meat and served it out himself. This is the invariable order in which the bits were presented upon their accompanying plates: first to my wife, as married woman and stranger; then to the two lords, beginning with the highest title; then to the ladies of the house, according to age; then to myself—low plebeian; then to his son; then to himself. Then were served out the soup with spices, the fish with lobster-sauce, the immense roast beef, reminding one of the *terga bovis* of the Homeric repasts, the vegetables cooked in water, the pudding *au rhum*, the fruit-pies, and the *Chester* cheese, as large as a millstone: and thus were they invariably served out at each succeeding repast. (Those who have seen a Frenchman, as we have done, eat a salt herring, as an *entremets* between the second and third courses, will not be surprised at M. Viardot's astonishment at the regularity of our repasts. There is much, however, in his remarks upon the stiffness and affectation of English society, and its exceeding formality, and the—what he elsewhere designates with some justice—*insupportable tyrannie des usages Anglais*, which is well deserving of the ridicule that he heaps upon it.)

A jocose traveller, returning from England, said that it is a country where nothing is polished except the steel, and no fruit is ripe except baked apples. I (our sportsman intimates) do not admit the first part of this definition; for politeness is entirely a conventional thing, that changes with the degree of latitude and longitude, and of which it may be said,

Est-ce à la tienne à juger de la nôtre!

Out of politeness we take off our hats where the Orientals take off their shoes. But when the same traveller, meeting nothing but green meadows and gloomy brick houses, compared England to a plate of spinach flanked with toast, and especially when he added, in a more serious spirit, "subjected to its customs as a monk is to the rules of his order, England is one vast convent, and all its houses are cells, where the same things are done invariably at the same hour and in the same manner," then I think that he says that which is strictly true. But truth is not carried to its whole extent. For it might be imagined that such austere rules only affect the monks of the convent, by which I mean the people of the country. Not at all; a stranger, the moment he puts his foot upon the

soil of England, must also assume the monk's garb and take the vows. Elsewhere no one is supposed to ignore the laws; here no one is permitted to be ignorant of custom. One is judged solely by such. If by chance a person should so far forget himself as to take off his hat in the street, he is an ill-bred man, a low fellow; if, at table, he should venture to touch his fish with a knife, he is a clown. To us, who live at our ease, in perfect frankness and freedom, and eat and drink just when we like, and as we like, this perpetual tyranny of the "*What will people say?*"—this life shut up within a circle as narrow and as monotonous as the hours of a dial—seems to be positively insupportable, and it is a punishment which multiplies itself geometrically by its duration. Alas, the persecutions of custom held us fast bound in the country, and we became the same deplorable victims to it within the confined precincts of a cottage as we had been in the *salons* of the West End.

Luckily, the month of August was drawing to a close, and the shooting season opened on the 1st of September. It is only in France that, rightly or wrongly, MM. the *Préfets* grant to their permit-bearers a concession to shoot, the period of which is regulated each year by the state of the harvest. Everywhere else the shooting season opens upon a given day, good year or bad year, and, what is more strange, earlier in the north than in the south: in Russia, on the 29th of June (12th of July); in Germany, on the 25th of August; in England, on the 1st of September; as also in Spain according to the law, which, however, is practically and really little regarded. With the prospect of this proximate and powerful diversion, of this unequalled pleasure, the return to which is so much the more appreciated as it has been long waited for, I was enabled to take patience. "The day of my delivery," I said to myself, "approaches; the day of liberty is near!"

It came. I wished to start with sunrise, to come back at sunset. But custom ordained that we should drink tea with the ladies, and that at the precise hour of dinner we should be seated at table in black coats and white cravats. There only remained then, for shooting and for the two toilettes, the time that separated the two repasts from one another. At last, at about twelve o'clock in the day, we had our gaiters on our feet (at least M. Viardot had) and our guns in our hands. We started three or four sportsmen with one dog, which was kept in hand. He was called Pedro. He was the handsomest and the best pointer that I ever met with in my long career as a sportsman. Most assuredly, had I been president of the Agricultural Society of Hereford, his master should have received, for so docile, so beautiful, and so educated a dog, a silver vase as large as Barclay and Co.'s most capacious vat.

Most persons are aware that the greater part of the country in England is divided into little enclosures, hermetically sealed by hedges and gateways. This enables the farmers to do without cowherds or shepherders. It is an economy of men. It is therefore impossible to hunt in such a country in the same manner as in our open plains, or as is done in Brittany and Berry; to attempt to force one's way through the hedges of thorns at the expense of one's clothes and of the flesh that they cover, would be alike inconvenient and against all established rule. Hence this is the manner in which the sport is conducted. We went along the little roads, well kept and quite cleanly, which separate the different properties,

talking politics, literature, or about agricultural committees. Arrived at a gateway which it was necessary to open with a key, Pedro was turned into the enclosure by himself, and, galloping off, he took up the wind with marvellous skill, and in an equally short space of time had explored the whole of the ground. It is to be remarked that an almost incessant rain had made the harvest extremely late, many fields of corn still remained uncut, which probably never ripened, and hence access was allowed to the dog only to such enclosures as the corn had been removed from. No matter, custom wills that shooting shall commence on the 1st of September. When Pedro returned, like the dove to the ark of Noah, without having found, we went to another gateway and made another trial. But if a covey of partridges happened to be there, the good Pedro snuffed them at a distance of thirty paces, and once he had pointed them, he would have died of hunger, and the partridges also, before he or they would have thought of leaving the place. Upon such occasions we proceeded into the enclosure, quietly and with the utmost gravity, one after the other; taking our places in a line, at equal distances, one from the other; after which we marched upon the game, the position of which was intimated by the direction of the dog's muzzle. At the first sound of a partridge's wings, at the first shot fired, Pedro lay down with his belly to the ground, as frightened to pick up the dead bird as to make the rest of the covey take flight. With the English, to fetch and carry is considered a defect in a dog. As to the other sportsmen, the sound of a fowling-piece seemed to them like a clap of thunder; they were petrified, nailed to the spot. Not one made a step forward, or a movement to the right or left, till their companion had reloaded—an operation which he proceeded with with so much deliberation, as in the Prussian exercise would have sufficed to load and reload twelve different times. Then all started again, keeping in a line and in the same positions, till the whole covey had got up and made its way over the hedge of the enclosure. As to me, I looked at what was going on, incapable of understanding or appreciating so formal, so disciplined, so mournful a pastime, *firing from time to time a poor hap-hazard shot, with as much gravity and mournfulness as my companions.*

This sport amid enclosures, always the same thing over again, lasted two or three mortal hours. Who would have said to me that I should ever have called hours of sport hours of mortal dulness? And that the first day too! But after a time we arrived at an open plain, level, with a clear horizon, no hedges or ditches, and diversified by cultivation. For the moment I felt myself in Brie, and seeing no more enclosures, I felt as happy as a bird whose cage has been opened to him. But, alas! there is no escape from the tyranny of custom in England. First of all, Pedro, my delight, was made fast and sent home. It was in vain that I asked for him to be permitted to remain; he was only used in enclosures. Another dog, a very handsome and very good spaniel, was brought to us by a reverend gentleman, a neighbour of my host's, an agriculturist like him, and also a sportsman, who had trained his dog for the open country. I languished to escape from the ranks and to be allowed to carry on a war of *guerillas*, even if I had to beat the potatoes and the clover with my feet or the butt-end of my gun. But the same eternal order of battle was resumed; we were again disposed in a line, and had to march on at equal

distances, like recruits at drill, and to stop as regularly whenever one of the party discharged his fowling-piece. The same spaniel beat the country in front of the line. At last, wearied to death and seriously discomposed by the weight of such heavy constraint, I succeeded by a series of little oblique movements, skilfully dissimulated, in reaching the extremity of the line; and when I had no neighbour except on one side, I kept gaining in distance on the other, till at last, like a dishevelled comet launched from its planetary system, I fairly got out of the centre of gravity in which I had been so long forcibly restrained. I was free—I was my own master! Live free or die! I threw myself on my knees and thanked Heaven!

Turning my eyes in every direction in order to ascertain how I could best take advantage of the liberty which I had conquered, I perceived at no great distance from me a spacious field of beans, still erect, and presenting what appeared to be a favourable cover for game. *Italiam, Italiam!* I hastened to the land of promise, and threw myself bodily amidst the alimentary pods destined for the nourishment of convicts and prisoners, and whose sturdy stems reached up to the middle of my waist. I had not made a few paces, before co, co, co, away went a fat pheasant from beneath my feet. The beautiful bird, spreading out his golden wings to the sun, opening his tail like a fan, and lifting up his purple and azure head, rose about twenty feet from the ground, and then described a semicircle round me. My gun was pointed, I was carefully adjusting his exposed flank, my finger was on the trigger, when a loud voice called out at my ear, No! while a heavy hand held back my arm.

Le vilain retourne la tête,
La colombe l'entend, part et tire de long.

I turned round to see what ant had come to sting me in the heel, as the well-known fable has it. It was my host's gamekeeper, who, seeing me glide away so stealthily, he had sent after me, either for fear that I should lose my way, or, more probably, in order to arrest the deserter and bring him back to prison. Nevertheless, as this good *gendarme* did not hold me by the collar, but kept at a respectful distance after having let out his formidable No! I began to recover my assurance, and with it to continue my pilgrimage in the bean-field. Soon after, a hen pheasant got up, to whose person I showed due respect, and then a fat old cock, like the first. Once more my fowling-piece was raised to my shoulder, and my finger pressed the trigger, when another No! came from the old quarter, and the same heavy hand laid an embargo on my arm.

The untoward monosyllable was uttered without anger or even excitement, nay, almost in a respectful tone, and more in the manner of an official notice than of a reproachful menace. It was evidently an order that he was putting into force. Seeing, then, that the keeper was determined to prevent all sport, I lowered my crest, uncocked my fowling-piece, shouldered the useless arm, and walked forth from the field of beans *rabo entre piernas*, like a dog that awaits punishment. The reverend sportsman came to meet me; he had seen my adventure from a distance, and hastened complacently to explain to me the origin of this terrible No!—this constitutional veto given to the keeper to prevent an old cock pheasant being killed on an open and licensed sporting day.

"On the 1st of September," he said to me, "we kill partridges; on the 1st of October, pheasants; and the 1st of November, hares: that is the custom."

So that really and in sober earnest, in order to introduce the same distinctions of rank among beasts that exist among men, and in order to establish a social hierarchy among game, English sportsmen deprive themselves of the greatest attraction that country sports possess—variety and the unknown. And this rule, like all others, becomes, from the moment it is admitted as such, so inflexible, that it does not even enter into the thoughts of an otherwise good, kind-hearted, hospitable man, to disfranchise his host from such a penalty for a day, and to give to a stranger, who will not be in England on the 1st of October, the permission to shoot a pheasant on the 1st of September.

Alas! what pleasure in spoiling all that is agreeable, what harsh and despotic manners! Upon contemplating such a state of things, I asked myself, not where is the equality—for who does not know that England is the country of castes as much as India or Egypt ever were, and that the population is composed of beds or layers superimposed one upon another, like the beds of a tertiary formation?—I asked myself, Where is liberty? In the law, possibly so; but most assuredly not in the manners. The one is praiseworthy, the other is detestable. It is a powerful, magnificent secular tree, that holds forth promises of shade and peace, and yet under its branches nothing but rushes and brambles thrive, or as Werther Potier before said, "L'on ne peut naturellement faire un pas sans s'emberlificoter les jambes." How strange it is to see, on the one hand, such jealous efforts to gain and to preserve that personal independence which has for ages its proper and accepted name in legal language, the *habeas corpus*—so many guarantees obtained for the inviolable sanctity of the home; and, on the other hand, such a servile submission to the most puerile exigencies of habit! One is really tempted to say, turning Montesquieu's definition upside down: "The law gives to the English the liberty of making themselves slaves to their manners." Is it really credible that so great and so powerful a nation, which has given to the world so many men of genius, so many proud intellects, and such free thinkers; which has seen issue from its bosom Bacon, Hampden, Shakspeare, Locke, and Newton, should demean itself by such miserable trifles, unworthy of *femmelettes* (less than women), and yet making affairs of state of such; and, free by the laws which she has conquered, voluntarily degrading herself into servitude to manners and customs which she imposes upon herself? England is a country which requires to be seen, not to be dwelt in; to be admired in all things, to be imitated in few; where all may find much to instruct them, but none will find anything to please them. And truly, when the next morning we bade good-by to the good family of the county of Hereford, which had no other fault than that of being English and of living in English fashion, we could not help saying to the trees in their garden: "Unfortunates! how much are you to be pitied at having been planted there, and not to be able to go and flower elsewhere!" (There may be some justice in this long declamation against the tyranny of English social manners and customs, but as founded upon not being permitted to shoot a pheasant in September, it is based upon a most unsportsmanlike error.)

STOKE DOTTERELL; OR, THE LIVERPOOL APPRENTICE.

A HISTORY.

IX.

THE TIDE.

STRANGE reports were circulated, from time to time, at Stoke Dotterell, as to the fortunes of Blake Whitmore.

A tradesman, who had been to visit a relation at Epping, said that he had seen him at a great house near London, with horses and carriages at his disposal, and that he was apparently its master.

"What made you think so?" asked his friend.

"Because I heard him," replied the tradesman, "call from the top of the steps to a groom, 'We shall none of us want the horses to-morrow, Thomas; but tell the coachman to bring round the carriage this evening at eight;' and the groom touched his hat, and said, 'Yes, sir.' I thought of going up to the door and asking to see him, but I was afraid that he would not like to be inquired after by a poor man like me."

"You had no right to think so," said his friend, "for young Whitmore had never the least bit of pride about him."

"Yes, but you never saw him as he is now," rejoined the tradesman; "why, the house is as big as Sir Jonah's, and handsomer a great deal."

"And how did he look?"

"Why pale, as usual, and rather thin."

Amongst the company, also, at a celebrated place of resort called the Dove, where a few of the electors of Stoke held nightly meetings for the purpose of settling the affairs of the borough, which—as they firmly believed—included those of the nation and the world, it was confidentially, but very confidently, stated that he had been offered a high post under government; but whether it was secretary-at-war, or one of the police magistrates, they were rather in doubt.

His father alone could have told upon what substratum of truth these rumours rested, and he had no wish to make his son's affairs the subject of conversation.

Mr. Fairfield had often thought of his old friend Sir Thomas's suggestion, that he should give up his business and go abroad. In their pleasant evening reunions they frequently talked of it; while Ellen and Blake might be seen, like chiefs before a battle, at a table covered over with maps, and were in deep consultation for hours upon every imaginable route which might lead them to the sunny South. But Mr. Fairfield had had the management of affairs too extensive or important to be hastily transferred to others.

The morning after one of these agreeable discussions upon the *carte routière de l'Europe*, he received a note from Lord Weybridge, desiring to see him at his official residence, on the subject of some town properties which were likely to be required for throwing open a populous locality.

When their immediate business was disposed of, "What do our friends in the City think," said Lord Weybridge, "of the present state of parties?"

"We were glad, my lord," replied Mr. Fairfield, "to see your majority."

"Our majority, Mr. Fairfield, had nearly been a defeat. We were deficient in good speakers. You smile, I see, and think, as others do (rightly, perhaps, in the main), that few speeches have ever gained a vote. This was more the case formerly than now. When there were only two great parties in the House, men's minds were pretty sure to be made up; but, at present, when we are split into sections innumerable; when there are members who fancy that it argues a degree of superiority not to belong to *any* party; and others who have not yet conscientiously determined which section will best forward their individual interests, a few stray votes may be caught at the moment by a good speech; and it tells with the public. I do not mean the flashy harangue that owes its brief success to personal invective—on the same principle, I suppose, that vegetables are preserved in acids. I wish for no such aid. The only speaking that can now produce any effect in parliament is that which tells us something we were not before acquainted with, and commands our attention by a tone of sincerity and good sense. Do you know a Mr. Whitmore?"

"I do, and esteem him highly," said Mr. Fairfield.

"So Sir Thomas Frankin told me," said Lord Weybridge. "Can you give me any information as to his views?"

Mr. Fairfield stated in what way he had himself become acquainted with him; that he had intended to have given him a share of his practice, and to have considered him as replacing his son; that his respect for him daily increased; and that, should his own retirement from business, or Mr. Whitmore's being called to the bar, prevent his carrying his original intentions into effect, he should still always regard him as one of his most valued friends, if not as an adopted child."

"Then you will have no objection to introduce him to me?" said Lord Weybridge.

"He shall wait upon you, my lord, at any hour you will name."

"To-morrow morning, then, at eleven."

And Mr. Fairfield retired.

"I have been thinking," said Ellen, in the evening, "that it would be better to go into Germany *first*, and then, by the Tyrol or Styria, into Italy. I cannot fancy encountering the '*Sa, mein Fräulein*' of the Germans after being used to the *dolce* '*Si Signorina*' of the South. But I am sure, Mr. Whitmore, you must already have been upon the Continent, or how could the routes be so familiar to you?"

"I might say just the same of yourself," said Blake. "Books and prints have now put all who choose to consult them as much upon the ground as if they had themselves travelled over it. I have never been out of England but once. A captain from our little port of Stoke offered me a passage to Havre, and while he was discharging and reloading, I ran up for a fortnight to Paris."

"And what did you think of it?" asked Ellen.

"I was astonished and delighted. It was impossible to be otherwise. I found the people, as I expected, a great moral antithesis; but I went there merely to be amused; and there were circumstances in which I was peculiarly fortunate. An old *littérateur*, whom (partly from ignorance)

I had paid rather liberally for some work upon which I had employed him at the royal library, showed his gratitude by procuring me an admission to witness the reception of De Lamartine at the Academy; a sight that I would not have missed on any account."

"It must have been very interesting," said Ellen. "And what was their great poet's appearance?"

"Ellen, my dear child," interposed Mr. Fairfield, "we have got into a very bad habit of sitting up late. It cannot but injure your health; so ring for candles, and Mr. Whitmore will tell you all about the poet to-morrow."

On the morrow he had his interview with Lord Weybridge.

After entering upon the objects of their meeting, "I find, Mr. Whitmore," said the minister, "that we have already had your support. They tell me that the article '*On Some Events of the Session*,' which appeared in the last *Edinburgh Review*, was yours."

Mr. Whitmore acknowledged that he had written the paper referred to. That he had observed some very erroneous opinions were becoming prevalent upon the measures then under discussion, and he thought it desirable they should be corrected.

"And you did us service," said Lord Weybridge. "I certainly believe that the statements you so ably made had considerable effect in reassuring some of our timid friends, and in staying the tendency to defection. Are you disposed to devote yourself to public life as a profession?"

Blake explained that he had no private fortune, and scarcely anything to inherit, but that his previous reading and experience left little to be done in preparing for the bar, and as long as his views in that respect were not interfered with, he would do anything of which Lord Weybridge might think him capable.

"In short," said the minister, "you wish to have something to fall back upon. For the present you are right. Indeed, I do not know why I should tempt any one into the course I wish you to pursue. It has shortened my own life; and, if ambition is the charm, I can only say that, as far as it can contribute to happiness, I was never so happy as when I gained my first prize at Oxford.* But it is a noble game, and the stake is worth playing for. This, then, is what I propose. My private secretary, Mr. Lascelles, will very soon join the embassy at Vienna. In the first instance, and till I can make some better arrangement for yourself, I should wish you to succeed him; and, when parliament meets, I could bring you into the House for Selborough. Will these plans suit you?"

Blake Whitmore fancied that the tide of his affairs was clearly at its flood, and though he did not very distinctly understand what the duties of a private secretary involved†, he determined that, as far as it depended upon himself, *his after life* should not be bound in shallows. To all, therefore, that had been proposed, he assented.

* This was said by a deceased statesman: one of the greatest, and unquestionably the most eloquent, of our public men.

† He might have consulted Sir Bulwer Lytton; though, to this case, the gifted baronet's description would not, in all respects, apply. We recollect an instance of such an appointment being rejected as below his ambition by a young member of parliament, who now fills an office of some danger and difficulty, and of small emolument, in one of our colonies.

But we should be sorry if any of our fair readers—(and we shall doubtless have *many*)—should suppose that, in all these changes, he had forgotten Helen Pigott. His affection was based in feelings on his part, and in qualities on hers, which made it indestructible. It might be rent, as we may pierce through the Alps themselves; but it was as unlikely to be destroyed as they are. He had learnt, however, as we have already seen, and in such a way as made it impossible to doubt its truth, the substance of Henry's letter to Sir Jonah Foster; and he deemed that it would be utter selfishness to influence her by his presence in a matter that seemed to involve her own future position in society, and the wishes and fortunes of her family.

Still it was to her alone his thoughts of affection were constantly turned, and her image was never absent from the brilliant vista that appeared to be opening before him.

He had latterly passed his evenings, as well as mornings, in London; and as the period was approaching when his occupations would oblige him to be there almost entirely, he determined that, during the winter, he would be as much as possible with his friends at Wanstead.

X.

DINNER AND A DANCE.

"I ADMIT," said Mr. Keely to his niece, "that he behaved nobly on that dreadful night, which I can never think of without trembling; and if you are determined to *marry* Mr. Pigott, I shall not object to it. I must only insist that your property shall be settled—as a great deal of it is already, by your father's will—strictly upon yourself."

"Not *all*?" said Mary.

"Ay, all," replied Mr. Keely, "except a house and furniture; and the time may come when you will thank me for having recommended it."

But before anything irrevocable was done, it was determined that they should accept an invitation which they had received from Mrs. Pigott. "We may as well see what they are like," suggested Mr. Keely.

The prospect of their visit produced something of a revolution at Abbey Grange. The apartments were rearranged under the tasteful superintendence of Helen. Their servant Anne had the provisional assistance of that domestic impostor a "professed cook." Mr. Figg, the town waiter, was engaged *en permanence* as butler for a month—just as ladies on the eve of other important events engage a monthly nurse—and a party was invited to meet the expected guests at dinner a day or two after their probable arrival.

Mr. Keely and his niece were delighted with Abbey Grange. To the residents of a street in Liverpool, the house with its romantic aspect and its pretty garden, and the woods around it, and the rocky coast in the distance, had unaccustomed charms. At present, persons of their ample means would not reside in Liverpool at all; but the emigrations from the town to its beautiful neighbourhood were not then so general as they have since become.

They were cordially welcomed. A feeling that we are promoting our own interests makes us uncommonly cordial; and with *better* feelings Mary Redpyne drew towards Helen Pigott with a sister's attachment from the first.

As to Mrs. Pigott, she was now wholly engrossed with preparations for the dinner.

When a neighbour is invited to dine with you in the country, it does not follow that the individual will come because you wish it; on the contrary, there is sometimes a pleasure in thinking that the refusal will be an annoyance. Those who *do* come have generally some individual motive.

It was thus in Mrs. Pigott's case. Sir Jonah Foster came, because he was the friend and patron of her son, and because (encouraged by Henry) his passion—we do not call it affection—for Helen was indomitable. The rector, Dr. Digby, came, because he made a point of going wherever he should meet Sir Jonah; but his wife would *not* come. Two of the five Miss Larkinses came, because they had heard that the rich Mr. Keely was a widower. Mr. Bam came, because he was Sir Jonah's great supporter in the borough; Mrs. Bam, because (contrary to the usual course of things) she was obliged to do whatever her husband wished; and Mrs. Freelove came, because she was too amiable to refuse anybody.

Mrs. Pigott was very much gratified to find that the rector had accepted her invitation, for he was somewhat exclusive, and was looked upon as one of the notabilities of the neighbourhood. He was a tall, dark, handsome man—"much like the son of Kish that lofty Jew"—was not beyond middle age, of polished manners, well-informed, and related to nobility. No one ever dressed more carefully; but he was as changeable in his costume as his opinions. One day inclining to the evangelical—and then he clothed himself as plainly as a servant out of livery when "*his family*" are in mourning. At another time, while dallying with tractarianism, he wore a shovel hat, a peculiar kind of silk waistcoat, and "bishops' boots;" and it is difficult to say how far he might have gone in *this* direction, had it not been for the ridicule he encountered in consequence of having covered his altar with certain brocaded silks. They had formed part of the dresses of a deceased old lady; and, having been recently sold by auction, were unfortunately recognised by many of his parishioners as *Mrs. Peacock's petticoats*. This trivial circumstance drove him back towards orthodoxy; and the peculiar silk waistcoat was replaced by plain kerseymere. But whatever might be his changes of dress or of doctrine, and with all his foibles, Dr. Digby was a good man. A man of active benevolence; and, as a clergyman, regardful of his duties. He certainly sometimes contended that the Church was not merely a ministration but a *power*, and a power that ought to be increased; but we may hope that—in *his* hands at least—it would not have been very dangerous. His only strong antipathy was an *untitled* reformer.

Having determined upon her guests, numerous were the consultations between Mrs. Pigott and her monthly butler.

"Pray, Figg," she said, "how many will the dining-table accommodate?"

"Only twelve, ma'am, if we are to have room to pass with the dishes."

"Then let me see: there's Sir Jonah, one; and the rector, two; and Mrs. Freelove, three; and Mr. Keely and his niece, five. Five?—let me be sure;—yes, five: and the Bams, seven; and the two Miss

Larkins, nine; and Henry and myself, eleven. Bless me! we are one short." And again she counted them upon her fingers. "Helen will not come down to dinner." (She pleaded ill-health.) "Who can I possibly ask? It will never do to invite Mr. Camp,—a man who has served them at his counter." (This was said aside.) "Oh! there's the clergyman who is with the reading party from Cambridge. Be ready, Figg, to take a note to him immediately."

The invitation to Mr. Cube was sent, and accepted; and the important day arrived.

Considering the undisciplined nature of her forces, the *bashi-basouks* of the kitchen as well as the sideboard, the great event did not go off so badly as might have been expected. It is true that Mrs. Prudence Good, the lodging-house keeper and pastrycook, to whom the preparation of several of the side-dishes had been entrusted, had not despatched them from her domicile so as to arrive exactly at the moment they should have been upon the table; and one of the fuses in the kitchen having gone wrong, the boiled turkey had been partially peppered with "blacks;" and the turbot might have been hotter; but in time the dinner was very respectably served by the perspiring Mr. Figg, and the company were in time duly marshalled pretty nearly as it was intended they should have been. There were the usual "Have the goodness, Mr. Bam, to divide the ladies."—"Sir Jonah, this is *your* seat."—"May I trouble you, Dr. Digby, to say grace?"—"Amen!"—"Figg, the soup-plates." And then the great business of the day commenced. Mrs. Pigott had been overheard to say that if the dishes to be supplied by Mrs. Prudence Good should not arrive from Stoke in time for the second course, she should certainly *faint*. They did not arrive in time, but she did not faint; she was too much occupied.

The monthly butler was assisted by the servants of Sir Jonah, Mrs. Free love, and Mr. Bam; and though they conducted themselves in a very proper and dignified manner, they evidently regarded Mr. Figg's perplexities with an air of malicious superiority. When, in removing a dish, for instance, he had knocked off the top of a decanter which stood by Henry Pigott, Sir Jonah's man very coolly replaced it by an empty one, at the very moment that Henry was asking Sir Jonah to take wine with him. Mr. Bam, too, radical as he was, was so delighted at being asked to take wine with the rector, that in reaching at a bottle, he seriously damaged, and had indeed nearly overturned—to the horror of Figg—a splendid obelisk occupying the place of a centre-piece, which had been ingeniously constructed by Mrs. Prudence Good with no more durable materials than threads of barley-sugar.

While these, the principal performances, were going forward, there was what some, perhaps, might have considered a very pleasant accompaniment at the lower end of the room. Mr. Figg had a son, who was, for some short time, in the service of a lady residing in the neighbourhood, in the character of one of those little pests called a page; but he had been discharged on account of too great a propensity for having a finger in the "family jars." His father, with a laudable regard for his future welfare, was in the habit of asking permission to bring his boy wherever he went on duty, as well for assistance as improvement; and as the young gentleman might be had (buttons included) for the very

moderate charge of a shilling, the request was generally acceded to. At present he was occupying himself at a small table—brought from Mrs. Pigott's dressing-room as auxiliary to the sideboard—where he was indefatigable in producing an agreeable rattling of knives and forks, varied occasionally by the sound of a broken glass or two; a kind of movement that answered the double purpose of giving a brilliant indistinctness to the conversation, and of acting with a very peculiar effect upon gentlemen who were bilious, or upon ladies whose temperament was nervous.

The conversation was as animated and intellectual as it usually is at banquets of this description.

While the decanters were making their first after-dinner promenade, "Pray, Mrs. Pigott," inquired Sir Jonah, "where did you get those handsome candelabra which stand in the corners behind you?"

"Those, Sir Jonah, were amongst the fancies of your old friend my poor dear husband. The pillars were the lower posts of a very finely-carved oak bedstead, which were slightly altered, and branches for lights put upon the tops."

"Ah!" said the baronet, "that accounts for it; but I never before knew the exact meaning of *the twinkling of a bedpost*." And so brilliant a joke from the only titled guest was, of course, well received. We should be satisfied if the great man of a party would never make a worse.

At last the dinner was finished; and, after sundry settling of their dresses, and the interchange of some expressive looks, as if something were about to take place at which they had better not be present, the ladies retired; and though the subsequent conversation which amused our forefathers on such occasions is now happily unknown—except amongst a certain class of railway directors and persons of a similar tone of morality—it was remarkable to see how much restraint appeared to have been removed.

After speaking of the state of his schools, and expressing a doubt as to the expediency of any system of education but his own, the doctor repeated the opinion of a great political economist, that no grave or serious question should ever be discussed after a generous meal; for if done well, it was bad for the body, and if not done well, it was bad for the mind. To show his sincere belief in this comfortable doctrine, he yielded himself to the enjoyment of some excellent liberts, and to a state of mental and physical repose; not so profound, however, but that his faculties would easily have been recalled into activity by a proposed encroachment upon the globe, or a doubt as to apostolical succession.

When the rector had retired within himself, and was in a platonic kind of reverie, "They tell me, Mr. Keely," said Sir Jonah, "that you are immensely rich: how do you mercantile gentlemen *make* so much money?"

"I am not ashamed to say, Sir Jonah, that *my* fortune was chiefly realised as a wholesale drysalter in Manchester," answered Mr. Keely, with a quietness that would have done honour to a Brummel.

"How extraordinary!" ejaculated Sir Jonah—"how very extraordinary! I can hardly conceive it possible that a property such as you are said to possess can have been extracted from smoked hams and red-herrings."

"Morally—*impossible*," said Mr. Cube; who, had he used the phrase at a later period, might have been suspected of having paid a furtive visit to the little theatre in the Haymarket.

Mr. Keely and Henry laughed; and Mr. Keely, with something like pride at being able to correct the ignorance of a baronet, explained that the articles he had dealt in were the dyeing materials used by manufacturers, and not the *comestibles* which had been so delicately alluded to.

"And how was I to know that?" rejoined Sir Jonah; "if men of business use such ridiculous and unintelligible terms, are other men bound to comprehend them?"

"I hear," said Henry, wishing to restore the equanimity of his friend and patron, "that you are sure of your election for the borough."

"Yes," he replied, "if there is any faith in man. They tell me that the revised lists show an unquestionable majority; and I have secured Camp by having him put into the commission for the county. Recollect, Mr. Bam, that as soon as you inform me of having completed your purchase at Warehill, *your* name will also be added. The lord-lieutenant, besides being with us in politics, is my particular friend, and I have merely to express my wishes."

"Thank you, Sir Jonah," said Mr. Bam; "but do not be too sure of Mr. Camp.

The rigid John Camp, that inflexible person,

as he was called (in one of the squibs attributed to young Whitmore at the last election), will do whatever comes into his head at the time. He affects to be the Borough Aristides."

"Ah! we know what *that* means," said Sir Jonah. "A Borough Aristides is Aristides the Just—just as long as it does not interfere with his private interests. But there can be no doubt as to who is the Borough Demosthenes," bowing to Mr. Bam, who bowed so profoundly in return as not to see that Sir Jonah, while glancing at Henry Pigott, regarded his "talented supporter" (as he usually designated him) with somewhat of a contemptuous smile.

During this colloquy—much of which was only made audible to a privileged circle—the rector, with his filberts and his sherry before him, had wisely remained in a state of agreeable repose.

Coffee was now announced, and they joined the ladies in time to interrupt similar interchanges of kindly feeling on their part, as well as to relieve Mrs. Free love from the fatigue of defending *everybody*.

The next great event was a ball, or rather, as Mrs. Pigott affected, with modest precision, to call it, "a small quadrille party." To this the whole of the Misses Larkin were invited, and two Miss Camps—but without papa or mamma (people bear such things where society is in a state of transition); and the Honourable Miss Pennivant, who was staying at the boarding-house; and a distinguished party from Bath—the Beaumonts, who were connected with the secretary of Lord Monteagle; and all the reading party from Cambridge; and two of the young Framptons, though their parents and the Pigotts did not visit; together with some of those more obscure individuals who, either from the un-aristocratic aspect of their names, or their known insignificance, are usually included in an "&c., &c."

Mrs. Prudence Good was again called upon to produce the highest efforts of her art; and the forms totally unlike anything in "*earth, or air, or ocean*," which she produced in jelly and blanc-mange, and cakes and cream—and which entirely covered the supper-table—were beyond whatever "the most fertile imagination" could have conceived. Ships with halcyons as thick as their cables, and sails as solid as their bulwarks; horses that seemed to have been *born* wind-galled, and with bent legs; forts with walls not so high as the soldiers who were storming them; and flowers which no botanist could have classed, were amongst the least extravagant of her inventions. Sir Jonah had privily suggested to Mrs. Good, when, with the pride of a great artist, she showed him what she had done, that to all these she should add the figure of a gentleman, with a ham in one hand and "ten thousand pounds" in the other; but, suspecting some mischief, "upon this hint" she did not act.

To Mary Redpyne, who had been prevented by her mother's religious opinions from taking part in such amusements, and who had learnt the figures of a quadrille by tact and by stealth, the ball was indeed an enjoyment. Her expressive features were radiant with pleasure. For the moment she was as happy as if she had been on the deck of the *Cherub*; and, as she moved with light and graceful ease, everybody declared that Henry Pigott ought to consider himself a lucky fellow, for that she was "a fortune in herself."

It was not to be expected, however, that all would run on smoothly. One of the failing incidents of Mrs. Pigott's party was a want of space. In the early stages of society at Stoke, dinners were confined to the family circle, with the occasional addition of a friend or two, and other evening reunions were given at the public rooms, for in those days Stoke was a watering-place. Abbey Grange, though a mile from the town, partook of the usual character of its internal accommodations; indeed, our domestic architecture generally, during the war—(in the days of George III.)—was both internally and externally of a very *mesquin* order. On the night we now record, the drawing-room was devoted to dancing; the dining-room to tea and supper; and the only other apartment (which was a small room near the door) was filled with the superfluous coverings of the guests, together with such articles of furniture as it was desirable to stow away; and it was here that the Hon. Miss Pennivant, who "could not live without her rubber," was obliged to *cut-in* at the only table which could be provided for her. On a sofa near the card-table lay, wrapt in not inaudible slumbers, a young gentleman of the name of Bagge;—the innumerable hats piled above his head and shoulders might have been taken for black cherubs watching over his repose. He had been out shooting the whole of the day, and looked forward to Mrs. Pigott's refreshments as what Paul de Kock calls a "*déjeuner soupatoire*." In the mean time, yielding to his fatigues, he had come to annoy the whist-players. Miss Pennivant, whose temper had just been tried by the payment of *seven points* lost through her partner's stupidity, declared that it was no longer sufferable; and exclaiming in general terms against the society of ill-bred persons, she took refuge in the dancing-room. But this, like many other changes both social and political, was not for the better. She was just able to get within the entrance, when a couple of waltzers, moving with more of

agility than grace, approached to where she was resisting, with some difficulty, the pressure from without. The lady's head rested, as usual, on her partner's left shoulder; but his right arm was thrown forward in an angular position of very unusual extent, and, in the frenzy of his whirling enthusiasm, descending from the upper end of the room like a Terpsichorean avalanche, he struck against Miss Pennivant, and she fell backwards. This might have been borne; but her cap and wig fell backwards also; and, turning round in horror, she found herself supported in the arms of the hateful Mr. Bagge. The laugh that followed was too much. Her good breeding obliged her to acknowledge his services; but she did it with a curtesy, by which a more sensitive person than Mr. Bagge would have been *annihilated*. She then rushed to the cloak-room, and, without waiting for conveyance or escort, returned on foot to "the boarding-house" at Stoke, in a frame of mind that threatened to deprive the neighbourhood for ever of that considerable portion of its nobility which was included in her own time-honoured person.

Take it altogether, however, the visit to Abbey Grange was thought, by those most interested, to have been very satisfactory. Mary was pleased with the Pigotts and their acquaintances, and delighted with the neighbourhood; and Mr. Keely had all a merchant's respect for rectors, magistrates, and country baronets who could put people into the commission of the peace by the mere expression of a wish.

So they returned home with feelings that advanced Henry very considerably in the progress of his suit.

"Egad, sir," said Mr. Macness, one day that he was dining with him, "you have not made a bad business of it. Now, how much do you suppose Miss Redpyne's fortune will amount to?"

Henry thought it might be about seventy thousand pounds.

"More, sir—more! You have not calculated, this time, with your usual accuracy. It will ultimately be nearer a hundred thousand. You are not aware that remittances will, sooner or later, be made for the property invested in America. You have risen at once to wealth by going up a bricklayer's ladder."

"But I understand," said Henry, "that it is *strictly settled*."

"And what does *that* signify? Settled, sir! Egad, I think that with such a girl, and such an income, you ought to consider yourself fortunate, settled or not. Besides, if you are the kind husband you ought to be, it will be just the same as if it were your own. That bonny lass will have it in the bank, and they will let you draw it as you like."

"But suppose she should die?"

"And can you marry Mary Redpyne speculating upon her *death*? Don't lower yourself in my good opinion, Henry. Take her as you may; and trust that the same Providence which has given you such a blessing will watch over her as long as you live. There are fifty ways of taking care of *yourself*."

"Egad," said the worthy Scotchman, as Henry closed the door on his departure, "I am afraid that he's but a selfish fellow after all. I begin to be sorry that I have agreed to his arrangements."

The only palliation we can urge on his behalf is the painful but not

very profound truth that *all* men are selfish. We differ only in degree; and it would seem as though we had ceased to be amiable as well as pure from the moment of our first parents' fall.

A profane wit makes Adam exclaim, after quarrelling with the serpent, "*C'est incroyable! nous ne sommes encore que trois êtres raisonnables sur la terre, et nous sommes déjà deux qui ne pouvons nous souffrir. Qu'est-ce que nous ferions donc si nous étions quatre? Nous ferions le diable—à quatre.*"

THE RHINE.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

THE Rhine! the Rhine! the glorious Rhine!
 Its name inspires this lay of mine;
 There is no land like the shore it laves,
 No waters shine like its foamy waves.
 To its vine-clad hills, and its castled slopes,
 Cling the exiled wanderer's dearest hopes;
 And in my prayers on a foreign strand,
 Are yearning thoughts of my fatherland,
 And the Rhine! the Rhine!

I know where the lindens droop and sway
 By the glassy reaches, night and day;
 And the humblest weed that springeth there,
 Lending no charm to earth or air,
 Is more to me than the costliest gem
 That graces a monarch's diadem,
 For by those lindens a few white stones
 Mark the graves of my kindred's bones,
 By the Rhine! the Rhine!

The Rhine! the Rhine! ah! how hath past
 The tide of life since I saw thee last?
 The boy who laved in thy golden tide—
 The passionate youth by his loved one's side—
 And now a man on a foreign shore,
 Dying to see thy face once more,
 Through toil and sorrow, despair and pain,
 The song of thy surge is in my brain,
 Ah Rhine! sweet Rhine!

Ah Rhine! bright Rhine! at morn and eve
 There's one who comes to thy shore to grieve,
 But her bitter tears may fall in vain—
 I never shall tread thy banks again.
 In a foreign land I faint and die,
 In a stranger soil my dust shall lie,
 And the latest prayer of my heart shall be,
 For my love and my fatherland, and thee,
 My glorious Rhine!

FRANCE AND ITS HOPES.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE alliance of France and England for a defensive object of the utmost importance to the great European family, causes many to lose sight for the moment of the progress and position of our ally. We are surprised to find under a ruler who crushes political outbreaks that the popular action is more extended than before in the arts of improvement and peace. We see a great development of the national resources, and confidence where but a little time since all was mistrust and confusion. The existing system of rule, although arbitrary, has performed miracles. Paris is no longer political France. The thirty-six millions beyond the barriers are now to be reckoned as possessed of their share of influence in deciding the choice of a ruler. Venality or republicanism within a small compact limit no longer marshal their followers to meet and plot away preceding forms of government at their own wild will. The right of participation in the choice of their rulers being acknowledged by the reception of the suffrages of all the people, obtains confidence in return to a system which, while it admits their local importance, establishes internal peace and protects industry. The people find that the government exists for all, and therefore give it support. What but this interpretation can be put upon the tender of the sums by individuals in private life for the loans recently opened, leaving the money-jobbers and scrip-mongers in arrear? Not only does this speak extraordinary confidence, it tells of the peace and industry that have been the causes of great private accumulations, and of the alteration of manners and views during a long period of tranquillity in the country parts of the kingdom, despite change, trouble, and revolution in the capital.

We were no strangers to France in the days of her humiliation, when, under the rule of the last Bourbons, foreign armies trod her soil. Our sojourn of years made the people of that time, and their modes of thinking, familiar. Since that renowned era we have continued to observe, with no small degree of interest, the conflicting opinions of the different factions which disturbed its tranquillity during the passage into eternity of an entire generation. Many temporary traits of character flickered before the vision during that period, and passed away. These belonged rather to petty factions than to any considerable body of the nation, and some were of a character almost too insignificant for record. The changes since the belligerent era of the first Napoleon seem scarcely credible, they were so sudden and evanescent. During their continuance the manners and habits of thinking were ever varying, and the former by no means improved, but there is no doubt that those habits and modes of thinking tended to the pursuits of commerce and industry—that Frenchmen, in short, are at present more rational and pacific than formerly. If less enthusiastic, less elevated and chivalrous, they have become better men of business, and more inclined to friendship. We do not know them as well as we ought to do, and the French do not yet know us, despite our more frequent intercourse. We are often unconsciously imitators of each other

in matters by which we are mutually benefited, and yet our difference of character is as strongly defined as ever.

How dissimilar from the Frenchmen of the present day were those we encountered after passing across the plain of St. Denis. That plain had then the aspect of a waste. We remember directing our horse towards some ploughmen turning up black shapeless lumps with the coulter, and kicking them on one side. These were horses' heads not wholly divested of integument, that had been buried the year before after the fighting between the French and Russians beyond the barriers. Eleven years afterwards there were flourishing trees from new plantations again upon that plain, the avenues that were originally there having been cut down and burned by the allied armies. Twenty years more and we entered the good city of Paris, no longer over a paved road along green avenues in a slow diligence, but over a road of iron, with the speed of the wind, making all that had passed resemble a dream, or an imaginary tale of bygone perished things. Paris no longer resembled what it was when we first knew it. It far surpassed in magnificence the former city. Then in "old Paris," if it may be so called, foreign military thronged the streets, and sullen glances were exchanged, and the Bourbon ruled all, covered by a hundred and fifty thousand men of the allied armies. If London has improved since that time, Paris has improved sevenfold. If we have built wider streets, and planted nobler parks, we must not name our edifices with those of Paris, where purity of architectural taste vies with solidity of construction. In former times the people of the other countries on the Continent used to say, "There is but one Paris;" they may repeat the same remark now with more justice. Our countrymen there, on the contrary, are unchanged in their habits and conduct. They seem now as they did of old, when in the French capital. They still herd together, and, except those who visit the Bourse, comparatively few in number, they are as great strangers to the French institutions as they are to those of the time of George I. We fear railways will not mend the matter. Men can travel farther, and proportionally increase their pseudo-knowledge with the increase of surface traversed—the knowledge of a superficies attained from deep cuttings and the summit of dykes—so that in fancy they return fully qualified for discussions at a travellers' club.

To return. We see so much of the effect of the French revolution on Western Europe, that the good and evil of that tremendous, but not unforeseen, convulsion become a study when viewed in regard to their effects upon the progress or retrogradation of the people, not of France alone, but of the neighbouring states. How large a portion of the evils which accompanied that event might have been avoided, if the request to put it down had not been made to foreigners at the solicitation of the princes, to whom the king fell a victim? But the inquiry is superfluous, because it would be now without a purpose.

Whatever may be said of the present government of France, its popularity cannot be doubted—a popularity grounded upon the pacific state it has upheld in its domestic relations. The present system, too, by uniting the larger proportion of the popular will in its favour, renders France a more powerful bar to the extension of Cossack rule, ever seeking to be universal. Should Prussia or Austria be compelled at a future

time to resign a portion of territory to preserve the remainder from Russian domination,* this is important. France will in such a contingency lead in support of it that irresistible war of opinion for carrying out which many of the German petty states have feelings perfectly ripe, and, as well as Italy, only await the support of a great power. A conflagration once kindled, it will be difficult to extinguish. This event will not happen until Germany ceases to be the dupe of Northern barbarism by losing its characteristic stolidity, and discovering its real interest. Prussia and the Bund will find the folly of the game they now play when too late. The alliance of the people everywhere must thus be with France and England, because no other can be formed. The present interest of the powers most concerned is therefore obvious. It is unfortunate that the obvious nature of a measure has often no weight where one mind is absolute dictator. It is one of the safeguards of public freedom that tyranny is subject to obscurities of vision which scarcely ever visit the rest of the world.

In England, liberty was the work both of peers and commoners. Nobility, or what the French would style the "*noblesse*," ceased to exist here in integrity soon after the Restoration. Peers, merely titular nobles, have been continually created; but nobles are not necessarily peers, though they are confounded in vulgar opinion. In tracing the results of the French revolution, the real extinction of the *noblesse* was early in the date of that event after the extinction of their power. When the renown and property of the old *noblesse* of France are considered, without reference to those who, from narrowness of pecuniary circumstances, resided in the provinces, their early extinction surprises, from the non-recollection of the fact that the crown had absorbed all their power and influence long before. They remained exclusives, unsoiled by contact with the aristocracy of wealth and intellect. They were only appendages to the court; the *prestige* of the noble had lost all hold on the attachment of the people. The nobles were destitute of the true knowledge of their position. They would fain be as their fathers had been. The *tiers état*, or third estate, and the crown were the real possessors of political influence. The third estate comprised men of literature, lawyers, merchants, and all engaged in trade, manufactures, or agriculture, down to the smaller farmers—a powerful and compact body, strong in union of numbers, enlightenment, and wealth. The *noblesse*, though politically cyphers, affected to despise the third estate. A nobleman would sometimes condescend to submit to a marriage with the rich daughter of a plebeian, in defiance of the acknowledged degradation, falsifying, in fact, the lofty pretensions of his order. This did not pass without observation among a people peculiarly awake to similar inconsistencies. Their ignorance was another lowering thing when hauteur of carriage was the order of time. Continually at the heads of offices, they were ridiculed for their non-acquaintance with their duties. To be ridiculed was ever in France to lose influence, if not to become despised. At length the *tiers état* thought it not at all desirable

* This is no improbable thing if Prussia become the close ally of Russia. Among the papers of the Archduke Constantine at Warsaw, one was found containing a plan for the invasion of Hungary, drawn up by Colonel Proudzinski, by the order of the Archduke. Austria was then in Russian alliance!

to be confounded in anything with the nobility. It had its own distinctive character to maintain, while the pride of the nobles was wounded on seeing the vacuum caused by their own incapacity filled by the learned and men of the law, whom they hated. Certain offices conferring titles became marketable among other corruptions of the time, somewhat like our baronetcies in the time of James I. The purchasers of such posts were reprobated by the *tiers état*, which was essentially the people, and that same estate governs opinion in France to this hour, although no more alike in name. Thus the real *noblesse* were not merely titular. They were the old gentry of the nation, who could show a certain number of descents. In no country but England is this distinction misunderstood: a peer is called a nobleman here. He may be made a peer for his services, legal, naval, or military, and his posterity may become noble by time, but he cannot himself be noble unless born so. In England the House of Peers is only partially noble; the old gentry are the true nobility of the country, proving their descent for two or three centuries, or at least from the time of the Heralds' visitations ceasing, or 1609. In France, therefore, among the noble, precedence was not given to title, but to birth. The *noblesse* were only the three hundredth part of the population.

The French nobility, the first in Europe for descent, began to decay some considerable time before the revolution. Many impoverished, resided in obscurity on their properties. Extravagance ruined others. As many poor as rich were reckoned in its ranks. The crown had long before absorbed the influence and power of the nobles as a body, together with the privileges of the provincial bodies and municipalities. It held the rein in its own hands. Hence the royalty and the democracy constituted all the real power, nor did the democracy grudge at last leaving the power in the monarch's hands, provided the *noblesse* were excluded, for whom it had no sympathies. The sovereign, therefore, became absolute. Had the three last monarchs of the Bourbon race been men wise enough to know how to govern, the revolution would in all probability not have occurred so soon, or the popular predominance have manifested itself in a manner much less violent.

Despotism had little influence in controlling opinion, however severe it exhibited itself towards action. There was much freedom in the communication of ideas, the inevitable effect of which upon action was overlooked by the crown. The liberty which is commonly supposed to have been generated at the revolution, belonged to a much earlier period in French history, and to the states-general at the commencement of the seventeenth century, of which that body was afterwards deprived. The notion of a divine monarchical right constituted a stronger security for the throne, seconded as it was by the superstition of the day, than any simple notion of blind obedience to the temporal power could possibly have done, when that power became adverse to the national feeling. When the revolution occurred, the nobles had become of small moment. The crown held the power, but the third estate comprised the intellect, opinion, and wealth of the nation. It was an enlightened body, which, if not possessing civil liberty, was not ignorant of its leading principles, besides being in feeling perfectly independent. Compression from without, and the weakness of an attenuated monarchy, whose promises were not to be

trusted for twenty-four consecutive hours, occasioned the reaction, ultimately so pregnant with crime and misery. In the struggle between the crown and the democracy, the monarchy felt unequal to the crisis, and was detected intriguing with foreign enemies while making plausible professions to the people. Then came anarchy, the reign of party, the assumption of the sole authority by the city of Paris, the inhabitants of France out of the capital being unheard and unable to realise any ideas of their own in regard to the government, for both under the Bourbons and Louis Philippe the paucity of electors nullified any real expression of the popular feeling. Paris ruled all, democratic, consular, imperial, royal, anarchical, and republican; they were the inhabitants of Paris who decided for all France, the thirty-six millions of souls in which desired at length to have some voice. They did not relish a government continually replaced by means of intrigues, or through the rabble of the metropolitan city, in which they had little or no influence. Louis Napoleon saw this, and took advantage of the feeling. It was a constitutional act to appeal to all France, and he was repaid by the popular confidence. If the French people are contented with the mode in which he exercises his authority, who has a right to complain? His system has the merit of keeping down the turbulent spirits of the capital, which held the neighbouring countries, arbitrarily governed, in a continual state of alarm, without benefiting themselves, exhibiting scenes of domestic violence and bloodshed under the pretence of establishing free principles, and showing that they were as little acquainted with those principles as rulers that had never heard their name.

If the conduct of Louis Napoleon has not been justifiable in taking the government, France and Europe have profited by the measure. Though an act by no means harmonising with the notions of Englishmen, yet by the internal tranquillity that reigns throughout his empire he has benefited Europe, and England more particularly. Nations as well as individuals sometimes profit by the good that comes out of evil.

France has only two parties at present, as she had under Louis XVI. —the throne and people. She has no nobility in the sense of her old *noblesse*, nor will there ever be again a privileged order in that country. There may be a legislative distinction for legislative purposes alone. Frenchmen say truly that every man is naturally entitled to be uncontrolled by a class owing its assumption to the recollection of dubious progenitorships. There must be an equality in citizenship. This deep-rooted feeling in the hearts of the people has been the guide to the conduct of Louis Napoleon in his measures. He will not, as his uncle did, create an order of men to whom time can alone impart dignity, and who give not even gratitude in return. Even if nobility in the Frenchman's sense were not the work of time, the principle of personal equality would still be the leading star of the popular destiny. That star was seen low in the horizon before the revolution, but brightly since, amidst the vicissitudes of threescore years. Steadily valued amid corruption, anarchy, licentiousness, despotism, bastard-constitutionalism, imperialism, royalty, and idealogy, round again to imperial government, the feeling yet survives unchanged.

France has not only advanced, but has become less bellicose. We do not think the present war is loved in France any more than here, but it

is looked upon as a necessity which sooner or later would have to be encountered. The country has stood firm under shocks that would have shaken public credit here to its foundation. The continual increase of revenue, the spread of intelligence, and constant improvement, show how certainly, where they are suffered to be carried out, the innate strength and welfare of nations wait upon the advance of the masses in intelligence and industry. The French ascribe all this to their revolution, the excesses of which, the wars that followed, and later changes, preventing until now its salutary effects from becoming developed. This may in a certain sense be true. Now that so many years have passed since that event, it might not be an unprofitable task, for some one well qualified, to examine this point with coolness and impartiality. There is no elementary devastation in the tropical climates, not even the ruin when the hurricane has died away, and the lurid darkness of the heavens been dispersed, nature resuming her accustomed tranquillity, that does not exhibit from amid its wrecks some correspondent advantage, ultimately favourable to man, in the dispersion of a plague-tainted atmosphere or the cessation of some reptile or insect destruction. The revolution which shook Europe to its centre aroused it from a long lethargy, imparted a stimulus to progress, awoke war, and was succeeded by a long peace. An increased commerce followed, and introduced comforts unknown half a century before, advancing the masses in intelligence and industry, and conferring a more enlarged power upon the people. Had the French people not possessed that enlarged power, they could not have been solicited to confer it by the present Emperor.

The throne and the people in France are equally sequences of the revolutionary progress, even if the power of the people be in abeyance. No semblance exists with the throne and people under the old Bourbon dynasty; they are far in advance of that system. They stand high in the respect and the hopes of some nations, and in the fears of others. The late French notion of liberty, supposed by some to be erroneous, because it does not meet English views, being less of a popular than of a conventional or rather social character, in other words, less belonging to actions and institutions than to freedom of expression and individual intercourse, is now curbed. This is a sacrifice perhaps useful for the moment to the public tranquillity, could we only be certain it was but momentary. The principles of the revolution, at least those which had a tendency to secure the rule and prevent confusion, have also been set aside. The head of the state has been made elective; the security derived from a representative system of peers or commoners has ceased to exist, so that on the demise of the ruler there is no constitutional power to regulate the succession. The army, as in old Rome, may step in and give away the empire. All depends at present upon one life. The Emperor may rule with prudence, and with wisdom, but he is not above the casualties of his nature. Should he die, France has no salutary provision like the English houses of parliament to remedy any evil that may ensue in consequence. The people may allege that they elected the Emperor Louis Napoleon alone, but conferred no right to exact their obedience for any successor he might choose to nominate. They may *will* to choose again. France has no safeguard against such a result. The peace of the world thus depends upon a single thread. In England, any contingency in relation to the crown is provided for by

the constitution. In France, no provision is made of that kind, and the will of a defunct sovereign must be of little weight without support, in a country where intelligence is so far advanced. Such a will may be looked upon as waste paper. In that case the nation has no representative body to regulate or control its objects. The throne is vacant, and such a moment is not one in which legislating for a similar event is possible. In Russia, the will of the sovereign is deemed as holy as a decree of heaven. In France it is otherwise, because the people obey from choice, and not a blind principle. Where there is choice there is a power of rejection implied.

France is not a nation to be tried by a common-place standard, nor can the result of opinions there be predicted with any chance of correctness, but it seems to us that without a body of representatives, as well as an imperial head, the recurrence of serious changes is inevitable in case of any accident occurring to the Emperor. The revolutionary principle of an efficient representative body will not be forgotten, from its positive necessity in the way of preventing further evil. It is true the constitution of former Conventions and Chambers does not offer any very flattering picture of French senatorial representation. There was something fickle and subversive of internal control in those bodies. They spoke furiously, they gesticulated, they did all but that which was their main duty—deliberate. Their impulses were quick. They were given to legislate more through imagination than reason. Yet few nations have produced better or soberer writers on the topics upon which in the tribune Frenchmen ran wild. In the senate they seemed to think they were face to face with enemies, and that they must rush to the attack of words as rapidly and energetically as they rush upon a foe in the field. They forgot their country in the ambitious clash of opinion, and formed parties which employed themselves in intriguing against their political opponents, and strengthening themselves, without duly reflecting that their efforts should be less directed to ambitious than to useful things—less to private, and more to public objects.

Power may repress the expression but cannot control the course of opinion. It cannot prevent the growth and maturity of principles nurtured in secrecy and awaiting opportunity for action. It is therefore unsafe for power to rely upon the run of chances, which may be now and then as propitious as the dice are with the gambler, but are more frequently disastrous. The Emperor of France possesses noble opportunities to achieve good. He cannot fail to see the advantages and faults of his predecessors since the revolution, and it is equally easy for him to profit by them. It is in vain to suppose his own not an exceptional case, if he himself does not think so. It is well the book of history is open before him. We trust it will not be unprofitable reading. He has been eminently successful in subduing the restless spirits in his country, that would not tolerate peace, nor endure any political system but that which is based on objectionable and impracticable grounds. The task of consolidation still remains to be executed, with a due consideration of the responsibility which can be lightened in no other manner. Much may be done in this way in a short time. The reflecting part of the world look prospectively with no little anxiety. Man is becoming every day something beyond a theory to his rulers, and his rulers are daily expected to become more practical in his behalf.

The inhumanising influence of war is retarding that work of harmony which had begun to disclose itself, by removing the differences between rival or jealous nations as well as associations, and showing there is room and verge enough for all. The advance of prosperity and happiness has been no less retarded by faction than by the selfishness of rulers. In France this has been more the case than in any other civilised country, owing to the lively imaginations of the people, which, fixing on certain abstract truths, did not permit them to doubt the realisation of their wishes, without reflecting that such truths, if established, would render the necessity for all government useless, by the perfect state to which society must have arrived. The fact that nothing is or can be perfect under the sun, and that human progression cannot cease its movement, the Frenchman loses sight of altogether in his political career. He wants to jump at once to perfection, in place of being satisfied with that increase of social good to which the best efforts of the wisest generation are limited.

Louis Napoleon then has a hard task before him. He has substituted the will of one practically operative for that of the many theoretically inoperative. Can he, by a course no way justifiable except by that to which he may appeal in the general consent of the people—can he convert to peace and union those jarring elements over which he now holds the superiority? He may restrain while he survives, can he reconcile and harmonise for the future? The ancient *noblesse*, we have shown, have long become of no moment. It is clear that the Bourbons can no more reign in France through the influence of the children of the emigration and the exploded claim of divine right. The Republican party alone, which has been tried and failed, is that which most threatens the present régime in the event of a favourable opportunity occurring. But this party is not as numerous out of Paris as it is generally imagined to be, and will scarcely turn the scale against the suffrages of the country, which will no doubt feel its influence. But then comes the difficulty which is always encountered in elective royalty: Will the next candidate for imperial honours be popular or anti-popular, gifted with talents to unite all suffrages, or utterly destitute of ability? There is no intermediate body the influence of which can be substituted for individual deficiency. In that case "the weaker must go to the wall," or the sword of the army be flung into the preponderating scale, and the old tale of the rule of the Cæsars be revived, to terminate—those least read in history too well know in what manner.

Napoleon the soldier imagined that the honours he lavished upon the individuals who served under him would create a sense of grateful attachment in an influential body of his subjects. He should have known from his distrust of mankind, sometimes avowed, that the lessons of ingratitude to the subject from crowns, grown proverbial, had always reacted, and that the adherence of the subject on that ground was the coherence of a rope of sand. Louis Napoleon has not fallen into this error. Equally fallacious, it is probable, will the idea prove, that his nomination of a successor will be respected. The French people may allege that his election was personal, and that they did not intend to shackles themselves and their posterity with rulers in an hereditary succession.

There are great difficulties on all sides, therefore, upon the future state

of France. The reflective cannot view them without anxiety when their effect upon the peace of Europe is considered. That France should be strong she must be free of domestic broils. On the North and East the union of semi-civilisation, represented in that Cerberus, Russia, Prussia, and Austria—for their triple sympathies are one as anti-constitutionalists—that union holds but one opinion on the necessity of arresting the progress of the human mind in order to uphold absolutism, and to continue to make subservient to their principle the bodies and souls of nations worthy of becoming more enlightened and happier. Whatever protestations the governments thus inclined may make, their aim is the same uncompromising thing, not to be resisted but by powers adequate to the purpose. England and France are at present adequate to such a purpose; to them may be added as auxiliary one or two smaller states. The integrity of each is of vital importance to the other. England and its people of all degrees move together. We have learned by forbearance and self-control to become a united people. We know how little an adverse government can do of itself in modern times, when the people judge for themselves. Formerly, because one of our monarchs laid claim to the throne of France and was foiled, we were taught by our rulers to think a Frenchman the author of every crime under the sun. The people became wiser than their rulers, and we soon got to tolerate even a Frenchman. Thus we trust it will be with the people of France in case of any unforeseen accident to its present ruler. We cannot afford, and the world cannot afford, that we should be enemies again even in opinion: moral demonstration will, we fervently trust, prevent such an evil.

We hope, therefore, that the ruler of France will continue to act as prudently as he has done heretofore. We may, on the other hand, be too sanguine that the movements of the French people in future will be self-denying and identified with further improvement, looking to principles alone. We are fully aware that abstract truth is a goal only to be approached, never to be attained in government any more than in the practice of the virtues. It is not adapted to ripen in a terrestrial soil. Our desires for beneficial improvement may be pushed too rapidly in practice, but they must still be followed out, and we know of no improvement of greater importance than that which tends to render nations members of one peaceful family, whether the end be attained under a Victoria or a Napoleon. With peace, freedom will not fail to make its quiet way, because, undisturbed by foreign war or popular revolution, enlightened nations must progress towards an improved condition. Casting our eyes the other day on a map of the European railroads, and marking how they thickened and interlaced westward on the Continent, we thought it afforded an illustration of the advanced state of the intellectual over the dark mind of eastern Europe which could not be gainsaid. It is upon this aspect of things we build our hopes. In the approximation of two such powerful nations towards similar objects, we think we perceive a guarantee that the modern Goths can, under no mode, either of fraud or force, desolate our western Rome, quench the desire for intellectual advance, or fling back the industrious populations of England and France into their own state of mental and bodily serfage, thus driving their blood-stained chariot over the wiser and worthier wrecks of more illustrious manhood.

The Fountain Beaulieu.

BY G. W. THORBURN.

THE silver plume of the fountain
 Shook in the summer wind,
 The bright drops slowly trickled
 Down the beech's glossy rind ;
 Untiring sweet as woman's tongue
 Those waters do appear,
 That fill the fountain Beaulieu
 In the spring time of the year.

The fountain's glittering banner
 The wind blew struggling out,
 Sprinkling, like showers of April,
 The young flowers all about ;
 With lavish hand the sea-god flung
 The silver far and near,
 Gaily at Fountain Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

Through a veil of crystal drippings
 A marble form appears :
 It might, indeed, be Niobe,
 Melting away in tears ;
 And in the granite basin
 The bubbles swim and veer
 In the palace fount at Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

And when the sun looks smiling out,
 Bright rainbow mists arise,
 As glorious as if Juno
 Had sent the peacock's dyes
 To veil her marble image,
 And worshippers to cheer,
 Such pleasures are at Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

Gold paved the stately terrace
 The sun of an April morn,
 And far beyond the gardens
 Rang out the lusty horn ;
 The dogs were hoarsely baying,
 To wake the sleepers near,
 Rousing thy echoes, Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

In the court-yard stands a dial,
 With the motto " Man's a shade,"
 The peacock, like a sultan,
 His glory had displayed ;
 Through emeraldine lustre
 Flushes of gold appear
 Beside the Fountain Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

The cock, that stately monarch,
 Led out his chattering wives,
 The lime trees all in blossom
 Were grown to mountain hives,
 The pigeons on the gables
 Were cooing without fear
 Above thy fountain, Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

The Mountain Beaulieu.

The spray from the music water
 Drove off the cruising bees,
 Its babble drowned the thrushes' song
 Among the dewy trees ;
 Against the sky of azure
 The dove's white wings appear
 Beside the Fountain Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

Soft shone the sun of April
 Upon the swarded grass,
 Pale gleams from amber cloudings
 Over the green turf pass ;
 The blackbird piped and fluted,
 The throstle chanted clear
 Beside the Fountain Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

And stately down the river,
 Between the sloping lawns,
 Floated the swan and cygnets,
 Scaring the drinking fawns ;
 Their white breasts scarcely ruffled,
 The water crystal clear—
 O the pleasant fount of Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

The noisy rocks were building
 In the rows of lofty elms,
 That shook in the breeze of April
 Like plumes in a thousand helms ;
 The morn had come to the weeping earth,
 And kissed away each tear,
 O pleasant land of Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

• The sun on blazoned windows
 Shone with a lustre rare,
 The mole came up from his winter grave,
 The snake from its silent lair ;
 The swallow tired with travel,
 The young birds' carols sheer
 The noisy woods of Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

The bursts of sun so laughter-like
 With fitful joy broke out ;
 The lark, blue heaven's hermit,
 Sprang up from the fields without ;
 White in the happy sunlight
 The rooks' black wings appear,—
 'Twas at the Fountain Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

The clock in the great court turret
 Shone glistening in the sun,
 But Time, with shadowy finger,
 Athwart the disc began
 To point to noon and evening,
 Alas ! to noon too near,
 O pleasant Fountain Beaulieu,
 In the spring time of the year.

THE PREBENDARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

A SUNNY country rectory. The windows of a small room open to a verdant lawn, where the autumn flowers were blooming in clusters, under the genial beams of the morning sun, and a well-spread breakfast-table, drawn to the windows and waiting for its guests, presented a pleasant picture of English comfort.

The first to enter the room was a fair girl of winning loveliness, the only child of the house, and the more precious, perhaps, that two sisters had died in childhood. She came dancing in, her blue eyes sparkling, and the curls of her light hair waving. Her features were of a charming delicacy rarely seen, and her complexion fair and bright. It was Maria Remar.

Dr. Remar came next, carrying his shovel hat. A tall, pale man, with those abstracted looks that one is apt to fancy characteristic of an intellectual clergyman, and a nervous restlessness of the hands. There was a considerable likeness between him and his daughter, but in complexion he was darker, his hair being of a fine brown. Mrs. Remar followed, and they sat down to breakfast.

The conversation turned chiefly upon one point: the approaching departure of Dr. Remar's curate. A painstaking, hard-working man, who had held the place under the three preceding rectors (those cathedral livings often change hands), altogether for two-and-twenty years, and was now rewarded with a substantial benefice of 150*l.* per annum. Dr. Remar was thinking how to replace him, and was running over in his head all the lower fry of clergy congregated in Closeford, the neighbouring cathedral town, when his man-servant entered with the letters.

Ambrook Rectory and village were situated about seven miles from Closeford, and this morning post was from that place only: the London letters, when there were any, came some hours later in the day. Two letters and the county newspaper *Andrew* laid before his master. Dr. Remar put on his glasses—he was near-sighted by nature, not with age—and opened one of the letters.

The doctor caught a glimpse of its contents: he looked at the sides, he looked at the middle, he looked at the beginning, he looked at the signature; and then the doctor turned pale and red by turns, and finally looked at his daughter.

"Maria, here's an offer of marriage for you!"

If the doctor was perturbed, she was not; and the amused, all-unconscious glance she raised to her father, proved that her heart was as yet untouched.

"The epistle"—(cough)—"is from my friend"—(cough, cough)—"what's the matter with my throat?" exclaimed the doctor, but the truth was, he was agitated. "Give me some more tea, Elizabeth—from my friend, Dr. Gore."

Maria laughed out, unrestrained. "Why, papa! I like Dr. Gore very well as a prebendary, as your friend, but he is too old for me to marry! He is older than you!"

"He's on the verge of fifty," observed the doctor. "Nevertheless, my dear, he makes you a very handsome offer, and proposes an ample settlement. And he is our sub-dean!"

"I wish people would leave Maria alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Remar, struggling between tears and peevishness. "This is the second officious offer she has had. She is our only child; why should they want to take her away from us?"

"Dear mamma," whispered Maria, drawing her mother's hand within hers, "be not afraid. I would rather be with you and papa than with all the sub-deans in the Church."

"What answer am I to make, Maria?" asked Dr. Remar. "You had better read the letter."

"What you think best, papa: anything civil. But I could not like old Dr. Gore. The next time I see him, I fear I shall laugh in his face."

"You are too fond of laughing, Maria," rebuked the doctor. "You had better school yourself on that point, child."

Maria looked down, and compressed her lips, for she was on the verge of transgressing then. And the canon unsealed his other letter.

"Why this is from the general post—oh, I see—redirected on here from Closeford. Curacy vacant—title to orders—late father's friend—credible examination! Well, that's fortunate, and will save me the trouble of looking out, when I am just now so busy with my notes to the 'Divine Commentary.'"

"What are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Remar.

"It's from my old tutor at Cambridge, inquiring if I can give or procure a title to orders for a pupil of his, the son of a deceased friend. A clever young man, he writes, and has passed a good examination. It will be the very thing! He can come here for twelve months."

"Then you must change again at the end of that period, a second trouble," urged Mrs. Remar.

"Not certain. He may suit my views, and remain on for good. Glad to do it, perhaps. I don't suppose he is a young fellow with any interest: an orphan, Wilson says."

"What is the name?" asked Mrs. Remar.

"Name? I do not know whether the letter mentions the name. Oh, yes, 'Chase.' Arthur Chase. Well, I shall answer this communication at once," concluded Dr. Remar, gathering up his papers, and rising from the breakfast-table.

"And the other one also, papa, if you please," said Maria.

"The other one?" cried Dr. Remar, who, like most spirits who live within themselves, was remarkably forgetful and abstracted. "Oh, true. I am sure I scarcely know what to say. I fear the sub-dean will think you unpardonably insensible to merit, Maria."

"I dare say he will, papa."

II.

DR. REMAR held a prebend's stall in Closeford Cathedral; and, following prebendal custom, prepared in November to remove thither, with his family, for the audit season. Most prebendaries have a house contiguous to their cathedral, but Dr. Remar, with the exception of the month of

November, during which the audit is held, and the four or five weeks he was in residence, generally made his home at Arnbrook Rectory.

All prebendaries are supposed to lie under an obligation to reside in the immediate vicinity of their cathedral during four or five weeks in each year. It is called "being in residence." During this period they ought to attend prayers in the cathedral once each day (not taking any portion of the duty), and to preach the sermon on Sunday mornings—that is, four or five sermons in all, but this latter duty they may delegate to a minor canon. No very arduous task, reader. I think you and I would hold a stall in a cathedral if we could get it. And for which they receive—I don't like to say how much, for fear somebody should bring an action against me for libel.

Before Dr. Remar departed for Closeford, the new curate, Arthur Chase, arrived at the rectory. The *Reverend* Arthur Chase he was now, for the Bishop of Closeford had obligingly put him through the necessary preliminaries. It was evening when he arrived. He had taken the half-past five o'clock coach from Closeford, and was set down about half-past six at the rectory-gate. Dr. and Mrs. Remar had strolled out after their dinner, but Maria was in the garden, and saw him get off the coach. The young clergyman came up to her, and introduced himself.

What most struck Maria was the remarkable contrast he presented to their late curate. The Reverend Joseph Hall was a meek, retiring man of six or seven-and-forty years, very humble, very silent, especially when in the presence of his rector's family, and in person very plain. Maria never remembered him to have voluntarily addressed her but once, and then he had called her "Miss." But look at the one now before her! A tall, elegant man, of great personal attractions, whose bearing and manners were high-bred and refined, who conversed with her in a tone of the most perfect equality, who made himself, at once, the easy, agreeable companion, who was evidently quite as much at home in good society as she was, and who—in short, to sum the matter up, who won her good will, off-hand.

Not only Maria's. The doctor and Mrs. Remar, the parishioners, the farmer and his family whose house was to be his home, for he had taken possession of the lodgings of the late curate, all were wonderfully taken with the young minister. And when Sunday came, and he read himself in, in a clear, low, earnest voice, and preached a sermon, which, whether it was his own or not, was of persuasive eloquence, the opulent farmers openly congratulated the rector on his choice, and the latter imparted his satisfaction to his wife and daughter. But in this general gratulation none remembered that a persuasive voice and eloquent tongue may belong to a bad man as well as a good one—minister of the Gospel though he be.

"I shall ask him to come up and dine with us, after the second service," said the rector to his wife, in the plenitude of his satisfaction.

Perhaps the rector had better have let it alone. Though how did he foresee, at that early stage, that the less Mr. Chase and Maria saw of each other, the better. He could not look into their hearts, and read the favourable impression which had been mutually made.

Not until the next Saturday did Dr. Remar and his family leave for Closeford. But in that seven days Maria had been more in the society of the new curate than she had been in that of the old one in all her life. Not a day but he had spent part of it at the rectory, scarcely a day but

he joined Mrs. Remar and Maria in their walks, the doctor being buried as usual in his study, up to his eyes in ink and manuscripts. Now he was chattering to them whilst they worked, all sorts of pleasant anecdotes, tales of his college-life—of course he was careful what he said here—reminiscences of his early home, another country-rectory, and of his lost, but never-to-be-forgotten mother; unreserved accounts of his uncle, and his fine property, and all he had done for him, for Mr. Chase made no secret that his own had been a thoughtless career, speaking of it in terms of contrition. Now he would tie up flowers, and pluck the dying leaves off Mrs. Remar's plants; now he would come, laughing, up to the rectory, with a great quart stone bottle, from good Dame Giles, for some more "stuff for her rheumatiz," as the late curate had been wont to do, only that *he*, in his shy modesty, would seek the supply from the housekeeper, not from Mrs. Remar; now he would stroll forth in the sunny afternoon with Mrs. Remar and Maria, to see and be introduced to some other house-confined dame; and in the evening he would be there making the tea-table pleasant, and arousing the studious, abstracted rector to cheerfulness. Altogether, when, on the Saturday, Maria sat in the carriage on her way to Clouseford, she may be pardoned for letting her thoughts run wild on the new and attractive companion they were leaving behind. They were to return to the rectory for Christmas, to remain; and Maria already wished the time was come.

III.

It came: and it went. The clear, frosty month of January, the warmer but less fine February came in, each in its turn, and March arrived all blustering, but giving fair promise of a lovely spring. How fared it by this time at Arnbrook Rectory? Reader, you have little need to ask. How is it likely to fare when two young, and as yet unoccupied hearts are thrown into daily contact? From the very first hour of their meeting, that dusk evening when she had seen him get off the coach at the rectory-gate, the ill-fated young lady's interest had been strongly excited towards Mr. Chase; and now that for some months they had been brought into companionship, he ever by her side in the plenitude of his manifold attractions, that interest had deepened into love. Not the every-day sentiment which is usually designated by the name, but the deep, all-absorbing passion that sets its stamp upon all the future life. The elements of powerful passion were in Maria Remar's nature, and though they had hitherto lain in repose, subdued to calmness by education and religion, they arose not the less potent now that their chords were touched.

And the Reverend Arthur Chase? Dissipated as his college-life had been, reckless as its course, heedless as he had remained as to who suffered so that he obtained the gratification of the hour, whatever its nature might be, will it be believed that a chaste, pure love had now for the first time taken possession of his heart? Yet it had. He looked on Maria Remar, and prayed that he might become worthy of her. He glanced back at his former follies with loathing and repentance; he sincerely hoped from henceforth to lead a good life: was it that the "religion" had "come" with his ordination, as he had once suggested to his uncle? I don't know: but certain it is that he had now become aware

of the deep responsibility he had then assumed in the sight of God. No man could more earnestly hope and desire to fulfil his duties for the future. To be a faithful and sincere Christian minister, and to some time call Maria Remar his wife, were now the aspirations of Arthur Chase. No plain declaration of love had passed from Mr. Chase to Maria, yet the dear feelings of each were betrayed in a thousand ways, quite as certainly as words could speak them. But, Heaven bless Mr. Chase's innocence! wide awake as he was in the ways of the world, he little knew the nice distinctions of a cathedral town, or he never could have admitted a hope that anything so obscure as a curate without definite prospects—and very definite ones, too!—might dare to aspire to the daughter of Canon Remar.

A few weeks more, it was in April, and Dr. and Mrs. Remar's optics were rent open. It may be a wonder to most people that they had remained shut so long: but, that one in the position of Mr. Chase could presume to think of Maria, never entered into the exclusive ideas of Dr. and Mrs. Remar. To them he was but the lowly curate; a clergyman, it is true, but one cast in quite another sphere; the successor to the shy, humble drudge, who would have been as likely to raise his eyes to royalty for a wife as to the offshoot of a prebendary. If you think these distinctions are not held and recognised amongst certain of the clergy, you are extremely inexperienced in what regards them, and I am now telling you no tale of fiction.

The way in which it came out was very shocking: everybody said so. The doctor had an attack of something—he said gout, and his wife said rheumatism—but, whatever it was, it caused him to keep his bedroom, and diet himself, for he was a nervous man in illness. One evening Mrs. Remar, who had been sitting with him, came creeping down to the breakfast-room for her knitting, which she only worked at by twilight. She had on list shoes, not to disturb the invalid, who could not bear the least noise when he thought himself ill, and, pushing open the room door, quietly entered. Horror of horrors! there stood Mr. Chase and Maria just outside the window; his arm was round her waist, his hand clasped hers, and he was whispering persuasively to her in the fading light, their attitude being unmistakably that of lovers. Of course it was very dreadful—we all know it, that is, if we are elderly—and Mrs. Remar stood transfixed: had she witnessed a bear's paw round her daughter's waist, she would not have been quite so much shocked. She uttered an involuntary exclamation, which caused Mr. Chase to start and release Maria; and the red blood rushed over his handsome face.

He could do nothing else than speak out; which he did at once: all his love, all his hopes; how tenderly he was attached to Maria, how fervently he trusted some day to make her his wife. Mrs. Remar would have preferred, of the two, to hear he was attached to *her*. She was too angry, too dismayed, to reply. Of impassible general temperament, she was capable, like Maria, of being aroused to great excitement, and she flew up-stairs to Dr. Remar.

The doctor, for some time, could not make out what was the disturbance, for with her frantic lamentations and hysterical sobs, his wife was partly unintelligible. But when he did comprehend the matter, he tumbled out of bed with as little ceremony as any doctor of divinity ever tumbled out, yet, and, forgetting his gout and his rheumatism, thrust a

portion of his clothes over his night attire, and sent his wife to order up Mr. Chase.

When the young clergyman entered, all agitated though he was, the appearance of his rector struck him as being somewhat ludicrous. The doctor had been startled out of a doze, that light sleep which is apt to steal over invalids as the daylight fades, and he looked but half awake; his face paler even than usual, and his long hair standing on end, just as if he had been drawn through a hedge. Dr. Remar has been accused of affectation in thus wearing his hair longer than is customary, but those who were prone to say so knew little of him: carelessness, inattention to personal appearance, had to do with the habit, not affectation. He was struggling into a waistcoat when Mr. Chase entered, and down he sat in his night-shirt sleeves.

In vain Mr. Chase offered explanations. Dr. Remar could not understand them: he really *could* not. His mind refused to take in the fact that it was within the range of possibility for an unknown deacon to fall in love with a Miss Remar.

"Are you in the full possession of your senses, sir?" he demanded at length, after listening to what Arthur had to say.

"Why yes, sir, I hope so," deprecated Mr. Chase.

"It seems to me not," retorted the rector; "or else that you are forgetting all ideas of social decency, a more reprehensible crime than the other. Do you know that the young lady whom you would lower by your pretensions is my daughter, and that I am Prebendary Remar?"

"I am of good family, sir, as you are aware," suggested the young clergyman. "And though it would appear unseemly for me to aspire to Miss Remar under my present circumstances, I hope I am not going to remain a curate all my life."

"Have the goodness to confine yourself to facts, not hopes," coldly interposed Dr. Remar. "You are obscure, sir—excuse me, I don't enter into what you advance about 'family'—as a clergyman, you are obscure, and likely to remain so. I was a curate myself once; we must all be curates; but our promotion was assured before we entered the Church."—Dr. Remar's thoughts were probably reverting to his brethren of the stalls, as he spoke collectively.—"We had interest to push us on: you have none. Sir, it is a positive insult to our order for *you* to cast a thought towards Miss Remar."

"Dr. Remar," exclaimed Arthur, much agitated, "you look but on the worst side of things. I am not without friends: my uncle, from his wealth and position, must possess some interest, and he will no doubt use it for me. I may not long remain as I am now. Should circumstances change with me, should I be fortunate enough to obtain a good rank in the Church, may I then hope to renew my addresses to your daughter?"

"Never, sir! never! the question is absurd. If you ever do gain position, it may not be for years: long after my daughter will have wedded in her own sphere. But did you attain to it to-morrow, an insuperable bar would still exist: you have no private fortune to settle on a wife."

"Dr. Remar, let me beseech you——"

"Sir, no more; our interview is at an end," interrupted the doctor, imperatively, as he waved him from the room. "Confine your thoughts in future to their proper orbit, and never presume to let them wander to

things above it. Upon reflecting over your conduct, I think you will find cause for shame at having abused the friendship and hospitality I incautiously accorded you. Leave my house instantly, and henceforth bear in mind that our relations with each other will be confined to those of rector and curate."

As Mr. Chase descended the stairs he came upon Maria. She was lingering in the recess leading to the breakfast-room door, the rays of the hall lamp falling aslant her dress. Terrified, sick, and shivering, she had been dreading the termination of the interview. He pushed open the room door, drew her in, and clasped her to his heart.

"Oh, Arthur! what hope is there?"

"None, Maria, for the present," he answered; and he put aside her clustering curls, and held her pale cheek against his. "Your father is bitterly against it: it is useless for me to conceal it, for you had better learn the truth from me, my darling, than from him. In honour, Maria, I ought not to be with you; and we may not again meet."

A low, wailing cry of pain burst from her.

"I may not fetter you by vows, Maria," he resumed; "I dare not, in honour, speak to you of hope for the future. Yet in my own heart hope is strong: it whispers that our separation will not be for always, though we must part for a time. God bless you and keep you, my dearest, until that time shall come! And should it never come——"

He stopped in agitation: he could not speak calmly of that probability. The tears were streaming from Maria's eyes, and she clung to him in the bitter overwhelming of despair. But Mr. Chase knew that he was transgressing, in thus prolonging their interview: honour was alive within him now, however dead it might once have been, and with a brief, fervent embrace, a passionate straining of her to his beating heart, he turned to the hall door and passed out of it. Maria clasped her hands together, watching, through the glass doors, the last of that form which had become so necessary to her existence. But at that moment she heard her father's voice calling harshly to her. "It is killing me," she murmured, as she turned to obey.

A good thing if it had killed her.

IV.

THE months went on to the autumn. At the window of her dressing-room, in the prebendal residence at Closeford, which window, by way of prospect, had the cathedral walls, and some restless rooks that were always flying about and cawing, sat Maria Remar, her weakened frame propped up with pillows, and the hectic of some disorder that looked very like consumption deepening her cheek and glistening in her eye.

The events of the previous April had been too much for her. The forced separation from Arthur Chase had impaired her health and strength. Dr. and Mrs. Remar had pointed out to her the impossibility of her ever seeing him more, and to guard against that event happening accidentally, she was at once removed to Closeford. She bowed to the will of her parents: she was by far too dutiful a child, had been too correctly brought up, to attempt to see or hear from Mr. Chase clandestinely; but the incessant struggle going on within her, the aching misery that filled her heart, the silence in which she buried her inward

life, told upon her bodily health. No particular disease fell over her; nothing except debility; but when the weeks and months wore on, and she grew worse, day by day, the frame weaker, the cheek brighter, and the face and hands more attenuated, then people said that Maria Remar was dying. Oh! it was a fearful time for Dr. Remar! To sacrifice his cherished pride and suffer his daughter to descend in the scale of "society" and become one with that poor, obscure curate; or to see her die before his eyes! He had to choose one of the two alternatives. But the prejudices of a prebendary, at least such a one as Dr. Remar, when were they overcome? His were not; for they formed part and parcel of himself. It was asserted, in the precincts, that Mrs. Remar went down upon her knees to her husband, beseeching him to relent and to save their child. But this may not have been true. It is certain that Mrs. Remar was overwhelmed with grief, grief so excessive that it could not be restrained before her friends and visitors, though she only spoke to them of Maria's illness, never of its cause, or hinting at Mr. Chase. But there was no relenting on the canon's part, for his curate remained unsummoned and unnoticed at Arnbrook, and Maria grew daily nearer to the grave. It may be, that Dr. Remar did not take this sombre view of her case, that he thought time would suffice to restore her to health, or that some miracle would be wrought upon her.

One day, about eleven o'clock, Dr. Remar, with his usual abstracted air and restless step, was leaving the cathedral, after morning prayers, when, as he emerged from the cloisters, his servant, old Andrew, stepped up to him.

"A gentleman has been waiting to see you, almost ever since ten o'clock, sir," he observed. "Mr. Chase."

"Who?" cried Dr. Remar, arousing himself.

"Mr. Chase, from Arnbrook," repeated Andrew. "He is in the study, sir."

"The insolence—the presuming insolence of the fellow to intrude into my very house!" muttered Dr. Remar, striding on briskly. "It is well for him his twelvemonth is nearly up."

He went in with the sternest possible expression of face, and his brown hair straggling about more than ever: it somehow had a knack of doing so, if anything put him out. But his visitor came forward to greet him, with a bright smile and a beaming glance.

"Insolent!" muttered the canon again. "To what am I indebted for this unexpected visit?" he haughtily inquired, vouchsafing no previous courtesy of words, and standing bolt upright near the door.

"I have come to ask for a few days' leave of absence, sir," replied the curate. "Yesterday afternoon's post brought me some most unexpected news. My poor cousin, Somerset Chase, has met with an accidental death, boating at Oxford. And my uncle has summoned me to his presence without delay."

"Without reference to my convenience, I suppose," observed the stately prebendary.

"Under the circumstances, Dr. Remar, I hope you will accord it to me. There may be business to be gone through: I don't know. I am the heir, now."

"What?" cried Dr. Remar, a little more briskly.

"The heir to the family estates and to Somerset Park. My uncle has

no other child living. God knows I sincerely grieve for my poor cousin: but—but in the midst of it, Dr. Remar, there is a thought that will intrude—that—”

“That what, sir?” interrupted the doctor, putting a sudden stop to his curate’s hesitation.

“It does not become me to speak of these matters, with my cousin yet unburied, but—may I not hope,” he continued, still a little hesitatingly, and his fair features flushing, “that, with this wonderful change in my prospects, I may be allowed, on my return, to see Miss Remar? I hear, sir, she is fearfully ill.”

“Miss Remar is not in robust health,” replied the doctor. “But—to bring our present interview to a close—I will accord you the leave of absence you require, in consideration of the melancholy circumstances under which it is demanded. Pray present my compliments and condolences to Mr. Chase.”

That last sentence was quite sufficient—at least Arthur thought it so—to give promise that the heir to the broad lands of Somerset, even though he did aspire to the hand of Miss Remar, would be received on a very different footing from what the poor curate had been.

And so it proved. On Arthur’s return, he made his proposals in due form, backed by the offer of a handsome settlement, and was admitted to an interview with Maria.

Only just before it took place, on that same morning, had she learnt from her mother the change in her prospects. She was painfully agitated when he entered, and he scarcely less so at witnessing the fearful change that a few months’ mental disease had wrought. No words, at the moment, passed between them, but as the door closed behind Mr. Chase and he advanced towards her, Maria rose into a standing posture, and staggering a few steps forward, fainted as he caught her.

V.

Now it is to be hoped that the diligent reader made himself acquainted with the paper which preceded this, otherwise he may be at a fault to understand these concluding pages, for we must now go back to Lavinia Glynn. She was staying, when we last saw her, at that quiet little sea-coast town in Sussex. Not many weeks after the departure of him, whom she only knew by the name of Somerset, Mr. and Mrs. Glynn, fidgety as ever, discovered that the sea-side did not agree with them, any more than Norfolk had done, and they removed from it, and took up their final abode in London. But what a life was Lavinia’s! her whole thoughts, wild and unsubdued as they had always been, were concentrated upon him whom she had set up in her heart to worship. As the months dragged their slow length along, and he never came, or sent her word or token, the anguish of her reflections deepened into despair, but such despair that the calm mind can form no idea of. Night and day, night and day, she had no rest, or if she did, of sheer nature’s weariness, sink into a troubled sleep, her dreams but renewed her waking misery, by portraying the form of Mr. Somerset.

It certainly cannot be necessary to explain here that Arthur Somerset and Arthur Chase were one and the same person, for that the reader has long ago divined; but it may be essential to add a fact of which he as yet

knows nothing, namely, that Mrs. Remar was the sister of Mr. Glynn. But little intercourse had been kept up between the families, living, as they did, widely apart; but when so important an event as the marriage of Maria drew on, the doctor and Mrs. Remar thought it right to recognise more closely the relationship, and they forwarded, quite at the eleventh hour, an invitation to the Glynn family to visit Arnbrook for the ceremony.

How can we describe the change which had taken place in Maria? Reader, you have shivered through the dark, tempestuous night, on which no ray of light has gleamed to relieve the howling wind, the terrific storm, and watched it give place to the joy of morning, to the rising sun, the opening flowers, the dewy grass, the sweet carolling of the refreshed birds, and you have marvelled at the change. Even so was that wrought in Maria Remar.

The winter months had been spent by her in a trance of happiness, for they were again at Arnbrook Rectory, and Mr. Chase, who retained his curacy, was at her side. Her sweet face was now radiant with hope, and sure never did a union appear to advance under more genial auspices than that of hers with Arthur Chase. The marriage was to take place in April, and after a temporary absence they were to return and take possession of the Rectory House, Dr. and Mrs. Remar making their future home at Closeford. There was no necessity now, in relation to pecuniary matters, for Mr. Chase to remain in the Church, for his fortune would be abundant, but he preferred to do so. The laudable, it may be said serious, sentiments which had latterly grown up in his heart, were not lessened by his accession to wealth.

"Glynn? Glynn?" he exclaimed, the name of these new relations, new to him, grating on his ear, "of what county are they?"

"No particular county that I know of," replied Maria. "They reside in London."

"London, do they," he rejoined, with a sigh of relief.

"Why?" asked Maria. "Did you recognise the name?"

"Yes. A—college friend—of mine was named Glynn." You may well blush, Reverend Arthur, and draw that girl's fair face to yours, for it is a blush that you don't care she should penetrate. But it wants but a week now to the wedding, and they have other things than names to talk of. Especially as Mr. Chase was going away that evening for several days.

"We will not go," decided Lavinia, upon the arrival of the invitation. "What are the Remars to us? or this Curate Chase!" The old habit, you see, reader, of consulting her own imperious will: and Mr. and Mrs. Glynn acceded passively. They had never yet done otherwise. But the servant, Eliza, the former dangerous confidant, was Lavinia's confidant still, and she urged her young mistress to reverse her determination.

"Mr. Somerset," argued Eliza, and the colour rushed violently to Lavinia's face, as it always did at the mention of that name, "never comes to seek you, he never means to: and, were he so inclined, he has no clue to where we are."

Lavinia listened impatiently.

"It seems to me, then, that if you care to find him you must go out in the world. You may drop upon him in some odd corner of it. And if not, any change for you, Miss Lavinia, must be beneficial; rather than

you should continue in this dead-alive state, without hope, without energy, your very life buried in the past!"

"Then let us go!" exclaimed Lavinia, one of the ideas suggested serving to arouse her out of her apathy. It is probable, however, that the servant had only spoken interestedly: *she* may have had no objection to vary the monotony of her life by a country excursion. "Get over the preparations as quickly as you can, Eliza," continued Lavinia; "we will go into Closefordshire." And Mr. and Mrs. Glynn once more bowed to her redecision.

It wanted but three days to the marriage when the family arrived at Arnbrook Rectory.

"How thin and pale you are!" exclaimed Maria to her cousin, when they were growing sociable. "I had always pictured you as being so different—the very image of health. You must have altered of late years."

"Perhaps I have," returned Lavinia, crimsoning violently; "I don't know. But tell me of your future husband, Maria. Is he handsome? What is his name?"

"Arthur," replied Miss Remar, passing by the first question,

"Arthur?" almost screamed Lavinia.

"What is the matter?" said Maria. "Do you not like the name?"

"*Do I not like it!*" murmured Lavinia to herself, her eyes filling with tears: "what other name can to me bring its charm with it?"

The day preceding the wedding arrived, and Mr. Chase had not returned, but he was looked for by the evening coach from Closeford. An afternoon stage brought certain paraphernalia connected with the approaching ceremony; to wit, the wreath that Maria was to wear, and the bonnet for Mrs. Remar. The young ladies eagerly took up the wreath; when it was discovered that by some strange oversight (the wrong wreath probably forwarded) orange-blossoms had been omitted in its construction.

"There is no time to send it back," observed Mrs. Remar; "we must go to the milliner's in the village and get a few sprays, from her, to mix with the wreath. She told me to-day she had some fresh ones."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Maria, "I dare say she ordered them on purpose, hoping we might want some. Buy them all, mamma."

Accordingly, when dinner was over, the two elder ladies took their way to the village, after these orange-blossoms, leaving Dr. Remar and Mr. Glynn at the dessert-table, and Lavinia and Maria in the drawing-room. Maria took the wreath out of the box, and began pulling out a spray, here and there, to make room for the additional ones she would have to put in.

Just at this time, Eliza was in the kitchen, gossiping with the cook, when the evening stage from Closeford, the very one which had first brought Arthur Chase to the house, drew up to the rectory-gate. Eliza started from her seat, and rushed to the window.

"Is not that Mr. Somerset?" she exclaimed.

The cook ranged her eyes round the landscape, and ranged them again, before she answered. "I don't see nobody but Mr. Chase."

"There! that gentleman coming up to the house. He is leaving the path and crossing the lawn. It is surely Mr. Somerset."

"That is Mr. Chase, I tell you," cried the cook. "He is going in through the breakfast-room winders: he often does."

"What does he want here?" demanded Eliza.

"Want here!" retorted the cook, "why that's Miss Maria's bridegroom."

"Heaven be good to me!" exclaimed Eliza, startlingly, "you don't mean to tell me it is *that* man who is to marry Miss Remar?"

Without waiting for any answer, she ran swiftly from the apartment, the cook looking after her in amazement, and remarking that the girl must be "gone cranky" in the head.

Eliza came up with Mr. Chase as he entered the breakfast-parlour by the window, the pleasant apartment which the reader was first introduced to at Ambrook Rectory. The room had two doors to it, one leading to the hall, the other opening to the dining-parlour. This latter door was ajar, and Dr. Remar and Mr. Glynn, who were within, could hear every word that passed. Eliza had run so quickly that her breath was gone, and, without speaking, she seized Mr. Chase by the arm.

"Eh—what—*you*, Eliza!" he ejaculated, his equanimity slightly shaken. "What brings you here?"

"My better angel, I trust," replied the girl, who, whatever were her faults, was attached to Lavinia Glynn. "I should rather ask what brings you here, Mr. Somerset, when you ought long ago to have been with Miss Lavinia."

"My good girl, don't talk so loud. All that is past and gone."

"Past and gone for you, sir, but not for her. You know well what took place."

"The truth is, I was wild and young, careless of consequences, and I did talk nonsense to Miss Glynn. I am sorry, and, were the time to come over again, I would not; but it can't be helped now. Loose my arm, Eliza."

"Not till you promise to make her reparation. Talked nonsense, indeed!"

"I know of none that I can make," answered Mr. Chase, essaying to free his arm, without violence, from Eliza. But the woman's grasp was strong and determined.

"There is only one way, sir, marriage. There's that."

"Don't talk nonsense!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Release your hold, Eliza, or you will compel me to use force."

"They say you are about to marry her cousin, Miss Remar."

"Her cousin!" he cried, aghast.

"Yes; her own cousin. And now, sir, if you persist in that, I swear I will expose you. You must marry none but Miss Lavinia."

"Absurd!" he uttered haughtily, his temper rising, as he wrenched his arm from her. "Lavinia Glynn is no fit wife for me."

Eliza was silent, perhaps Mr. Chase thought *silenced*, and he left a bank-note in her hand as he turned from the room. However potent its influence might have been at ordinary times, Eliza flung it to the floor now. Had she been aware of its value, she might have treated it with less disdain.

Mr. Chase went up-stairs and entered the drawing-room, and, following him, walked Mrs. Remar and Mrs. Glynn, who had just returned. In the obscurity of the fading day, he did not recognise Lavinia Glynn, but advanced to Maria, and stole a greeting.

But Lavinia knew *him*, and all sense of outward objects, save himself, seemed to leave her. A mist rose before her eyes, the room swam round,

consciousness of those in it faded from her remembrance, and she fell at his feet with a cry of pain, and clasped his knees in her wild, ungovernable impetuosity.

"Oh Arthur! my love! my husband! I thought you would never come! How could you desert me, and leave me to these years of dreadful despair?"

"What mistake is this?" broke from the dismayed lips of Mrs. Remar. "Is not this gentleman a stranger to you, Lavinia?"

"Arthur, dearest, speak to them!" she implored; "tell them we are no strangers. Would we had been!"

What Mr. Chase was about to stammer forth in explanation he alone can tell, but Mr. Glynn now entered the room and strode forward, his voice raised in passion.

"Mr. Chase—if that be your name—may I inquire if the conversation you have just held with a person in the breakfast-room had reference to this young lady, Miss Glynn?"

"He knows it had," cried Eliza, advancing from behind, and giving vent to her anger. "Deny it if you dare, Mr. Somerset!"

"I met with this young lady two years ago, and—a—few nonsensical love-passages passed between us, nothing more," stammered the young clergyman from between his livid lips. He, perhaps, was as anxious to save her reputation as to exculpate himself.

"Liar!" uttered Eliza, confronting him. "May I never stir from this spot alive," she vehemently added, addressing those around, "if she is not his wife—in all, save the church ceremony. And that, he repeatedly swore to her, should not be delayed. But he called himself Somerset then!"

There was a dead silence. Lavinia had buried her head at the feet of Mr. Chase, and he looked fit to go into the next world, he was so agitated and ghastly. Dr. Remar spoke up.

"Sir," he said, pointing to Lavinia, "are you prepared to marry this young lady?"

"My sins are being heavily visited upon me," murmured the unhappy young man. "I——"

"No subterfuge, sir," thundered forth the rector. "I demand a plain answer."

"I cannot marry her," he replied, turning from the fallen girl with a shudder. "I can marry none save her who was about to become my dear wife."

"And that you shall never do!" said Prebendary Remar.

Some one thought then of looking round for Maria. She was standing behind, *laughing*, though the laugh seemed fixed and rigid, the wreath clenched in her closed hand; and there was a stony aspect in her face, a glassiness in her eyes, which startled them all.

Her mother hastened to her and spoke; but she did not seem to hear, or to know any one. Mr. Chase essayed to arouse her, and under the circumstances, in their terrible fear for her reason, they suffered him to approach her, ere he made his craven exit from the house; but she was equally insensible to him as to the rest. They removed her to bed, and sent for half the physicians of Closeford; but as the days went on, though her features resumed their ordinary aspect, it was found that her intellect was irrecoverably gone.

Not at first was she removed to an asylum, but it was at length thought that the care, the rational treatment now pursued in those receptacles, might eventually prove of benefit; and she was placed where the reader first saw her. She is never violent, and, save upon that one subject, can scarcely be said to be insane, but the delusion that she is about to be married does not leave her, and in the coldest day in winter they dare not dress her in anything but white: whenever they have attempted it, her distress has been painful to witness and difficult to soothe. Her only occupation is that of weaving wreaths; and she cannot be won to any other. It would seem that some chord of memory, unexplainable to us, was touched, connecting her imagination with that fatal night, and the wreath she held. In summer they provide her with fresh garden flowers, in winter with artificial ones, and she weaves them into garlands. When they are finished and laid aside, an attendant, unseen by her, cuts the string, and scatters the flowers into the basket, ready for the ill-fated young lady to use again. One of her delusions is, that her father and mother are keeping her lover from her, and after each interview with them her silent sobs and tears were excessive, lasting for hours. This caused the medical men to forbid their visiting her, save at rare intervals. A painful prohibition for Dr. Remar: no wonder, all things considered, that his hair has turned white. Mrs. Remar has passed to a world where sorrow and suffering cannot enter.

I can tell you nothing of Lavinia Glynn—nothing good. It is said that her parents' hearts, so idolatrously bound up in her, are broken. She has left their house, and entered upon a reckless career, and people "talk" much of her, but she has never seen Mr. Chase since that dread, explanatory hour.

And what became of him—of Mr. Chase? Truly, as he said, his sins were visited heavily upon him. Many curious versions of the affair came out to the world, in most of which the young clergyman was represented as a sinful fiend—a second Satan. Opinions were divided as to whether his gown would be taken from him, some holding that it would. Others scoffed at the idea. "If every clergyman," they reasoned, "were to lose his gown for peccadilloes committed before he wore it, the bishops would have enough to do"—which nobody can deny. Mr. Chase, however, settled the matter himself, by quietly resigning it, and was the Reverend Mr. Chase no more. He left Closefordshire, and, since his uncle's death, has resided at Somerset Park, leading so quiet a life, that the neighbours say he will relapse into what his uncle was before him—a misanthrope. But he carries on great improvements on his estate, and no one ever applies to him for assistance in vain. In a contiguous town to it, populous, and not famed for its morality, his stealthy deeds of charity are well known. The erection of a large, well-appointed building in it, is one of his recent acts: it is a reformatory asylum for misguided women. An imposing door, with pillars, forms its chief entrance, and over this door, in small letters that do not readily catch the eye, is engraved a verse from the Holy Scriptures:

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*"

OCCASIONAL NOTES ON LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

III.—ST. MARC GIRARDIN.

THE Girardin best known in England is not St. Marc, but Emile. Emile; husband (alas, widower now) of a woman of genius; editor of *La Presse*; the man who "accepts all revolutions;" of whom it has been said that no money can bribe, no principles bind him; whose hand it was that dealt the death-blow to Armand Carrel, and wrung the deed of abdication from Louis Philippe, bearing it, "wet with the old man's signature, from the Tuileries to the barricades," there to be baffled by the contemptuous outcry, "Too late! too late!" A very different man is the Girardin with whom these present notes have to do—a man to whom such things as firebrand journalism, duelling, browbeating a king, and scaling the barricades, are not a necessity of life, but a trouble and vexation of spirit. M. St. Marc Girardin is a critic of refined taste, imagination, and feeling; quick to discern a beauty, quick to denounce a vice; impartial in his judgments, kindly wherever he can be so with a good conscience; exemplifying, in the main, that order of loving criticism whose function it is to explain, elicit, illumine; showing (as the essay "On giving and taking Criticism" defines it) the force and beauty of some great word or deed which, but for the kind care of the critic, might remain a dead letter or an inert fact; teaching the people to understand and to admire what is admirable. He discriminates, too, with fairness and intelligence;

The ready finger lays on every blot;

Knows what should justly please, and what should not.

Nearly thirty years ago he was hailed by M. Villemain as a writer *singulièrement vif et spirituel*, and somewhat later by M. Jules Janin, as "that young writer of so much imagination, who will be eloquent as soon as he shall have learnt to keep his imagination in control:" possibly this patronising *perge puer* tone, on the part of such a critic as J. J., towards such another as St. Marc Girardin—(they have both of them indited critical histories of dramatic literature, with a difference)—was a little gratuitous.

The *Cours de Littérature Dramatique* has been given to the world by slow instalments. Three volumes have been published, the two last being welcomed each more heartily and more widely than its predecessor. There was about these dissertations on the theatre, a "safe and sound" moral tone, which won the ear even of budge doctors of the stoic fur, and elicited the approval of authorities by whom, whether *ex officio* or *ex animo*, such subjects are generally and peremptorily taboo'd. A distinguished Evangelical professor, of the German school, the excellent Alexandre Vinet, hailed their publication "as a most happy event," and recommended the perusal of them to inquiring youth. He recognised a special qualification for this subject in M. Girardin, arising from his joint acquaintance with the theatre and with morals. A sufficient knowledge of the theatre, this critic observed, is common enough among those who frequent

it, and minds greatly inferior to M. St. Marc Girardin can manage that part of the question almost as well as he: but few indeed of them would be in a position to treat, with *his* ability, the moral aspects of the subject. "His superiority over other writers is frequently nothing more than a certain good sense of the heart; but there are epochs when this good sense is the very thing that is most a-wanting." He is therefore profitably consulted by those who would "lay down the law" in dramatic criticism.

Here they, who long have known the useful stage,
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.

Comparisons have naturally been drawn between this and the cognate work by A. W. Schlegel. In one particular, a very important one, there is a marked contrast between them: not only does Girardin propose certain principles, as philosopher and critic, but he supports and illustrates them by full and appropriate quotations. De Quincey somewhere calls the absence of sufficient illustrations, the common defect of German criticism.

The nature of dramatic emotion is first investigated. The reflections to which this inquiry gives rise, lead on to an exposition of the manner in which the theatre of the ancients expressed emotions occasioned by physical pain, and by the fear of death—compared with the treatment of the same subjects by the theatre of the moderns. Thus the *Iphigenia* of Euripides is contrasted with the *Catarina* in Victor Hugo's "*Angelo*." "Certainly," says M. Girardin, "the feelings expressed by *Catarina*, in the scene where she has to choose between death by the sword and death by poison, are true and natural; you are made to feel, in her utterances, the horror of death and the clinging to life; but what you hear is rather the cry of the body given up to the throes of agony, than the cry of the soul. It is the flesh revolting against death; the revolt is entirely material, entirely physical; the soul counts for nothing. *Catarina* affects me, but it is by physical suffering. I witness the sensations of one condemned to death; I see the flesh quiver, the countenance grow pallid, the limbs tremble; I am present at a scene of agony. But why do you show me only a material death? why give me but the moiety of human nature? why, in delineating the emotions of a dying one, why suppress the more noble, the higher, those which are addressed to man's legitimate compassion, the compassion that harmonises with admiration and respect, and not that which borders on disgust?" Whereas, in the case of *Iphigenia*—though she, the devoted daughter of a kingly race, utters her laments at leaving the pleasant light of life, and her dread of the darkness of the grave—yet in her laments there is something else, something higher than mere physical, mere material horror of death; while, in the final act of resignation, there is a nobility, a dignity, that as it were lifts up the hearts her affliction has cast down. "Unquestionably there is truth in the cries and agonies of *Catarina*; but it is a truth which, so to speak, ranks with the truths of natural history. In the laments of *Iphigenia*, there is truth of a more humane and noble kind." In further illustration of which view, M. Girardin contrasts the death-scene of *Madame Roland*—quitting life without agitation, without cries or convulsive struggles, dignified, majestic to the last—with that of the *Du Barry*, who, having never learnt "courage and dignity elsewhere than at

the *petits-soupers* of Louis Quinze," when haled to the scaffold gave vent to shrieks of despair, and agonisingly importuned *Monsieur le Gouverneur* to grant her one tiny instant more, yet another little little moment of dear life!

As an example of man's struggle against physical pain, the Philoctetes of Sophocles is brought under review; of man's struggle against personal danger, there follow illustrations selected from the careers of the Greek Ulysses and the English Crusoe—both shipwrecked and much-enduring men—while to relieve narrative fiction with narrative fact, there are added descriptions of the wreck by which an Apostle was cast on the island called Melita, and of the burning *Kent*, in 1825. Then comes the question of suicide, and the *tedium vite* that leads to it—illustrated by the story of Virgil's Dido, by the *Œdipus* of Sophocles and of Seneca, and by an episode of interest in the *Homilies* of St. Chrysostom—and again, from modern sources, by the Hamlet of Shakspeare, revolving in his distraught mind the canon 'gainst self-slaughter, and—abrupt transition! (at least to English taste)—by the Pamela Andrews of worthy Mr. Samuel Richardson, the meditated *felo-de-se* of which *belle et spirituelle* damoiseau, M. Girardin avows, "m'a toujours beaucoup ému." There is an inquest held, too, over Goethe's Werther, whom the coroner-critic has no kind of liking for; and another over De Vigny's Chatterton, the marvellous boy who perished in his pride—and whose suicide, according to M. de Vigny, is not the act of a despairing lover or of an austere stoic, but the mere result of pique, "because the lord mayor of London, instead of paying honour to his genius, advises him to write no more verses, and offers him a berth as valet de chambre." This advice of his lordship, M. Girardin remarks, is a proof that the lord mayor in question is an impertinent dolt; but is that any reason why the young verse-maker should kill himself? is it not making life a little too cheap to put it at the mercy of the first fool one meets withal? "The slander of a journal, and a piece of epistolary impertinence, are the motives which impel Chatterton to self-slaughter. When Cato slew himself, at least it was for something more than that."

Paternal love comes next under discussion. M. Girardin does not seek to define it; for it is the merit of dramatic literature, he says, not to define our sentiments, but to put them into action: he scouts, therefore, the spirit of analysis and definition—for who dissects that which is alive? He takes paternal love such as it is represented by the elder dramatists, especially by Corneille, and compares it with examples of the same passion in latter-day drama and romance. Don Diègue and old Horace are instanced—loving their sons with a certain sturdy, elevated love, which is modified by the superior influence of honour and patriotism. In contrast with them is placed the Triboulet of Victor Hugo—Triboulet, made "wicked" by a composition of forces, three in number—personal deformity, disease, and his position as court-jester. Triboulet is designed to show how paternal love sanctifies physical deformity, just as the same dramatist's Lucretia Borgia is designed to show how maternal love purifies moral deformity. But our critic objects to the character of this impassioned buffoon, that the love he exhibits towards his daughter Blanche is not consonant with paternal love—that its ardent, vehement character pertains in reality to love of quite another sort. "Triboulet appears to

love his daughter as a woman is loved; he loves her with a selfish, jealous passion—for himself, not for herself. Not so do fathers love. They love less, perhaps, if you take the word love in its most passionate sense; but they love better." Another instance of this *égoïsme paternel* is produced from the "Pariah" of Delavigne—in evidence of the argument, that paternal love, in its historical development on the stage, is first painted in all its tender devotion, qualified by firmness and lofty principle—and at last, by an over-curious elaboration of whatever it may, in its morbid action, discover, in the way of sensitive jealousy and exacting selfishness.

Filial ingratitude is illustrated from the *Cedipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, and Shakspeare's *King Lear*. *Cedipus* is described as a man subjected to the control of a mysterious power, insomuch that his acts seem not to be his own—whether the act of slaying the sire he recognises not, or that of cursing his ungrateful sons—in either case he is the instrument of the gods, the representative of the fatalism of the ancients. *Lear*, on the other hand, is regarded as the representative of human liberty in its weakness and caprices. Both poets, however, enforce the same idea of the sacred right of fathers, and the perdition attached to the breach of it. In unfavourable contrast with this, the critic refers to the altered tone of modern fiction—making Balzac's *le père Goriot* the text for some exegetical and practical observations, which to the fast young men of this time of day, who, were *Cedipus* himself their father, or *Lear*, or *Cato the Censor*, or *Cato Uticensis*, would not scruple to call him "the governor" (strictly on *lucis à non* principles), may seem very old-fashioned indeed.

A section is devoted to paternal clemency; and in its exemplification are cited Terence's *εὐνοεισσομένης*, the sobbing and slobbering old *Menedemus*, the *Prodigal Son* of Voltaire—and of the New Testament. M. Girardin is no Voltairian Frenchman; but he is Frenchman enough to brace together the parable in St. Luke and the *Enfant Prodigue* of Aroust, "libertin du dix-huitième siècle"—and, after quoting a parcel of verses by this *Euphémon fils*, who is aghast at being "déhérité," and made to

Sentir l'horreur de la mendicité,
A mon cadet voir passer ma fortune, &c.,

it is quite à la Française to add: "Ce sont de beaux vers; mais nous sommes loin de l'Enfant prodigue de l'Evangile." Very much so. The *loin* is far enough to be reckoned immeasurable—so true that it becomes a truism. *Euphémon fils* is in no danger of being mistaken for him that of old time wasted his substance in riotous living—nor the elder brother, that was in the field, for the *cadet* Fiérenfat, respectable denizen of Cognac.—After this, M. Girardin proceeds to examine the treatment of the paternal character in comedy—selecting, with that view, Diderot's *Père de Famille*, M. d'Orbesson, who analyses and expounds the tenderness he feels for his children—Géronte, in Piron's *Les Fils Ingrats*, an insipid comedy, in which if the sons are displeasing, their sire fails to please—and Dupré, in *Les Deux Gendres* of M. Etienne. Rousseau's charge against Molière, of bringing paternal authority into contempt, is investigated with regard to its special and its more general validity, as affecting not Molière alone, but the writers of comedies as a class. M.

Girardin discountenances the notion of Molière's comedy being, in this respect, of depraving tendency : it is your fifth-rate comedies, and your modern dramas, he contends, that really deprave the heart, just because of the claim they set up to preach and instruct, and because in effect they enervate the soul by their sentimentalism, and corrupt the mind by their sophisms : whereas good comedy amuses at the expense of the vices it sets over against each other, without sanctioning or showing favour to any one of them.

Maternal love follows. Andromache is criticised, as she appears in the objective portraiture of Homer, in the subjective art of Euripides, and in the polite rhymes of Racine. Mérope is criticised in her fourfold incarnation—as represented by Torelli, by Maffei, by Voltaire, and by Alfieri—the palm being virtually given to Maffei, who rejected the *fadeurs amoureuses* which spoil the character in Torelli, and the philosophical sententiousness with which Voltaire unadvisedly encumbers his version of the much-vert heroine. The Lucretia Borgia of Victor Hugo gets some rough usage—though the critic avows he shall never forget the first representation of the piece, the ardent curiosity with which he watched its development. “I wept not,” he says, “nor was I touched with emotion; but I was astounded and overpowered. Those vehement sentiments, those multiplied *coups de théâtre*, those dramatic *tours de force* held me in suspense. My feeling was not that of one softened to tenderness, but of one sensibly under a strong despotic yoke, which he cannot shake off.” Victor Hugo would here delineate maternal love; but it is, in this Italian White Devil, no longer a passion inspired by nature, approved by morality, and indeed woman's purest, most fervent virtue, but a passion all blindness and violence, acting with impetuosity and caprice. Voltaire's Idamé, in *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, is also discussed; and as exemplars of maternal love in a perverted form, we are introduced to Cleopatra in Corneille's *Rodogune*—a character inspiring nothing but horror, odious from beginning to end—and Ismène in Quinault's *La Mère Coquette*, a personage neither vindictive nor consumed by hate, but intolerant of personal rivalry in her own daughter, whom she sees growing daily more beautiful, while she finds it a growing struggle to maintain her good looks: it is a case of *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*—comparative degree, *pulchrior*, ay, there's the rub.

Next comes filial piety. Under this head M. Girardin discourses freely of Ulysses, of Telemachus, of Orestes, in ancient story; of the Siroès in Rotrou's *Corroës*, of the Count in *Le Glorieux* of Destouches, and of that “noblest and most touching of all examples of filial piety, in history or on the stage,” Coriolanus—not, however, old Hardy's version, or Chevreau's, or La Harpe's, but Shakspeare's. Madame Cottin's Elizabeth is also duly registered, and shown to suffer, as a piece of artful fiction, in comparison with the simpler truth and nature of Xavier de Maistre's Prascovie.

Fraternal love gives occasion to a review of the characters of Orestes and Electra in Æschylus and Sophocles—of Merimée's story of *Colomba* (a heroine who “has not indeed the proportions of Electra,” and is, comparatively, a miniature beside an ancient statue; “but this miniature belongs to the same school with the statue; it expresses in little what the statue expresses at large, and it does so in an accurate and decided

manner"),—also of Goethe's Iphigenia,—and of Scott's Jeanie Deans, whom the critic admires with a very enthusiasm of appreciative sympathy. The opposite sentiment of fraternal discord leads him to discourse on Cain and Abel, as they appear in the sacred records, and in the pastoral platitudes of Gessner, in Langewald's *Adamus*, in the Fathers of the Church, and in the daring speculations of Lord Byron. The Atreus and Thyestes of Seneca and of Crébillon (père) have a chapter to themselves. Voltaire's Adélaïde du Guesclin, and Schiller's Bride of Messina, have another. Rivalry between sisters is illustrated by the story of Psyche, treated by Corneille, and Molière, and Lafontaine, as well as Ovid,—and by the Genoese Ceba's tragedy, *Le gemelle Capovane*, "touching history, which opens, like the history of all other maidens, with the pleasures and innocent triumphs of beauty, only to end in the most deplorable of catastrophes, supported and accomplished by penitence the most heroic." An animated section is devoted to the strifes and sorrows of the house of Œdipus, and the sublime devotion of Antigone, that "holy heathen," as De Quincey calls her, that "daughter of God, before God was known" in Greece, that flower from Paradise after Paradise was closed; who quitting all things for which flesh languishes, safety and honour, a palace and a home, made herself a houseless pariah, lest the poor pariah king, her outcast father, should want a hand to lead him in his darkness, or a voice to whisper comfort in his misery; that angel, who bade depart for ever the glories of her own bridal day, lest he that had shared her misery in childhood, should want the honours of a funeral; that "idolatrous, yet Christian Lady," who in the spirit of martyrdom trod alone "the yawning billows of the grave, flying from earthly hopes, lest everlasting despair should settle upon the grave of" her brother.

Love is a large subject, and M. St. Marc Girardin treats it largely. He exhibits its kind and power of action as developed in the Theatre of the Greeks—a Hæmon paying court to Antigone, a Phædra pining wickedly for Hippolytus; he illustrates it from life among the Germans described by Tacitus, from medieval tales of chivalry,—and again in its Platonic phases, at sundry times and in divers manners,—what it was in the court of Francis I., and in that of Henry II. ("toujours pleine," says Brantôme, "de femmes et des plus jolies"),—its aspect in the Tales of Margaret of Navarre, in the Romance of the Rose, in Marot, in Ronsard, in Du Bellay, in Mathurin Régnier, in Malherbe; in the Amadis of Gaul, in D'Urfé's *Astrée*, and in the Scudéry's *Clélie*—a romance which may at first sight appear stuffed with nothing but ridiculous love-nonsense, affecting the metaphysical, a mere pedantic manual of gallantry, but which, examined more attentively, is pronounced by our critic a book of serious as well as curious character, "in which all questions relating to the condition of women in society are treated in a style both piquant and judicious." Ingenuous love is portrayed from manifold examples, chiefly in pastoral poesy—and we are led back to the idyls of Theocritus, and the bucolics of Virgil, and occasional rural intervals in the lyrics of Catullus and Horace, Tibullus and Propertius; and then conducted through a throng of old romances in prose and verse, all in quest of this same "ingenuous love"—King Arthur, and Valentine and Orson, and Sir Huon, and the Arcadia of Sannazar, as well as of Lope de

Vega and our own Sidney, and Tasso's Amintas, and Guarini's Pastor Fido, and the Diana of Montemayor,—and anon we “assist” at the *idylle charmante* of forest-life in Shakspeare's Cymbeline, and now are we in Arden, under the shade of melancholy boughs,—whence (for our own part, with wandering steps and slow) we are summoned to the *Alphée* and other pastorals of Shakspeare's contemporary, Hardy, and the similar performances of those once renowned gentry, Messieurs Racan, Rotrou, Gombaud, Mairet, &c.;—while the more ruffled and troubled passages of that course of true love that never did run smooth, are evidenced in the cases of Pyramus and Thisbe, Hagbart and Syène (see Grammaticus Saxo, and Ehlenschlager), and Romeo and Juliet; the entire work, so far as is hitherto published, being closed with an essay on “pastoral” according to the notions of Ségrais, who, regretting the discarded variety and simplicity of ancient models, would fain have been more rustic and less *galant*, but who was constrained by pressure from without to hit the humour of Persons of Quality, for he lived at the court of the Great Ma'm'selle, and must write accordingly; of *Ménage*, *grand habitué* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and alive to this hour in the mockery of Molière:

Nous avons vu de vous des églogues d'un style
Qui passe en doux attrails Théocrite et Virgile, &c.;

of Madame des Houlières, of whom Sainte Beuve has made an interesting study in his “Portraits des Femmes;” and finally, of Lamothe, with his pseudo-pastoral pretentiousness, and Fontenelle, whose eclogues have one parlous want, the want of rural inspiration, and whose loftiest ideal of country-life simplicity does not extend beyond a shepherd with the gait and feelings of the salons, or a peasant transported and transcribed, with very little of revision or correction, from the boards of the opera.

If M. Girardin, in his literary tastes, is of the classical party, he is also acknowledged to belong to the party of tolerance—with a liking for diversity of gifts, and the free course of talent, provided always that man's highest sentiments are left intact, and the eternal laws of morality unassailed. He is styled by Desiré Nisard the liberal par excellence in literature; and as your true liberal is also conservative in certain essential features, so is he faithful to the time-proved and time-approved classicalism of French taste. But he is susceptible to the influence of new modes, to the impression of new qualities. He is not, says the same critic, astonished at not finding himself in another author; rather he is charmed at finding one who is *not* himself. Accordingly, he relishes the kind of composition to which his own bears little or no affinity. “Even a melodrama has charms for him; and see now how commendable the charity, how delicate the sense of justice, which can dispose so natural a mind to enjoy the effect produced by even a melodrama's sound and fury.”

If he delights, as he says he does, in his functions as Professor, it is mainly on account of the scope his Professorship affords him to indoctrinate others with principles of good morals and good taste conjoined—“to caution,” he says, “and, if I can, preserve them from false ideas and false sentiments, to make them love what is good and beautiful in literature and in morals.” The end and aim of true criticism consists, in his judgment, in

showing that the end and aim of literature is the beautiful, and in combating whatever opinions and ideas are calculated to draw aside the mind from this supreme object: the æsthetically beautiful being inseparable from the ethically good. He the more insists upon this harmony, because of the modern tendency to deny, or practically ignore it. Hence his solicitude to show, from examples found in sacred records and "profane" classics, that "*le beau et le bon s'accordent plus souvent qu'on ne l'a cru de nos jours.*" Hence his neglect of no opportunity for certifying the union which exists between "*le bon goût et la bonne morale.*" Thus, as one of the capital conditions of dramatic emotion he requires, that it should address itself to the intelligence of man, and not to his senses: art, he contends, must speak only to the mind; to the mind only should it convey pleasurable feelings: if its object be to excite the senses, it is degraded. "This rule applies to the arts in general. Dancing itself is an art, when, by its steps and movements, it pleases the soul and awakens in the mind the divine idea of the graceful. It ceases to be an art, and becomes a trade, when its object is voluptuous, to excite sensual enjoyment." He points out how, with the Greeks, philosophy and art were of one accord to give predominance to moral over material nature—art, by their worship of beauty, which exists but in tranquillity, while even physical repose proceeds from a mental source,—and philosophy, by their doctrine of the superiority of the mind to the body. "This progressive ascendancy of mind over body prepared the world for Christianity, which was the triumph of moral nature over material nature; and thus, by an admirable harmony, the worship of the beautiful became the means of conducting mankind to the worship of the good." Thus, too, when he is engaged in analysing the romance of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, he claims the palm of merit for the old *conteur* over the modern graces of Wieland—alike in the delineation of character, in the elucidation of "ingenuous love," and in the charm of imaginative art—that love being so much the better portrayed in the *vieux roman*, as it is there of a purer and more honest sort—for the attraction that belongs to these olden pictures "is lost the moment that coquetry or voluptuousness try to mingle in the painting, to embellish or to enliven it." Hence, again, M. Girardin's promptness to censure such a psychological result at Balzac's *Père Goriot*, who, dying, and bewailing the ingratitude of his children, exclaims: "My daughters—ah, there was my sin! they were my mistresses!" &c.—strange language, objects our critic, the choice of a romance-writer who, his design being the delineation of paternal love, which is, of all human loves, the purest, the most intelligent, the most moral, makes it brutal and vicious in order to make it strong.

Any such exhibition of "strength," of a morbid quality, is utterly repugnant to the taste of M. Girardin. "Beautiful it is," writes Thomas Carlyle, "and a gleam from the eternal pole-star visible amid the destinies of men, that all talent, all intellect is in the first place moral;—what a world were this otherwise! But it is the heart always that sees, before the head *can* see: let us know that; and know, therefore, that the Good alone is deathless and victorious." One deeply imbued with this faith, in whom it is the heart always that sees, whose intellect is in the first place moral, revolts from what that heart intuitively pronounces an offence

against its laws, from whatever that moral intellect repudiates as in proximate tendency immoral.

The "strong" writing of latter days appears to our critic to have a distorted, abused, unnatural strength. Whereas in former times the poets gave to their creations a single vice or a single passion, and then took every pains to make them in other respects virtuous, that they might be worthy of interest,—it is, he complains, the wont of modern poets to give to their characters a heap of passions and vices past reckoning, with the counterpoise of some one single virtue. And this one virtue, poor solitary thing! has no mission to purify the depraved soul in which, by a sort of chance, it has found a lodgement. It assiduously respects the independence of the imperious vices, nor is it designed to challenge the interest of spectators or readers; for vice is now-a-days the proposed object of interest, thanks to a certain attribute of noble pride, made fashionable and seductive by the heroes of Byron. "It seems, in fact, that we have a taste for ruins in morals as well as in architecture, and prefer that which is half fallen to that which stands erect and entire." He complains that the manner of delineating the four or five leading sentiments which make up the subject of dramatic art, has lost its ancient truthfulness; has become violent, exaggerated, pretentious; that grief has degenerated into melancholy, tenderness into excessive sensibility, meditation into reverie; that everywhere the substance has given place to the shadow—a shadow larger, it is true, and more supple than the body, but also more dim and empty:

Et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras.

Whether it be Victor Hugo, ascribing to his *Dona Sol* ("Hernani") a capricious melancholy, wherein fantasy has more of a part to play than passion—and in his *Triboulet* "substituting caricature for portraiture," and animal instinct for impassioned sentiment,—and in his *Catarina* representing the convulsions of physical excitement; or again, Dumas detailing the agonies of *Monaldeschi*, the terrified expectant of Christina's sure and speedy vengeance; or De Vigny giving words to the suicidal intents of *Chatterton*; or Delavigne making of his old pariah, *Zarès*, an exacting egoist; or Balzac putting extravagant rhapsodies into the mouth of dying *père Goriot*;—under any such provocation, *πᾶσι τε καὶ πανόχθου*, M. Girardin is ready with a demur, an exception, a protest.

If his tone of objection is frequently that of a grave remonstrant, who thinks the fault no light matter, and who therefore adopts no light manner in his strictures, he also, on occasion, just opens a vein of quiet raillery, utterly void of all bad blood. As where, having called Voltaire's "Prodigal Son" a comedy, he corrects himself, and calls it a drama: "for all Voltaire's comedies end in drama, except when they turn to ennui." Of Voltaire he elsewhere says, that "like a good many partisans of Equality, he was fond enough of it in relation to his superiors, but put it less into practice towards his equals." Again, commending Sir Walter Scott's judgment in interposing difficulties in the way of Jeanie Deans' access to royalty, he observes: "In ordinary novels, where a peasant or soldier wants to talk with a king, there is no kind of difficulty; a knock at the door seems amply sufficient; his majesty himself comes to open it; and forthwith the conversation begins between countryman and king." Simi-

larly he comments on the custom of establishing a connexion between man and nature, between the sombre gloom of lonely forests and the crimes of man, by giving to every *scélérat* his cavern, his clouds, and his tempest: "no such thing as crime on a fine sunny day, or a soft moonlight night; nor must the fury of the passions reach its outburst before that of the storm is brewed and ready." We might refer, again, to his criticisms of the rather maudlin tenderness of Diderot's *Père de Famille*, and the "very German" dialect of Goethe's Greeks (*Iphigenia* to wit, *Orestes*, &c.), and the vapid unrealities of pseudo-pastoral, and the habit novelists have of ignoring the life of woman except while at a lovable, and that a very limited age. "The life of women in a novel begins at seventeen years of age, and terminates at about thirty, although attempts have been made in the present day to prolong it to even forty. When they border on this age, either the novel puts them to death, or else the novel itself comes to a close, inasmuch that a woman in years is a rarity in novels, unless where represented *en mal*, as an envious, malignant old creature, just because she is old."

The *Cours de Littérature Dramatique* is M. Girardin's magnum opus, by which he is (in a double sense) best known. But the *Essais de Littérature et de Morale* also contain much that, having engaged, will repay an attentive reading. Some of these essays were written when he was hardly out of his teens—that on *Le Sage*, for instance, which is nevertheless distinguished by much penetration and precision. The notices of Washington and Lafayette are just *noticeable*, and little else; that of Bossuet is not unworthy of its high argument; that of Beaumarchais is a lively résumé of a strange career—the career of the bourgeois adventurer, who burst the strait laces of social caste, figured at court, united in one *rôle* trader and courtier, sent arms to revolted America, agitated the length and breadth of France about a trial for fifteen louis, all but overthrew a magistracy instituted by royal authority, and by the mouth of *Figaro* proclaimed the rights and asserted the prerogatives of the third estate, as vigorously as Sièyes himself in his memorable pamphlet. The *étude* on St. Augustine compares his Confessions with those of "Saint" Jean Jacques, and insists on a closer resemblance between them than that of title only. The Homilies of St. Chrysostom on the Book of Genesis, afford scope for some orthodox suggestions on the assumed feud between Scripture and Science, Moses and the Geologists. There is a genial review of Silvio Pellico, earnest homage being paid to his religious feeling; others on Louise Bertin, on the poetry of Young France, on Lucretelle, &c.; historical papers on Napoleon, on the war in Spain of 1823, on the fall of the Abbassides; and miscellanies on themes ancient and modern—on newspapers among the old Romans, on Greek tragedy, on Persius, on Corsica, Florence, Charles Edward the Pretender, Paul Louis Courier, on the ethics of Marriage, on the Literary Profession, on the Unity of Europe, and on the historical past and speculative future of the United States. And in tracing the development of M. Girardin's mind, from its almost boyish *earnests* (*appaßione*) to its matured results, we see much to fulfil what has been said to distinguish the genuine critic—namely, that in accordance with Coleridge's definition of genius, he carries forward the freshness and geniality of youth into the powers of

manhood, like those trees in Arcadia, where blossoms and full-grown fruit are found together.

The name of St. Marc Girardin, M. Nisard confidently predicts, is sure of a place among those that will endure. For, argues the critic, unless future generations of Frenchmen differ in their whole nature from their forefathers, they will demand in the books of to-day, what the readers of to-day demand in the books of yesterday—the human heart, French *esprit*, and style. Of these three conditions he hails the conjoint presence in St. Marc Girardin's writings: the human heart—illustrated by a thousand traits; the national *esprit*—nowhere in contemporary authorship more signally displayed, in point of practical sense, neatness, unaffectedness, and lively elegance of movement;—and a style—resembling that of the best times, while it is marked by an individuality and by certain material novelties, which distinguish it from a mere imitation. And as for this side the Channel, there are few authors in modern France whom we should more gladly see naturalised among ourselves.

THE GRAVE AT THE ALMA.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

No stone marks the spot where the young hero sleeps,
No bright flowers bloom o'er his grave,
But the sentinel oft there his weary watch keeps,
Where slumbers the young and the brave.
They bore him away from the red battle fray,
Where first 'mid the foremost he fell,
And the spot they deem'd best for a hero to rest,
Was the field that he fought in so well!

Oh! brief was the grief that his comrades might show,
As they hurriedly laid him to rest,
But fast fell the tears, and the hearts filled with woe,
In the home where they loved him the best.
They read now his name on the proud scroll of fame,
And they list to his story with pride,
But a mourner still weeps for the hero who sleeps
On the field where so nobly he died.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Cardinal Mai—A Hot Day in Rome—Sunsets—The Tramontana—Classical Recollections of Castello and Albano—The Festa of the Madonna del Tufo—Characters.

YESTERDAY, as I was riding along through the beautifully-wooded tract dividing L'Ariccia from the Alban Lake, I met a cardinal on foot—no uncommon sight in these latitudes during the summer. He was followed by two servants and a lumbering carriage—(plutôt un lit à quatre colonnes)—an antiquated machine perfectly ecclesiastic in its *rococo* appearance. As I drew up to let the aged man pass, he, with courteous gesture, raised his large red hat from his head, and I caught sight of an expansive forehead, arched and strongly-marked eyebrows, and withal a calm composure of expression, that both invited and repelled approach—a kind of lofty humility. I was so struck with this old cardinal that I straightway inquired of S——, who rode with me, what was his name, and heard that this singularly majestic-looking man was no other than the celebrated Cardinal Mai, certainly the most profound scholar living. The man who has dug, and rummaged, and excavated among the MSS. of the Vatican, as common men dig mines, only that the earth he has turned over are the leaves of that mysterious Egyptian plant called in our day the Palimpsests, regular hieroglyphics to ordinary mortals, and even to the learned about as legible as the inscriptions on the Pyramids. Only to think that the old man who doffed his beaver to me has written ten volumes in quarto of such prodigious learning that the very outside of them makes you shudder! Gaume says that amongst other things Cardinal Mai started a new idea about that incomprehensible myth Pope Joan. He thinks the idea originated in the time of Pope John VIII., accused by his contemporaries of such feminine weakness of intellect as caused him to be stigmatised by the reproachful epithet of *woman*.

Be that as it may, the poor cardinal was not fated longer to question “in thoughts more elevate and reasonings high,” for, strange to say, the very next day after I saw him he died! The reason assigned for this sudden demise—in addition to the eighty-three years that pressed upon him—being, that his eminence had eaten thirty dried figs with some ham, a meal from which he never recovered, although in point of “the wholesomes” I have long believed the Italians to be endowed with the stomachs of horses. So the poor cardinal was carried from pleasant Albano, where he was spending his *villeggiatura*, in his bier to Rome, where a grand funeral awaited his arrival. He will be buried in the church of San Anastasia, under the Palatine, and over him will be erected the monument designed by the talented Benzoni of Rome, in which the nations of the earth are represented in symbolic bassi-relievi and figures encircling his kneeling statue, indicating the universality of his knowledge, and the light his learning has spread over the world; a monument ordered long before his death, and honestly paid for, although no one knows who this devoted admirer is.—

People have an idea that the Italians are becoming more civilised, and eschewing the use of the stiletto; that a bravo is a chimerical animal only existing in Cooper's romance; that wives are virtuous, husbands faithful, and cicisbeism quite out of date and altogether ungenteel. All these charitable surmises are mistakes—I could recount pregnant anecdotes proving the truth of what I say—but as to the murdering part, listen. There was a day last week in Rome of intense heat, when one “tosses at moon,” as Thomson says. I suppose this state of the atmosphere occasioned a moral delirium, for many who rose that morning blithe and gay, lay down before night on mother earth never to rise again. There was a madness abroad that day for certain.

S—— and a friend were cooling their outward and inner man by a siesta at Nazzari's and an ice, when their attention was attracted by people running to and fro, and loud talking, and swearing, and exclamations—a general excitement, in fact, all tending towards the Via Babuino. They joined the crowd, and heard that an assassino had been committed in broad daylight, and that the corpse lay there. On they sped to where a circle was gathered, and pressing forward, they saw extended on the stones, quite dead, a lovely girl weltering in her blood, flowing from a deadly wound in her side. They at once recognised her as a well-known model, renowned for her beauty and grace. There she lay, pale and bloody on the cold stones, until some of the brothers of the Misericordia came—they that wear the deep masks and long dark robes, looking more like mummies than men—and composed her limbs, and, laying her in a great sheet, carried her away. She had been walking with *un certo amico*, it seems, in the Via Babuino, when her husband passed. His ire was kindled, his jealousy aroused; he drew his stiletto and slaughtered her there on the spot where she stood, then ran away. But the *certo amico*, her cavaliero, ran after him when the poor thing dropped from his arm stone dead, and watched and dodged him into a certain house, and when in the evening he came out, having his stiletto ready hid in the sleeve of his coat, he struck him down then and there, as the husband had struck his wife, and left him weltering in his blood as she had lain. Whether this valiant lover escaped or no I cannot say.

On the same day, a man was passing in a cart through the Piazza Barberini, where Bernini's classic fountain plays in the sun; some one came in his way, and being nearly run over by the caretino, gave the horse a blow with a stick. No word was spoken, but the *carettiere* stopped his cart, descended, deliberately drew his stiletto, and stabbed him dead; then remounting, drove away. So much for the effects of a hot day in Rome.—

We have had a series of the most magnificent sunsets imaginable. Sometimes great bands of purple and gold clasped the broad horizon in gorgeous girdles, the gold melting into the ocean in fields of glistening fire, or catching here and there a distant mountain-peak with a vivid flame, all Nature lying dark and black as a pall, a fitting foreground for this brilliant sight. Sometimes the whole heavens seemed on fire, a horrible conflagration, prefiguring the end of all things, when the earth and all that it contains shall be consumed with ardent heat. I have almost trembled as, standing under the pergola in our garden, I have watched the awful scene, too horribly beautiful to contemplate with aught but dread.

Golden clouds, dissolving into crimson and saffron, melting into glowing red, lay quivering and palpitating as in an atmosphere of ardent fire, save where here and there sombre masses of purple, betipped with the prevailing fire-tint, seemed to bear storms, and thunders, and rude cracking earthquakes in their deep bosoms. Anon the parting clouds opened into cavernous recesses of inmost glory, and the sun, an orb of liquid fire, glowed out "stern as the unlash'd eye of God," contemplating the guilty world with dreadful wrath. For a while it glistened in infinite light, irradiating the sad Campagna with a wild unearthly glow; then, dipping into the encircling sea, it slowly vanished, and deep shadows fell fast around, and the sullen, purple, massed-up clouds turned into banks of sombre lead colour, while Nature seemed to tremble, as did our guilty mother Eve when flying from the visage of her Maker. I have seen the sky at other times completely covered with a network of purple and gold, exquisitely lovely, with here and there touches and tinges as of fire, while between the parting rifts pale blue sky peeped softly out. I have seen the vaulted firmament of a sweet heavenly blue, as it may have looked when God beheld his labour and pronounced it good. I love to see the blue shades veiling the mountains, the Campagna, the rocks, the forest, with a subdued splendour, as though a guardian angel hovered above, blessing us with his outspread wings. Then the sea lies like a magic mirror placidly glimmering in the balmy breeze, a desert of ethereal blue, encircled by the calm heavens with azure draperies, while the sun, shrouded deep in their radiant bosoms, beams out fitfully in softened splendour.

Then, after the sunsets, came a mighty wind, the Tramontana, down from the icy North, passing across the snowy summits of the everlasting Alps, and bearing in its breath the rigid cold from out their glacier bosoms—a furious wind that tore and rended the gigantic trees, wrenched the mantling leaves in showers from the bending boughs, and thundered among the rocky caverns of our hills, sweeping like an invisible avalanche over the burnt-up Campagna on to the surging sea that welled and billowed up to meet it.

How that Tramontana wind roared and whistled about our high-up house, seeming to cleave the very walls, and to talk and chatter with wild unearthly tongues as it flew round! How it raged up at Monte Cavi! Heaven help the poor monks, they must have trembled in their beds, and said many an *Ave* in their fear. How it yelled among the tottering ruins of Tusculum, and bent and twisted the grand old pine-trees that diadem its sloping woods around Cicero's ruined portico! The motionless waters of the Alban Lake swayed to and fro this wild and dreary night—those mystic waters that never listen to the enticing breath of fragrant summer. Nemi, too, Diana's mirror, must have lashed its wooded sides under the influence of such a hurricane.

I thought of all this sitting beside the blazing wood fire on our own cheerful hearth, while the storm raged remorselessly without. It is delightful to sit, "in meditative musings wrapt," and listen to the shrill whistling of the gale catching the corners of the house, to watch the shadows on the wall and in the dark corners of the room as the fire flickers; there is an exquisite sense of luxury and domestic peace and household security at such a time. There I sat, and I questioned the wind, coming sweeping from the far north, of many things. I asked it

of a certain corner in a once-doved house, deeply embosomed in an English wood—a pleasant home, where, in the happy days of my childhood, the sun always smiled in winter as in summer. That corner—how well I remembered it—where the winds always gathered, where I used to listen to their rude music and wild sighs, and wonder and speculate on many things, and question the whistling spirits as I do now. That old familiar corner, I greet thee from afar, from the land where I am banished. “Do the autumn and the winter winds sound there as of old, in long gone years, when I was young and the world young with me, and blithe and jocund as my glad soul?” There, in that corner, I once questioned the wind of my coming fate, and the treacherous wind answered in low breathing murmurs, and promised happiness. “Oh, false wind, why did ye deceive me when I questioned ye? Why did ye not rather rend and tear the house, and rock and rift its very walls, making them and me inarticulate ruins, rather than let me be as now? Oh, cruel wind!” Then I asked it of a certain room which it used to love of yore, in the spring time when its breath came perfumed with the year’s young flowers; and the answering wind, always loud and shrill, told me, that strangers dwelt there now—that since the days of joyous girlhood none had cared to hearken to its constant sighs around the old corner, where the ivy clustered and the willow and cypress-trees waved to and fro, or in the familiar room. “Ah, wind,” cried I, “but you were false, for there you prophesied such pleasant things!”

Then I questioned it again, and asked of one I love with a great love—one who lives in a city on a sea-girt isle—she who gave me birth, and whose constant love has, as it were, borne me again in throes and pangs of pain through long years of woe. Timidly I asked the wind, “If yet once more I should behold her?”—but the vagrant wind went roaring up the mountain in such uproarious riot I heard not its reply.

“Oh, my mother, speed you well! I sent you a loving message on the wings of the stormy wind from our far-off home on Alban’s classic hills, in the Italian land; tell me—passing over wide lands and stormy seas—was it delivered? I prayed the harsh winter wind to spare you, and the summer breezes to love and cherish you. Is it even so, or has the many-tongued Boreas again deceived me?”

Then I asked the wind, the coldest, rudest of all the spirits *Æolus* lets forth to torture mortals, if when he strayed into the icy North on fell errands of piercing mischief, to nip the pale flowers, and tear the upspringing wheat and the just bursting hedgerows—I asked this rugged spirit if he knew aught of one who dwells there, the cause of all my misery? And the wind, screaming in shrillest blasts, told me that *he* still lived under the heather-sown hills, where the old rock still towers—the rock that cast the death-shadow on my youth—and that he lived, unheeding, unrepenting, ever invoking vengeance on my luckless head! “Oh wind, can this be true?” Then I asked no more that night, but let the spirits shrouded in those bursting blasts go unheeded by in awful chorus, and I sank down to rest in bitterness of grief, and cried, How long, O Lord, how long?—

I have endeavoured to describe the classic valley of Marino. An ascending road through a magnificent wood leads from the *Aqua Feren-tina* towards *Castello* and *Albano*. On emerging from the wood the *Alban Lake* bursts on the sight, its sullen waters unruffled by a wave.

In front, Monte Cavi rises majestically towards those clouds to which its Via Numinis professes to lead. To the right, Castello, or Castel Gandolfo, stands, on a grand natural platform overlooking the lake, quite embosomed in those dark poetic woods so characteristic of Italian scenery. I have already said that the shores of this lake are strewn with ruins, the foundations of former nymphæums and grottos, while pillars, marbles, and mosaics are perpetually found among the surrounding woods.

The grandest of the imperial villas was that erected by Domitian on the spot now occupied by the Villa Rospigliosi, near Castello. To-day I rode all over this district, and finding the gates of the villa invitingly open, I entered the gardens, or plaiſance, occupying the fall of the hill between Castello and Albano. Nothing can be more beautiful than these grounds: long avenues of ilex-trees terminate in lovely vistas over the Campagna, melting away in blue distance towards the sea, or are grouped round antique statues, vases, and pillars wreathed with vine and clematis. There is to me a stately character in an Italian garden, as imposing as the grand façades of the vast palaces they surround; ballustraded terraces, long flights of steps, colonnades, and temples, lending a dignity to Nature herself. The Rospigliosi gardens boast a terrace-walk more than a mile in length, entirely formed of overarching ilex-trees—a majestic avenue, fit only to be trodden by the great ones of the earth. Midway along this ilex avenue are the ruins of Domitian's palace, indistinct masses of walls without form and void, and so overgrown by ivy and plants it is impossible to distinguish them.

Standing before those misshapen ruins, it seemed scarcely possible to call forth a vision of the palace erected by the deified monster whose reign disgraced the annals of the Flavian line; yet on this spot, and descending downwards towards the lake, stood one of the loftiest piles that even antiquity can boast. Architectural atriums, great vestibules, halls of almost fabulous extent, supported by columns of the rarest-coloured marbles, the recesses adorned by statues of Grecian workmanship, the ceilings and walls painted in brilliant frescoes, harmonising in colour with the patterns on the mosaic floors, and supported by cornices of silver or of gold; temples glittering with gilded plates, the air heavy with the rich incense offered to the "man-god," who only permitted statues of gold or silver to be raised in his honour; marble colonnades stretching in long vistas through the surrounding groves, broken by fountains of perfumed waters springing from parterres of brilliant flowers; odeons for music and song; vast baths, where the cool water lay (encased in alabaster, under gilded roofs upheld by crystal columns; magnificent porticos, leading by flights of steps towards the lake, where, beside the deep waters, grottos and caves, decorated as tridliniums and nymphæums, were dedicated to the water nymphs, the presiding deities of the enchanting shores.

But the circus and the amphitheatre were the portion of the palace most frequented by Domitian himself. Here he was constantly present, wearing a golden crown and robes of purple, surrounded by the priests of Jupiter and the Flavian College, during the magnificent *fêtes* with which he endeavoured to conciliate the favour of the fickle multitude. Not only men but women exhibited themselves in the gladiatorial games, and ran races at night under the glare of the torches with which the amphitheatre was illuminated. Even torrents of rain did not deter

Domitian from remaining until the conclusion; he himself frequently changed his clothes, but a positive law forbade the audience to leave their seats. The Lake of Albano afforded an admirable locale for the naval battles in which he also delighted. Suetonius tells us that he regularly celebrated the festival of Minerva here, for which purpose he established a college of priests on the Alban Mount.

Born with a mean and cowardly nature, Domitian, conscious of the hatred he excited, positively trembled at his own shadow, unless surrounded by his guards. We are told that he daily shut himself up alone in the interior of his palace, for the purpose of killing flies with a gold bodkin! Sometimes, when visiting his Alban villa, these hours of solitude were passed in wandering through the columned arcades, where, on the walls, constructed of a peculiar marble capable of bearing the highest polish, he could perceive as he walked the shadow of any one approaching from behind. Haunted throughout his life by a constant terror of assassination, these suspicious fears drove him to acts of horrid cruelty. One courtier was murdered because he was born under a star promising imperial power; another, because he carried about with him a map of the world; Sallustius Lucullus, because he had invented a lance of a new shape. Cunning and dissembling as he was cruel and remorseless, Domitian began by caressing those whom he intended to destroy; but his honeyed phrases soon became sentences of death, and those who sat beside him at the same couch, and eat of the same dish, were often, after a courteous reception, ordered out to instant execution. Naturally of a robust constitution, his monstrous excesses so wasted his strength that his hair fell from his head, his legs shrunk, his body swelled, and he became so incapable of all fatigue that he was generally carried about in a litter. The only manly exercise in which he delighted was archery. It is related that when passing the summer months in these delightful solitudes, the quantity of wild beasts he shot was quite incredible. So skilful was he in the use of the bow, that, taking a little slave for his mark, he would shoot arrows through every finger of his upraised hand without so much as grazing the skin.

Such was the emperor who inhabited the walls under which I have been standing. Surrounded by all the splendour, riches, luxuries, and amusements that the empire of the world could bestow, he lived a trembling, suspicious wretch, incapable of enjoying the present by dreary presentiments of the future ever looming before him in hideous forms of assassination and death. The gloomy recollections of his career seem yet to linger around the sombre walls and the dark trees whose branches wave over the scattered ruins; a curse, heavy and palpable, hangs over the opaque shadows of the mysterious pile. As I looked, the spirit of the Past uprose so grim and horrible, so soiled with unutterable deeds of darkness, that I turned with horror from the fatal spot, which not even the course of long centuries, and destruction and ruin, can wholly cleanse.

Leaving the Rospigliosi gardens, I emerged close by the tomb of Pompey, on the *Regina Viarum*—the Appian Way—whose every stone seems animate with the history of the past. After the imperial Cæsars—those magnificent masters of the material world—perhaps no single names stand out in such strong relief as connected with this great highway from Rome to Brudisium as those of St. Paul and Horace, who each have left recorded in their writings the day and the hour (so to say)

when they passed over its massive pavement eighteen centuries ago, with a freshness and a minuteness peculiar to themselves. The beautiful legend connecting St. Paul with the Appian Way I have already noticed; the Acts of the Apostles also furnish many other interesting links in his career.

In the year 713, Meconus Cocceius and Capitonius were sent by the senate to Brudisium, in order to effect a reconciliation between Augustus and Anthony, who was then besieging that city. Horace accompanied his friends, and has celebrated this expedition in his Satires.

I have already mentioned Albano, *à propos* of the delightful though hurried excursion I made there. I had now more time to view it at leisure, as connected with the historical recollections it recalls. The modern town, a long straggling street, occupies a portion of what was the imperial villa. It is, to my mind, a hot stuffy place, abounding with donkeys and vulgarity, as well as all the other adjuncts of a suburban watering-place. One sees the same *blasi* faces, the same impertinent *flâneurs*, that haunted one on the Corso at Rome. Coming from the religious silence of our mountain retreat, it appeared to me an insufferable scene of confusion, dust, and tawdriness.

I put up my horse at the locanda, and strolled into the grounds of the Villa Doria. An English garden, gay with flowers, slopes down towards the south, while the surrounding grounds are belted with woods, where one enjoys the sea breezes wafted over the adjacent olive gardens. A pile of ruins and subterraneous excavations in the thickest portion of the grove mark the supposed site of Pompey's favourite country palace, whither the devoted Cornelia, his last wife, bore his ashes, after his murder by the treacherous Ptolemy, during his flight from Pharsalia. His ruined sepulchre outside the gates of Albano I have already described.

Pompey, in the few peaceful intervals of his chequered life, appears to have preferred the amusements of the country to the cares and anxieties of the ever unquiet Forum. Plutarch, indeed, reproaches him for leaving his friends and soldiers to rove about Italy from one villa to another with his first wife, Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, to whom he was passionately attached. Although he was considerably her senior, and not at all attractive in person, she returned his love with the utmost affection; "but," says the shrewd old biographer, "it was the charm of his *fidelity*, together with his conversation, which, notwithstanding his natural gravity, was particularly agreeable." When Julia died, Pompey came to this villa, where they had so often resided together, to solemnise the ceremony of her interment; but the people, out of regard to him, seized on her corpse, and insisted on burying it in the Campus Martius. At Julia's death the alliance between himself and Cæsar ended, and that fatal war, destined so soon to end his brilliant career, broke out.

It is related in his life that Cicero, having offended Cæsar by the execution of Lentulus and Cethegus, two leaders of the Catiline conspiracy, was informed he would either be obliged to defend himself by the sword, or to go into exile. In this dilemma he applied to Pompey, hitherto his friend, to act as mediator; but Pompey, then the husband of Cæsar's daughter, purposely absented himself at his *Alban villa*, and when informed by Piso, Cicero's son-in-law, that he waited without to speak with him, not being able to bear the sight of his former friend—one who had fought such wordy battles for him, and rendered him so many important services in the course of his administration—in these

miserable circumstances he actually escaped out of the house by a back door. All these little particulars, bringing the great heroes of other centuries before one in their familiar every-day life, presenting them "in their very habit as they lived," are very interesting when recalled on the identical spots where the events happened. As I looked at the scattered ruins which once formed the villa, the whole scene rose vividly before me, and the idea of great Pompey escaping by a back door particularly diverted me.

I must not forget to mention that the only English pope ever permitted to sit on the chair of St. Peter's, Nicholas Breakspear, was Bishop of Albano in 460. Two other illustrious names dear to the Church are also connected with Albano—St. Buonaventura, "the divine," and St. Thomas Aquinas, "the seraphic doctor," as their several followers loved to style men whose piety had raised them on the altars of the Catholic world, and whose learning and genius has gained for them immortal fame. One penetrating, all-observing, the other touchingly eloquent, ruling the multitude by the peculiar unction of his words—these illustrious sons of St. Dominic and St. Francis will ever be considered as two of the strongest pillars of the Universal Church.

I have strung together these historical reminiscences of Castello and Albano as they occurred to me wandering through the quiet woods, and beside the ruined walls of palaces which once held the greatest, as well as the foulest, tyrants of Rome. Nothing enhances the interest of an ancient ruin so much as a minute knowledge of the characters, qualities, and peculiarities of the celebrated characters who once inhabited them; a word, an anecdote, a slight domestic incident, under these circumstances, outweigh whole tomes of written history—details which fall pale and spiritless on the imagination when the local knowledge, and colouring, and the familiar traits are wanting.—

Now I must tell you more of the vagaries of our Rocca life. We have had a grand festa—yes, indeed, a festa which has turned us all *sotto sopra*—in honour of the Madonna del Tufo. The origin of this festa is worth relating. At the top of the town a beautiful terrace-walk, overshadowed by venerable trees, runs along the face of the richly-wooded heights—a walk poised, as it were, in mid-air, 'twixt earth and heaven. At the end of this walk—the Corso of the Rocca—is a small church under an overhanging cliff. A stranger would stare at seeing that the altar is constructed of a great shapeless mass of tufa-rock (which the people reverently kiss), and that little frescoes on the walls record the fall of this rock. Now the story goes, that once on a time three travellers passed along this road in winter time. The thunder rolled through the woods, the lightning glared fiercely athwart the Campagna, all nature was convulsed. Suddenly a portion of the rocky bank, wrenched violently from its foundation, came thundering down the cliff towards the narrow terrace-road. The travellers heard the crash, they saw their certain death—below, a precipice, above, a mountain; no hope, no escape. They called wildly on the Madonna—they lifted their hands in prayer—when, wonderful to relate, at the very moment that the rocky mass was suspended over their heads, the Madonna, bearing her Jesus-child, appeared—ay, appeared on the very rock which in an instant more would engulf them—when the huge mass was miraculously turned aside, and crashed down the fearful chasm below, leaving the travellers

unhurt. In gratitude they vowed a shrine to the Virgin Mother, where she is invoked by the name of "Our Lady of the Rock." The rock, raised with incredible labour, now forms the altar, looked on, as Maria says, "come una cosa di grandissima devozione." It is a pretty, simple church, nestling under the crags, on a little platform overlooking the Lake of Albano, whose waters sleep calmly below, encircled by the great forest.

Everybody vies with each other at the Rocca who shall most honour the Virgin—their *own* Madonna, as they fondly call her. It is a festa known far and wide; crowds come from Rome and the environs to kneel at the shrine, and spend a gleesome day in the breezy woods. When the morning came, you would have thought our little place was gone clean mad; cannon fired from the ruined fortress, scores of carriages laden with gentry and holiday-folks lined the roads, horsemen and donkeymen came up by hundreds, the street was all astir—such a hum of voices, loud ringing laughter, and smiles, and sparkling eyes, it was a treat to see. Every creature donned their best, crimson and yellow draperies floated from the houses, the bells rang cheerily out, the band from Frascati played martial airs, garlands of evergreens festooned the walls, and torches stood ready in the street, wreathed with flowers, to be lighted in the evening. Then came the procession winding down from the Duomo, and very pretty it looked against the dark walls of the quaint old houses. There were priests walking two and two, habited in white and red, followed by small acolytes swinging censers; then a great banner on poles painted in radiant colours; then more priests, and a huge cross made of rough wood, painfully recalling "the accursed tree;" then another great banner, which, as there was a fresh wind blowing, was very near ascending bodily into the ambient air, the poor men holding it down to earth making the drollest grimaces as they frantically called on their fellows to assist them. Then came more crosses and some big lanterns, of what typical I cannot say. The low chanting of the choir, placed at intervals, rose in solemn cadence, one group taking up the anthem, then another—a grave and melancholy music exceedingly impressive. Then clouds of incense rose in streams of richer perfume, the sad and warning strains fell more earnestly upon the ear, the priests prayed with greater unction, when at last, descending the hill, appeared the miraculous picture, in a heavy, lumbering frame, raised on a kind of stand, and borne on the shoulders of a dozen men. Like most miraculous paintings, it was as dark and black as night to eyes profane. In front walked the high priest (archidiacono), diligently reciting prayers, a grand-looking personage in flowing robes; and then came a perfect sea of contadine, pressing, crowding about the venerated image with eager enthusiasm, their snowy headgear, scarlet bodices, golden crosses and earrings, and floating draperies of lace and ribbon about their bosoms, lending life and animation to the scene. Every soul fell prostrate on their knees as the picture passed: the pretty ladies in the balcony opposite, the ragged urchins in the street, the handsome baker, and our fat *nouveau riche* landlord, who, with all his vices, professes to be a devoted knight of the Madonna. It was very impressive that simple yet earnest crowd, so hushed and silent, and the echoing chants, like the soft voices of guardian angels, ever and anon bursting forth in a pæon of love and praise, while in front stretched the wide Campagna, trackless, boundless, like a golden sea, melting into mystic fields of loveliest blue and richest purple. After

the miraculous picture came files of monks, white-robed Trinitarians, the red and blue cross embroidered on their breasts, and brown-habited Franciscans (*Osservanti*), with shaven crowns and hempen girdles, and two old priests leading pretty children, habited as angels, graceful, smooth-faced things, their long, tangling hair garlanded with flowers hanging down over blue and white draperies, and their small sandled feet daintily pressing the rude stones. Such *concelli* as these might not be expedient elsewhere, but here in the sunny South, the land of ideality and symbolism, they are appropriate and suggestive.

After the procession had passed, we sallied out to see the humours of this religious fair. Along the terrace-walk "the fun waxed fast and furious;" such thousands of people, and such a dust, such a braying of donkeys, and such a sun, it was altogether overwhelming. Hundreds of stalwart young Roman peasants were there, their jackets thrown jauntily over one shoulder; and hosts of lovely girls in every variety of picturesque costume, rural Venuses these, village Circes, with wicked eyes and bright complexions, determined to slay no end of hearts. Plenty of artists were there, I promise you, to study these maidens—Freeman, and Chapman, and Page, and Rogers, all taking notes, and every now and then betrayed into a regular artistic outbreak of enthusiasm at their surpassing beauty. 'Twas *such* a picture, with the various groups passing and repassing against the browned masses of old rock, all carpeted with graceful plants, or emerging from under the broad sweeping branches of the large chesnut-trees, whose silvery trunks gleamed in the chequered shade. The noise, the laughter, the rushing madly by of ponies and donkeys, regardless where they went, or who they upset; the vendors of fruit, and pictures, and cakes, all screaming in unharmonious unison—"Signora, tanta buona—un bajocco la libbra, frutta fresca freschissima—Ecco Signore, guardi, la Madonna, la Madonna del Tufo, il sommo miracolo, for a halfpenny—Buy the Madonna, tanta buona, for half a penny—Fiori—a bouquet, sua Signoria must have a flower for the buona festa—Fiori, Ecco, Fiori, Hi!—Ha!—Viene tutti quanti!"

The nearer we approached the church the more the Babel increased. The crowd making their way in and out was tremendous; such kneelings, such kissings, such frantic mutterings of prayers around the altar, now begemmed and bespangled with gold and tinsel! It was the strangest medley. Those who one instant were vociferating, and swearing, and gesticulating, as if possessed by seven devils, the next moment were prostrate on the earth, repeating *Aves* as fast as they could mutter; girls, who a second before had been looking *such* things out of their lustrous eyes, now devoutly repeating their Coronas, as if such mischievous animals as men were not in existence; naughty roaring babies, dumb; rampacious boys, schooled into silence; the very dogs who forced themselves in with their masters behaving with orthodox propriety.

Stuck up outside the church was a daub representing an old woman sitting by a table piled with gold, while from beneath a monster, neither flesh, nor fowl, nor fish, glared at her with unearthly eyes: a most hideous beast. An old blind man supported the picture, while his wife, gifted with extraordinary loquacity, repeated the story "Di una vecchia vedovella, miserabile, il suo stato, nella città di Milano" (of an old widow in wretched misery living in the city of Milan). An immense crowd had assembled. "Signori Cristiani, per l'amore della Madonna. Give

me a penny," cried the blind man, in a hollow voice, which served as a kind of under-current, in the style of a Greek chorus, to the shouts of his wife, while repeating the wonderful adventures of Caterina and the *fantasma*.

"Ascoltate—listen—eccellenze all and every one—listen while I relate the miserable story of the vedovella of Milano. One night, in a vision, she heard a voice—surely it was the voice of the diavolo himself—and the voice said: 'Go, Caterina, to the lotteria and choose the number 5, thou shalt win *v'è lo prometto*.' When morning was come, Caterina went, but the gold—she had no gold—*Ainnè sventurata*."

Here the woman paused.

"Cristiani, great, noble, excellent signors, for the love of our own Madonna, give me a bajocco," groaned out her husband.

A few pieces clinked in his bag.

"A neighbour, sua amica—a loving and kind neighbour, *tanta Cristiana*, had no gold, but lent Caterina a counterpane when she asked for it, which the wicked Caterina, ah! peccatrice! went and pawned. Yes, pawned the counterpane her friend had lent her, because she said she was cold, and *povera, povera*. Ah! la povertà! Miseri noi! Then with the money she bought the number, and gained the prize, *et amici miei*, Caterina gained a great prize. But her friend, *quella Cristiana che non era Cristiana*—(that Christian who was no Christian)—having discovered by chance what had happened, possessed by the *demonio* (all the saints guard us from the temptation of the devil), full of envy and rage, whispered it into the ear of her cavaliere—un certo carabiniere—who spoke and said: '*Io saprò con modo esatto*—how that money is to be got.' Then that sinner, the carabiniere, took pitch, and paint, and hair, and blood, and bones, and in an instant made himself into a horrible *fantasma*, and at midnight, when the pale dead walk forth from their graves in winding-sheets, this *scellerato*——"

The blind man, who had long been threatening an interruption, was no longer to be appeased.

"Eccellenze, by the pains of purgatory, a bajocco—I will pray for you all, *buoni Cristiani*, seven *Aves* and four *Glorias*. Cristiani signori, listen—I will pray—may your souls rest in peace—a bajocco—a single one. Excellent good countrymen, for the sake of my wife's fine *raeeonto*, money, per pietà."

"Zigarri, zigarri, good zigarri!" broke in from the other side a limping beggar, thinking the moment opportune to sell his wares while the crowd was collected. But this new actor on the scene was summarily ejected by the united efforts of the crowd, interested in the *orrido fantasma* and the blind man's wife, who fought like a cur who finds another of his species prowling on his peculiar walk.

"Thanking the excellent company for the charity shown to the poor cieco my husband, and with the *permesso* of the *società*, I shall recommence. The wicked *scellerato* the carabiniere hid himself in Caterina's room, and in the silence of the night, after making certain fearful *rumori* such as the devils do in the *Inferno*, he spoke in these words:

"'Caterina, Caterina, in the power of the Evil One art thou; give me the money, or I carry thee in my claws swift off to hell.'"

"Ah! *Cristiana pensa ai doveri del inferno*! help us, good friends—money—a bajocco," cried the cieco.

But at this interesting moment, when all stood transfixed in horrified curiosity (specially one pretty girl sitting at a table hard by, drinking wine, who by turns flirted with a crowd of *cavalieri*, then growing pale at the images called up by the beggar of the devil and purgatory, crossed herself devoutly), the arrival of a large party of American friends from Albano deprived us of the awful conclusion of this lamentable tragedy.

By this time numerous parties had bivouacked in the woods, to dine under the shade of the chesnut-trees, the orthodox meal on this day being roast pig, that unclean animal being in some utterly incomprehensible manner connected with the Festa of the Madonna. Roast pig was selling piping hot in all directions, and very good it looked; but as we had a famous *chef* at home, we preferred domestic luxuries, with plates and spoons, to an arcadian meal on the ground.

In the evening, fireworks were let off just under our house, and exceedingly brilliant they were—fountains of fire, lakes of sulphur emitting blue sparks, rockets for a moment mocking the mildly twinkling stars, then Icarus-like falling back in glittering showers. We had a temple of silver, mountains of gold, and all sorts of gaudy marvels, concluding with a grand *girandola* that shot forth a world of light, popping and fizzing like some angry monster. Then calm, unsullied night closed over the moving scene—night, with her deep mantle, bringing in her train silence and repose; and the moon rode high, casting gigantic shadows over the vague space below, and all was hushed.—

Our great man here is the baker, who stands all day smoking within the portone of his house, with his red cap hitched on one side of his head; a jolly dog is the baker, Teresina's lover, as all the world knows, for they go to his house every evening to a kind of club, and drink wine, and play cards, until far into the night, making the little street echo to their carouse. What roars of laughter, what riotous, joyous choruses have often "murdered sleep" from over the way! Sometimes they have an *accademia* and really delightful music. A flute is particularly "brave" on these occasions, and sends forth the most aerial music, wafted to us by the night breezes; then there is a guitar twanging joyous *stornellos*, recalling bright Venice, and its dark gondolas, and love, and poetry; at other times a solitary song is heard. Now, would you believe it, that these melodious whispers, floating "through regions mild and calm," are all emanations from the baker's; and that when the delicious music has sighed away, there is a rude, riotous chorus, and shouts and cries of *Bis* and *Bravo*, bringing one's poetic enthusiasm down suddenly by the run! Such are the vivid contrasts of our mountain home—idyllic poetry and bourgeois prose.

A principal character at the baker's is the Sicilian cavaliere, a dot of a man made up altogether of a stentorian voice—a very Goliath to speak withal, who talks as fast, too, as Figaro in a passion, and thumps the table as he gives you the latest news from Rome in a quite Neapolitan shower of words. Count Dionigi, who lodges below, abominates the baker and his jovial club, and looks indignant if you admire the music. Dionigi, called by the Italians *Fossificato*, or the Fossil, lives at Civit   Lavinia, the ancient Lannuvium, and has never, during the last fifty years, been known to change one iota—the same starch little figure, the same well-regulated grey hair; if all the world were turned into dust, not a grain would rest on his immaculate blue

coat—dust and that coat are as antagonistic as the poles. Dionigi has never married; a wife would be *de trop* to such a male old maid, and children—pah! When he comes to see me he makes a *riverenza* like a dancing-master, rises on his toes, and, gracefully advancing, repeats that “one is an angel, a divinity,” with a stiff little bow at each well-used phrase, telling of frequent use. Then down he sits, hat in hand, crossing his tiny knees, the funny little mannikin. His exits are capital; he rises, bows, and says “he will raise the *incomodo*” (*Leva l'incomodo*), shoulders his stick, which always plays a principal part in his small drama, stands erect, bows, retreats, then bows again, repeating at each move, “*I miei rispetti*—Signore belle, amabili”—spreading his polite blessings from side to side, like a priest at mass. They say Dionigi has something to do with a very romantic story, which I intend to learn, and then I will tell it, but not now.

Among our characters, Giuseppe della Fante, our maestro di casa, must not be forgotten; he who, according to his own account, is sprung from a decayed Roman family, has once been a soldier, and cannot accommodate himself pleasantly to his altered fortunes. There he stands at the baker's door, cigar in mouth, with his great moustachios, military cap, full French trousers, big enough to make an ordinary woman's petticoat, and his spurs—those eternal spurs! Seeing that he never rides more than once a week, and then on the back of a wretched pony, those spurs are a mystery to us. “*Ma*,” as the Italians say, “*fanno impressione*,” certainly there is some sympathetic affinity between the extinct glories of the Della Fante line and those spurs in Giuseppe's mind. How he chaffs with the pretty maidens skipping in to buy bread; how he gossips with the doctor and the *priore*; how he patronises the carabinieri, and kicks the dirty urchins who crouch beside him as he stands, and presume to touch and gambol with those sacred spurs; all this and much more you should see with your own eyes. He is a regular Italian, violent, excitable, and impressionable, easily offended, yet so devoted, generous, and self-forgetting, one really ends by admiring his very faults. Speak kindly to him, tears spring up like dewdrops in his sparkling brigand-looking eyes; ask him to do any wonderful thing, to ride to Rome in an hour, to scale a precipice for the sake of a flower, to hunt the woods for a favourite bird, and he rushes forth with as chivalrous a good-will as the veriest carpet-knight who ever donned a lady's scarf.

The quarrels he gets into, the imaginary battles he fights, the bloody conversations with which he regales the select audience at the baker's about stilettoes and pistols, encounters with banditti, gaping wounds, threats of vengeance and extermination against his enemies generally—*bagatella! come vi pare?* Then the adventures he has encountered—Heaven only knows whether they be romances or truth—the grandeur of his appearance on festa days, his tender care of the children, who, if they are merry, he romps with after the fashion of an old dog lying down to be kicked, if they are sick or sorry, bearing them in his strong arms; his savage ill-humour if his dignity be offended, his bursts of passion, his humble apologies, his alternate smiles and frowns, make up quite an epitome of human life. Poor Giuseppe, genuine child of the South, thou hast the vices and virtues of thy race and of thy clime, but thou hast an honest and a kindly heart.

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Analyst of the Sanitary Commission of the "Lancet," Author of "Food and its
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essor at the University of London, Author of "The Elements of Materia Medica and
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EXTRACT FROM THE "LANCET," JULY 29, 1854.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA IN EUROPE.

IN the "Citizen of the World," Letter 87, the following passage struck us as very appropriate for examination and reflection at the present moment: "I cannot avoid beholding the Russian Empire as the natural enemy of the more western parts of Europe; as an enemy already possessed of great strength, and, from the nature of the government, every day threatening to become more powerful. This extensive empire, which, both in Europe and Asia, occupies almost a third of the whole world, was, about two centuries ago, divided into separate kingdoms and dukedoms, and, from such a division, consequently feeble. Since the times, however, of John Basilowitz, it has increased in strength and extent; and those untrodden forests, those innumerable savage animals which formerly covered the face of the country, are now removed, and colonies of mankind planted in their room. A kingdom thus enjoying peace, internally possessed of an unbounded extent of dominion and learning the military art at the expense of others abroad, must every day grow more powerful; and it is probable we shall hear Russia, in future times, as formerly, called the *officina gentium*." This passage shall serve as the text for our present paper.

Only one hundred and fifty years ago the Czar of Russia laid the foundation-stone of his influence in Europe; but in October, 1703, the first merchant-vessel arrived at Petersburg, only so recently built, and the first Russian naval victory in May, 1703, over a Swedish detachment in the Neva itself, might justly be regarded as a favourable omen. But various manifestations had, prior to this, announced the foundation of a new empire beyond the eastern frontier of European civilisation at that period. Such was the Russian embassy to Rome in September, 1673, designed to induce the Holy Father to place himself at the head of a Christian alliance against the Osmanli, and the arrival of a Roman Catholic embassy in Moscow on the 4th of September, 1675. Then again, the demand made by the Russians in 1679 for absolute supremacy on the Black Sea; the voluntary subjection of the Khan of the Crimea; the delivery of the Ukraine by Poland to Russia; the attempt to form a mercantile alliance with France; the exertions of the western and eastern states to gain the assistance of the Russians in the impending wars; the request of the Elector of Brandenburg that the Czar would call him brother. And yet, on the other hand, how modest were the Muscovite claims at that day, when great value was attached to the revocation of the interdict which the Patriarch of Constantinople had laid on the Russian patriarch Nikon. At that time, too, a request was made

to the imperial court at Vienna to give the Czar the title of Majesty, and it was replied, "that this could not be granted without the assent of all the estates of the empire."

Since the autocracy of Peter the Great, the anxiety of the Russian government to attain influence in Europe has appeared more and more prominent. All measures at home and abroad keep this great object permanently before them, and through the disputes of European nations the success of the Russian schemes has been greatly promoted. The declaration of war against Sweden in 1700 was made with the evident object of extending Russia to the Baltic, and peace was not concluded till September, 1721, at Nystädt. The territorial acquisitions of Russia during this war were Livonia, Esthonia, Ingermania, Wiborg, and Kexholm, or together, about two thousand three hundred geographical square miles, and one hundred and sixty geographical miles of the Baltic littoral. Again, the Czar, whose army consisted twenty-five years before of only fifty men, whose fleet was composed of one poor gun-boat, whose revenue amounted at most to 250,000*l.*, at the close of the war with Sweden had an army of 220,000 men, a fleet of thirty ships of the line, with a proper number of frigates and smaller vessels, and a revenue of about two millions and a quarter. Such was the progress during the first quarter of a century in which Russia strove to become European.

Russia was certainly, at the accession of Peter the Great, in her dimensions one of the largest kingdoms in the world; but Peter's conquests, though territorially trifling, are, by their advantageous position, population, and state of cultivation, almost as valuable as the remainder of the country, which is thirty-fold larger. They provided, both in the north and south of Europe, by the Baltic and the Black Sea, the most suitable connexion with the rest of Europe. They consisted of the Baltic provinces, and the greater part of Carelia and Wiborg; a portion of the Woiwodiats of Kiev from Poland; from Persia the valuable frontier countries of Daghestan, Scherivan, Mauzanderan, and Ghilau, through the treaties signed at Petersburg and Constantinople in 1723 and 1724. To these must be added the occupation of the peninsula of Kamschatka and the Curile Islands; so that Peter I., on his decease in 1725, left his wife, Catherine I., a state extending from the 40th to the 208th degree of eastern longitude, and from the 46th to the 76th degree of northern latitude. The most correct estimates give the population of Russia at this period as 14,000,000 to 15,000,000; by the census taken in January, 1719, the number of male souls was fixed at 5,794,928.

The European influence of Russia was augmented by Peter with extraordinary rapidity. A few of the results were: the concession of the imperial title by England; the exertions for the recognition of the neutrality of the German Empire; the treaty for the Russian protectorate of Moldavia; the marriage of the Czarevitch Alexei with Princess Charlotte of Wolfenbüttel; the offer of 30,000 auxiliary troops to the German Emperor against France; the fleets of England, Holland, and Denmark being placed under the supreme command of the Czar in the war with Sweden; the expulsion of the Jesuits; the marriage of the Duke of Holstein with the Grand Duchess Anna, &c. An entire change was also made in the internal condition of Russia by Peter and

his successor. Many taxes were instituted, falling on objects and not on individuals, these sources of revenue being generally farmed out. In this way the revenues of the state were nearly quintupled. In 1725 they amounted to 10,186,000 roubles; the principal sources being the poll-tax, about 4,290,000 roubles; the excise, above 1,200,000 roubles; the spirit-tax, 980,000 roubles; the salt-tax, 662,000 roubles. The monetary system was also improved; silver roubles were coined, and great care devoted to the purity of the metal.

The middle classes, who were to give the chief impulse to industry, owe their development almost entirely to Peter's regulations. The national industry is thus indebted to Peter for its origin; but at the same time many peculiar manufactures, principally cloth, arms, canvas, glass, carpets, &c., altogether about two hundred in number, were introduced by him. Under him, too, the Siberian mines were commenced, and canals cut, which added materially to the export trade. In 1726, nearly 500 tons of iron were shipped for foreign countries. The imports from Western Europe were naturally increased simultaneously. The attempts, however, to open up a trade with the Asiatic provinces were frustrated by the termination of the Turkish war in 1711, which compelled the Russians to restore their conquests. Peter's attempts to open up an immediate communication with South-Western Europe were as unsuccessful as those of his predecessor, Alexander; the trade had been too long in the hands of the English and Dutch, and the Russians were not sufficiently a maritime nation to take it from them. Under the succeeding monarchs Peter's plans were never left out of sight, although their duration was too short, and their exertions to promote the material interests of the subjects were impeded by various external and internal events.

After the death of Catherine, the years 1727-1762 were occupied by the government of—PETER II., with whom the male line of the house of Romanoff expired; ANNA I., who was elected empress by the high council at Moscow, on condition of granting a capitulation, but who only a month later, supported by the nobility and the army, destroyed this capitulation; IVAN III., of Brunswick, adopted by the Empress Anne, under the regency of the Duchess Anne, mother of the emperor, till 1741, when he was dethroned by ELIZABETH I., daughter of Peter the Great; PETER III. (Duke of Holstein Gottorp, and grandson of Peter the Great, the first of the house of Holstein Romanoff, the present reigning family), dethroned by his wife, Catherine, *née* Princess of Anhalt Zerbst, then murdered at Roptscha, 6th (17th) of July, 1762. During this interval, the formal reception of Russia into the European family became a *fait accompli*. Although she acquired no great territorial aggrandisement, her influence on political events increased remarkably. Russia's friendship and support were sought in continually increasing circles; her interference began to excite apprehension; her armies had already appeared in Central Europe, and borne her banners to the Rhine. The more important events of this epoch were—an auxiliary corps sent to Austria against the French in 1734; the renewal of a war with Sweden, terminating in the further aggrandisement of Russia in Finland; the offer of intervention between Austria and Prussia in 1745; the secret offensive alliance with Austria for the re-conquest of Silesia, the existence and contents of which were betrayed to Frederick the Great, and caused the Seven Years' War; the

expedition to help Austria and England against France, sent through Moravia and Bohemia to Franconia, but which returned in August, 1748, without being used, because the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was quickly patched up, in order to get rid of these visitors; the great deliberative assembly at Moscow (14th-15th of May, 1753), at which it was decided not only "to oppose thoroughly any further growth of the Prussian monarchy," but also "to drive it back to its former mediocrity;* the manifestoes and notes issued by the Russian government on occasion of the Seven Years' War, drawn up perfectly in the present style and taste—for instance, the note of the 15th of September, 1756, in which Frederick II. is represented as the sole disturber of peace. Allied with this struggle for influence in Europe, we find many manifestations to remind us of the former subordinate position of Russia, among which we may notice the anxiety for the recognition of the imperial title, which was expressly conceded by the German Diet at Ratisbon, 7th of October, 1745.

A war with Turkey began (as at the present day) with a "justification of a new campaign against the Turks" (23rd of April, 1736), in which, however, the proof of the justification is wanting, unless the explanation, "the empress finds herself compelled to employ the power and majesty intrusted to her by God against the Porte," may be regarded as sufficient. Although in this war Moldavia was conquered, the Russian government contented itself at the treaty of Belgrade, 18th of September, 1739, with Azov, and the permission to "carry on her trade in the Black Sea under the Turkish flag." The territorial aggrandisements in Asia also continued uninterruptedly from 1727 to 1762. Although a secret expedition to Khiva in 1731 was unsuccessful, a great caravan started from Orenburg in 1753, which at least opened the first regular mercantile communication. With the Kirghis the Russian government was more successful. In 1731 the Khan of the Little Horde declared himself an ally of Russia; in 1738 he took the oath of fidelity. In February, 1734, a deputation of the neighbouring tribes came to Petersburg to seek protection, and the Middle Horde also did homage in October, 1739. The princes of Daghestan, with 67,000 combatants, declared themselves vassals of Russia in 1742, and even several Turkoman tribes and a portion of the Ossetians subjected themselves, in 1748, to the Russian empress. The treaty with Persia at Rescht, in 1732, only gave Russia Daghestan and Schirvan; but the mighty Nadir Shah sent, in October, 1741, a large embassy to Petersburg, craving the friendship of the empress. The territory was increased by the Aliutian Islands, and in 1762 the Russian Empire contained nearly 19,000,000 inhabitants; the census of 1744 had returned 6,789,000 male souls.

The next period of our sketch will contain the years from 1762 to 1801, comprising the reign of CATHERINE II., from 1762 to 1796, and the short reign of the Emperor PAUL I., who was murdered on the 12th of March, 1801 (o.s.). The conspirators belonged to the highest classes. This manner of rendering the throne vacant is, in fact, only a repetition of the case of Peter III. It was, however, on this account surprising, that it occurred in the nineteenth century, and could cause the idea to be entertained that there is a power in Russia to which even the will of the autocrat must bow.

* We are not aware whether this decision was ever revoked.

At the commencement of this period, several states still attempted to oppose the pretensions of the Asiatic Empire which had so recently entered Europe. Usually the imperial title furnished a pretext or a cause. A Russian note, in 1762, claiming it as a right, was rejected by France and Spain in 1763. These and similar isolated instances of fear at the so rapidly growing influences of Russia ceased to be openly revealed as soon as their inutility was recognised. On the contrary, a desire was manifested to secure Russia's good favour. Incontrovertible proofs of this are furnished by every page of the history of the time; among them we need only mention the mediation of Russia in the Bavarian war of succession (1778); the intercession between England and the Netherlands (1781); the position of Russia at the head of the armed neutrality (1780 and 1800). Under these circumstances, none dared to call it presumption when the Emperor Paul, in a circular note of the 29th of September, 1799 (o.s.), declared that "it was his intention to restore the old order in the European states, and especially to maintain the integrity of the German Empire."

The most important events for the European position of Russia during this interval—are the aggrandisements on the western frontier by the partition of Poland, and the advancement on the southern frontier to the Black Sea, by conquests from the Turks and subjugation of the Tartars.

On the 11th of April, 1764, Russia and Prussia signed a treaty touching the mutual security of their possessions in Europe, with a secret article relating to the "maintenance of the Polish constitution." In 1768 "a treaty of eternal alliance" was signed with the Polish government, but in December, 1770, during a visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to Petersburg, the first plan "for the future partition of Poland" was drawn up, and the details were settled on in a secret treaty between Russia and Prussia, on the 17th of February, 1772. On the 5th of August of the same year the three dividing powers came to an agreement, which was sanctioned by the Polish Diet. Russia claimed White Russia, or the country between the Düna, Dnieper, and Drusch, with the Palatinates of Polock, Witepsk, Mohilev, and Miecislav, containing a million and a half of inhabitants. At the same time Russia retained the right of perpetual interference in the affairs of Poland, by voluntarily taking on herself the maintenance of the constitution. This right was so carefully employed, that twenty years later a second partition of Poland could be made (treaty of the 4th of January with Prussia, and manifestoes of the 16th of April, 1793) without meeting any obstacle. Russia hence gained possession of Volhynia, Podolia, Kiev, and a portion of Lithuania, with a population of nearly 3,200,000. The third and last partition of Poland followed more rapidly; on the 26th of January, 1797, Russia obtained about 1,200,000 more inhabitants. It is curious that in the partitions Russia acquired more than two-thirds of the territory, while the two other great powers, Austria and Prussia, contented themselves with scarce a third. As the estates of Courland also begged permission to form an integral portion of the Russian Empire in 1795, Russia advanced her western frontiers about 600 miles further into the interior of Europe.

In the south the Russian government was not less successful. On the

4th October, 1768, the Russian envoy was imprisoned in the Seven Towers by command of the Sultan, and on the 30th the war manifesto was issued against Russia at the instigation of France. The Russian government also declared war, which was followed on the 28th of December, 1768 (o.s.), by a manifesto introducing paper money. The Empress Catherine said, shortly before her death, "I take a great fault with me to the grave—*d'avoir grevé l'état de cette dette.*" What would the empress have said, could she have foreseen that all the later wars of Russia would be carried on with paper currency, and what fearful losses would be consequently entailed? This war increased the Russian influence over Europe, by the fact that for the first time a Russian fleet was seen in the Mediterranean, which destroyed the Turkish fleet, and had great influence on the favourable terms of the treaty of Kainardji. This treaty gave Russia, in addition to the district of Asov and the country between the Bug and the Dnieper, free navigation on all Turkish waters and through the Dardanelles, a compensation of four million roubles, &c. The Tartars of the Crimea, of the Kuban, as well as those of the Budjak, were declared by both kingdoms free and perfectly independent, governed by their own princes of the race of Djengis Khan. All the conquests made by Russia in the Tartar countries were restored, excepting Kertch and Yeni-Kaleh, in the Crimea, and Kilburn on the mouth of the Dnieper. The terms of this treaty were far more favourable than the empress could have expected, for Russia was utterly exhausted by the heavy recruiting, the immense expenditure, pestilence, and internal dissension, as the murder of the dethroned Emperor Ivan, in the fortress of Schusselburg, the *fior falso* Peter III., the insurrection of the Cossack Pugatsches. And yet the fear felt for the "Russian name" at that day produced this advantageous treaty, every stipulation of which hammered a breach in the tottering walls of the Turkish State; breaches by which Russia entered, to gain influence over the fate of Turkey—an influence at first almost imperceptible and intermediate, which has gradually become immediate, and would long ago have overthrown the Sublime Porte, had not the other great Powers rendered it artificial support. Kaunitz said, at that time, "The Turks deserved their fate, partly for their weak and foolish management of the war, partly through their want of confidence in the Powers that had been disposed to extricate them from their embarrassments" (as if he had not himself given them sufficient cause for mistrust). "This people," he added, "is fated to destruction, and a small but good army could at any moment expel the Turks from Europe."

The territorial increase of Russia in Asia during this period consisted of—the voluntary subjection of the Georgian Czar Heraclius, September, 1783; a treaty with Persia, in 1796, extended the frontier of Russia as far as the Kur; commercial treaties were made with China, by means of an embassy, in 1789; in 1787 the Russian flag was planted on the north-west coast of America. With nearly all the large European states commercial treaties were also formed, and the influence of the Russian name was so great at that period, that Count Alexey Orloff (admiral of the Russian Mediterranean fleet) dared to issue a manifesto "touching the commerce and navigation of neutral powers in the Mediterranean," without this unheard-of presumption being protested against.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the extent of the

Russian territory may be estimated at 331,850 German square miles, with a population of 35,000,000, but only one quarter of this land was situated in Europe. The state revenue, calculated in 1770 at four millions, had attained, in 1782, 6,500,000*l.*, and in 1801 nearly 13,000,000*l.* At home, Catherine II. did much to promote industry and trade. Among her principal measures were the foundation of more than two hundred and fifty new towns, the ukase developing the *bourgeoisie* in 1785, the establishment of the Imperial Bank in 1768, and the introduction of colonists into Russia.

The changed position of Russia in Europe, and the introduction of European institutions into the country, commenced by Peter the Great at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and greatly promoted at the close of the same century during the reign of Catherine II.—lasting forty-two years—had also greatly altered the views of the legislating classes of the population. In the place of the former hatred of foreigners had arisen a desire to appropriate, at least externally and formally, all that gave the strangers a superiority. The foreigners were *exploités*, as far as their knowledge and power could have any success on Russian soil. But, at the same time, the consciousness was acquired that the Russians had rapidly caught up civilized Europe in the arts of policy and the attainment of influence abroad,—a feeling which their successes in the nineteenth century have converted into the consciousness of superiority. The self-satisfaction of the native Russians was raised the more by Catherine II. entrusting the management of the state and imparting her personal favours almost exclusively to natives. In addition to this satisfaction, a circumstance that formed a material support to the foreign influence of the Russian government was that no change of favourites, even in the person of the regent, has ever produced any alteration in the immutable system of the government—the system which has ever present the undisputed supremacy in Europe, and regards the advancement of the frontier westward and southward as means towards that end. All other measures are so subordinate to this end, that we sometimes can scarce understand them, but we rather believe they form a contradiction to the “system.” Among these, for instance, we may quote the change of alliance from England to the French Republic; the transition from being the mainstay of legitimacy to become the promoter of the revolution at the close of the year 1800. In the same way Russia opposed the humiliation of Austria at the treaty of Campo Formio (17th October, 1797), that of Germany at the peace of Lunéville (9th February, 1801), by the declaration of her neutrality, and even recalled her troops from Italy at the decisive moment, although the Russian government had refused to recognise the treaty of Basle (5th April, 1795) because its terms “were a compromise of legitimacy with revolution, and menaced the constitution of the German Empire.” But although Russia regarded the interests of Germany so tenderly, she never failed to leave her in the lurch when help was most pressingly required.

Inheriting these reminiscences and principles, ALEXANDER I. mounted the throne in 1801. But the gentleness, philanthropy, justice, and excellent qualities which distinguished this prince could do nothing against the power of the system developed during the eighteenth century,—a system which will either make Russia mistress of Europe, or entail her ruin.

The former good understanding with Austria was only partially interrupted by the war of 1809, which gained Russia a portion of Galicia, as well as by the alliance of Austria and France in 1812, by which Austria became a sharer in the mighty contest between French and Russian supremacy. The numerous conterminal relations, as well as the unanimity of the "political system," have ever caused a close alliance between these two powers. They will continue until collisions are produced by repeated opposing interests, which will eventually attain a climax, and may then lead to a contest of life or death.

Prussia also formed in Paris an offensive alliance against Russia in 1812, but converted it into an alliance against France as soon as circumstances permitted it (27th February, 1813, at Kalish). The so-called Holy Alliance, as well as many other treaties and negotiations, have since then maintained the friendly relations between Russia and Prussia undisturbed (if not always unclouded). The management of the relations of Russia to England and France bears, during the reign of Alexander I., the character of inattention to immediate advantages or wishes, if thereby the certain prospect of promoting the great fundamental idea of the policy of all Russian regents can be acquired. Hence the repeated change of alliances, which, however, were not always a change of inclinations.

As regards the smaller neighbouring countries, the former manifestations were repeated. They continually fell more and more under Russian influence, although this oppressive feeling led them now and then to unsuccessful resistance. Thus the insurrection of the Poles in 1806, although supported by France, ended in a fresh treaty about the partition of Poland. Sweden, not being willing to consent to Russia's demand, that she should close the Baltic against foreign ships, was forced into a war, which terminated in 1810, with the loss of the remainder of Finland, a portion of West Bothnia as far as Torneo, and some of the Aland Islands. Denmark also committed the (political) folly of declaring war against Russia, (3rd of September, 1813) when Napoleon's star was beginning to set. She lost, by the treaty of Kiel, Norway and Heligoland. Our space will not allow us to do more than allude to the Russian expedition to Ionia, Italy, Greece, &c., but we will turn to Turkey.

The Russians entered Moldavia in 1806, and the same year the Porte declared war against them. In the year 1807 the Russians gained several victories, by sea at Tenedos, by land at Giurgevo; while Servia also joined the Russians. Still the new sultan, Mustapha IV., declared he would continue the war. In the mean while discussions were going on elsewhere about the fate of Turkey. In the meetings at Tilsit (June, 1807) and Erfurt (September, 1808) Napoleon proposed to Alexander I. a partition of Turkey, but the youthful emperor resisted this bribe, because—Constantinople was not in his part. Napoleon refused to give up that city, because he would thus throw away the "future of Europe;" but quite agreed to the occupation of the Danubian Principalities by Russia. The war lasted, with changes of fortune, till the year 1812, when the peace was signed at Bucharest by the influence of British money. Russia gained by it the country as far as the Pruth, but sacrificed her faithful allies in Servia. For ten years from this date nothing was publicly done on this side by Russia; not taking into account an amicable

extension of territory in Bessarabia (2nd of September, 1817). At the period of the congress of Laibach, in 1821, the Greek insurrection broke out and entailed fresh disputes between Russia and Turkey. While the Russian agents publicly disapproved of the insurrection, and spoke against it, the Porte thought itself justified in the belief that it was secretly fostered by Russia. Although the conduct of the Emperor Alexander since the Congress of Vienna does not confirm the view that even at that time the Russian government intended to employ the Greek insurrection for its own advantage, another circumstance again renders it doubtful. It has been asserted that the premature resignation of the succession by the Grand Duke Constantine on the 26th of January (O. S.) was connected with the plan entertained since his childhood of founding a Greek empire for the Grand Duke Constantine. However this may be, the Porte was mistrustful, and occupied the Principalities; notes, ultimatums, ultimatissima, were sent back and forward, in which the Russians, supported by Austria and England, demanded the evacuation of the Principalities. But this did not take place till three years later, in May, 1824.

During Alexander's reign war was also carried on in Persia and Georgia, which, commenced in 1803, did not terminate till 1813, by the peace of Gulistan, and—in spite of enduring and brave resistance on the part of the crown prince, Abbas Mirza—with the delivery to the Russians of the Persian Khanates, Karabay, Gauschin, Schekin, Schirwan, Derbend, Kubin, Bakin, and Telaschin; further, the whole of Daghistan, Grusia, Immeritia, Gurea, Mingrelia, and Abchasia, excluded all non-Russian flags from the Caspian, and gave Russian merchants free trade in Persia. The former attempt at a union with Khiva and Bokhara was renewed (1819-1820), though apparently without result; while on the other hand the first mention of a conquest in Circassia was made by the captured Sudjuk Kaleh, in November, 1810. The United States of America had also heard of the predominant influence of Russia in Europe, and they proposed to her to become the intercessor in making peace with England. A treaty was formed with England in 1825 to regulate the Russian frontier on the north-west coast of North America.

As regards the internal development of Russia, as far as it can be recognised from government measures, it will be seen that, from 1801 to 1825, much was done to remove or alleviate many impediments to trade and industry. The imperial Lombard, founded in 1803, exercised a beneficial influence on trade on all sides; it was followed in 1818 by an extension of the commercial bank founded by Catherine II., whose bills were taken by all the country banks. In addition, a company was formed for the herring fishery in the White Sea; by various ukases, wool-markets were established, principally in Southern Russia; the considerable territorial increase of the empire also afforded material advantages to trade (on the death of Alexander, Russia contained 363,000 German square miles, and about 49,500,000 population); Grusia, Mingrelia, and Immeritia furnished an excellent outlet on the Persian frontier; the possession of the viceroyalty of Byalistoch at the expense of Prussia, in 1807, facilitated the defence of the western frontier; the treaty with Sweden in 1809, procured the Russian Empire in Finland, the Aland Islands, and Western Bothnia, excellent sailors; the supremacy of Russia in the Black Sea was extended to the conquest of Bessarabia and a portion of Mol-

davia with the Kili mouth of the Danube; the influence of Russia in the Caspian increased by the peace with Persia in 1813; while the former conquests of Peter the Great, Daghistan and Schirwan, were reconquered; the acquisition of the kingdom of Poland, in 1814, drew off the greater part of the traffic to Russia; and finally, by the treaties of 1824 with the United States, and of 1825 with England, the position of Russia in America was secured in a manner offering much prospective advantage.

On the 30th of November, 1825, a nervous fever ended the days of Alexander I. at Taganrog. His second brother, NICHOLAS, mounted the throne, because the elder, Constantine, reconfirmed his act of abjuration. Still the throne was only attained through the midst of perils. Blood flowed in the streets of the new capital, and had it not been for the personal interference of the emperor, and the devoted affection of the Grand Duke Michael, a revolution was inevitable. The conspiracy of Petersburg, affiliated through the whole empire, supported by influential partisans, prepared for years without being betrayed, revealed for the first time to astounded Europe the internal weaknesses of a government externally so powerful. Probably the time of the Congress of Verona (October, 1822) may be regarded as the apogee of Russian omnipotence in Europe. The principles of the Holy Alliance, developed at the princely congresses, had attached the participants firmly to Russia. Austria and Prussia especially, as the frontier guardians of revolutionary Italy and France, believed they could only lay the spirit of subversion and destruction by alliance with Russia, which there appeared no possibility of their checking or rendering innocuous in any other way. This true or fancied internal insecurity of Central Europe gave the more weight to the proposals of Russia, because it was believed the Russian government had not to contend with any such internal evil, and hence would be enabled to afford assistance without at any moment. Only gradually did the German great powers convince themselves that they could find sufficient resources at home to maintain legal order in their own states. When, further, the Russian conspiracies of 1825, then the proportionally slight success of the Turkish war, and finally the great difficulties the Russian government found in suppressing the Polish insurrection of 1830, must convince other states, necessarily, that the internal strength of Russia was not such as was supposed, then the relations of Europe to that country underwent a considerable change. The result was especially displayed in the Eastern question. Although Russia had hitherto been left free to act, now England, and afterwards Austria, opposed her unlimited pretensions. Although the influence of the Russian government over the Porte still remained predominant—for it was based on treaties, traditional habit, and fear of the dangerous neighbour—still Russia dare not longer advance so recklessly as she had hitherto done. In other great political questions her influence would also have been weakened, when the artificial brilliancy of her power had paled, had not the victory she gained in 1815 remained with all its bitter effects. This is the triumph of Russian diplomacy in the division of Europe. Still the Russian government must have felt even a slight declension of its European influence the more acutely, because it was become unlimited and immoderate. But the immutable system soon found ways for its maintenance and further development. Attempts were made to gain over the

central states: to divide the smaller German states from Austria and Prussia (Memorandum of 1834), they tried to gain the sympathies of the Slavonic tribes in other countries; the press was extensively employed, and they even deigned to draw more closely to France. But all this and much else either did not succeed, or appeared insufficient. And in fact—at first, gradually, but then with rapid progress—a new enemy to Russia had arisen in the indisposition, even hatred, of the population of these very states in which she sought to maintain her special influence. Thus matters stood when the French February revolution burst out, with its effect on the rest of Europe. There is no doubt that these events were as unexpected by the Russian government as by the rulers of the other states. But they possessed very considerable importance for Russia, although she might not be immediately affected by them. In the first place, disturbances might be raised by the Polish exiles right up to the old frontiers of Russia, while revolutions in the neighbouring states might cause the friendly relations between the rulers to cease. Further, it was at first not at all improbable that the dismemberment of the German states in 1815, which had been so advantageous to Russia, might suffer considerable changes. In addition, the untenability of the system of the Holy Alliance was proved, by the fact that one year of bad crops and a few primarily local disturbances had sufficed to overthrow it; but the Russian government was undoubtedly in a position to be the first to feel this fact, even if she be not at all disposed to allow its truth. Finally, the Russian government, by the movements of 1848, had to undergo a trial which it was unable to carry out. The continent of Europe gazed expectantly, since March, 1848, hoping or fearing, on the western frontier of Russia. It was expected that half a million warriors would cross it, ready and sufficient to restore the old order of things through Europe; for Russia had ever claimed this as a right, and her power to effect it had been believed in. The army did not make its appearance, the artificial brilliancy threatened to disappear, and thus the long-maintained predominant influence of Russia over Europe would have been annihilated. At that date the Russian government did not even feel itself sufficiently powerful to employ the confusion in Europe for an attack on Turkey, although no more favourable moment had offered for a long time.

All these dangers were perfectly comprehended by the Russian government, but equally surely it felt itself unable to justify the exalted opinion about her internal power with which she had hitherto deluded Europe. Perhaps this unpleasant situation will explain the well-known proclamation of the Czar, which summoned Russia's peoples to a holy war against the Faesey.* This appeal to the orthodox Greeks—of whom many live in the neighbouring states—although only a public expression of the secret exertions of many years, is the more remarkable, because it is a new (and probably the last) method to support Russia's external political influence. It will be remembered that this method was again employed for Eastern purposes in the year 1854.

Unexpectedly, however, to the uninitiated, an event occurred which gave a practical tendency to the proclamation to the true believers, and

* A religious Slavonic word, indicating both pagans and foreign nations.

afforded some fresh support to Russia's external influence. We mean the intervention of the Russian forces in Hungary in 1849, accepted by the Austrian government, at a time when she had ample resources in her own hands to suppress the rebellion, merely for the sake of putting an end more rapidly to the insurrection, whose longer existence would have done irreparable injury to one of the finest provinces in the empire. The expenses of this neighbourly aid have been paid Russia, but the thanks for it might have been saved, as it was well known that the usual effect of Russian influence on the Austrian population is far from deserving any expression of gratitude.

We will make a short reference to the various results of Russia's foreign policy from 1825 to 1854: On the 16th July, 1827, a treaty was signed between England, France, and Russia, which created the kingdom of Greece: a state which, irrespective of the peculiarities of its population, from the outset was incapable of any development, from its being the result of political artifice, and contradicting the laws of nature. Once more Abbas Mirza attempted to recover the possessions of which he had been stripped; but the treaty of Turkmanchai (22nd February, 1828) cost Persia the provinces of Erivan and Nachitzevan (now New Armenia), and gave Russia the exclusive right of maintaining a naval armament on the Caspian, on whose shores she now possesses the ports of Leukoran, Baku, Derbend, and Tarki. Simultaneously with this treaty, the Russian government declared war with Turkey, under the pretext of the non-fulfilment of stipulations which had been made. After crossing the Pruth on the 14th April, 1828, the Russians advanced on Varna, which town capitulated on October 2nd. All the resources of diplomacy were now employed to prevent Turkey succumbing in a contest whose end was indubitable. Austria made every sacrifice to induce England, France, and Prussia to make a simultaneous intervention. But before she succeeded in this, the Russians reopened the campaign on the 8th of February, 1829. They crossed the Danube, took Silistria, went over the Balkans, and, by the end of August, Diebitsch marched into Adrianople. In the mean while, Paskievitch had also gained considerable successes in Asia, and taken Erivan. The Porte found itself compelled to ask for peace, which was concluded by the celebrated treaty of Adrianople, on the 2nd of September, 1829. The principal stipulations of this treaty were: Russia restores to the Porte Moldavia, Wallachia, the Banate of Kragoval, Bulgaria, &c. The arrangements about the European frontier were so managed, that Russia remained in possession of the mouths of the Danube, while the arrangements in Asia rendered the tribes of the Caucasus isolated, so that they were more fully exposed to Russian subjugation. Russia, namely, attached to her territory the fortresses of Anapa, Poti, Achalzik, and Achalkalaka, hitherto the frontier guardians of Turkish Asia Minor. Further, the rights and privileges were arranged, referring to the commerce and passage through the Straits of Constantinople and the Dardanelles (which a secret article of another treaty, signed at Unkiar Skelessi on the 8th of July, 1834, closed against all foreign vessels of war), as well as the payment of 11,500,000 ducats for war expenses and compensation. ●

The next employment of the Russian armies was against the insurrection in Poland, which, commencing on the 29th of November, 1830, in War-

saw, ended with the storming of that city, 7th of September, 1831, and utterly destroyed even Poland's nominal independence. However, the contest in Poland had one good effect, that it did not foster the belief in the invincibility of the Russian arms. An insurrection incited in Galicia on the 17th of February, 1846, by the secret societies—which, however, was not at all encouraged by the peasantry—only in so far affected Russia, that it aided in inducing her to give up Cracow to Austria (November 11, 1846). Once more the Russian government had opportunity of employing its armies against external insurrections: always welcome, because it promoted the "system." The revolution in Bucharest caused the entrance of Russian troops into the Principalities with the assent of the Porte, which country they only left in 1851, to return in October, 1853.

On the Asiatic side, too, the Russian government never for a moment neglected the promotion of the Russian system and interests. With reference to Persia we have already mentioned a few circumstances; while in China commercial relations were established. Russia was less fortunate in Khiva and the Caucasus. Khiva—on the eastern side of the Caspian, separated from Orenburg by steppes, which are about five hundred miles in diameter, and where the passage is rendered extremely difficult owing to the saline nature of the soil and the want of drinking water—was to be punished by an army starting from Orenburg on the 1st of December, 1839, for various acts of robbery and injustice. But the corps under Perovski, 8000 in number, lost the greater portion of its camels and horses by cold and want. It was forced to return; and had not the Khan of Khiva, owing to the general terror of the Russian name, been induced to make concessions, this campaign would not have had the slightest result. This ill-success had for effect that the Russians have sought to gain their object by a circuitous route: the nations of Central Asia, as far as the frontiers of British India, must be brought within Russian influence. The commencement has been made by drawing a chain of forts and Cossack posts across the Kerghis steppes as far as the Sea of Aral; this sea was then surveyed; a small steam and gun-boat flotilla was transported to it in 1852; and, finally, an expedition was equipped, in order, with the assistance of the affluents of the sea, to reach Tashkend, Chokand, Khiva, and even Bokhara. Hence the mysterious newspaper reports which rise to the surface every now and then.

Since the time of Peter the Great the Russian government has understood the importance of the Caucasus for the furtherance of its views. They contrived gradually to obtain possession of the whole extent of country between the Black and Caspian seas; and when the mountaineers manfully resisted the Russians on the heights and in the impassable ravines, they set to work enclosing them. The war in the Caucasus has worn out many generals, and caused great losses of men. It has lasted, with slight interruptions, since 1812; has been a good school for the survivors, but has grown the corroding ulcer of Russian finances. From 1812 to 1824, Yermoloff was commander-in-chief; then, till 1831, Paskievitch; after him, Pankratieff, Wilyanienoff; and after 1839, Sass, Golowin, Grabbe, Neidhardt; lastly, since 1845, Woronzoff. Under the latter the army was augmented to 150,000 men, and by his cautious policy of enclosing the enemy and cutting away his ground, he

succeeded in shutting up even the redoubtable Schamyl in a very dangerous position. Unfortunately for the Russians, the outbreak of the Eastern war put a stop to all their success in Asia, and it may be anticipated that General Williams and Omar Pasha will very shortly destroy the last remnant of Russian dominion beyond the Caucasus.

We have endeavoured in this short review of Russian progress in Europe to maintain our character for impartiality; and although we have not attempted to extenuate anything, we feel confident we have set down naught in malice. The result of our examination may be given in the following axioms, the justice of which we think but very few of our readers will be disposed to deny:

The situation and natural form of Russia—the result of climatic influences and immense superficial extent—absolutely impede the development of the national civilisation. The population of Russia will consequently only very slowly, if ever, become accessible to European cultivation: it will remain, what it has hitherto been, a nation strange to the rest of Europe. Misunderstood, overestimated, and, perhaps, feared, but never exciting confidence or inspiring affection, Russia will remain, owing to her present position, a stranger in Europe; she must, consequently, in spite of, or rather on account of, her gigantic size, extend her frontiers, in order to ameliorate the evil effect of having three-fourths of her territory useless, and one-fourth serviceable.

Russia's neighbouring states formerly consisted of powerful nations, but she annihilated Poland, crippled Sweden, lopped Turkey, dismembered Persia. At the present moment she has only two dangerous neighbours—Austria, a united country capable of extreme development, and Prussia, a military state; indeed, firmly allied, they would be her master. Russia, consequently, cannot form a righteous and permanent friendship with these two nations. She must, rather, in pursuance of her policy, leave them unassailed only as long as no favourable opportunity occurs to weaken them. The Russian government, it is well known, has always obeyed the warnings of her natural policy; but the “secret and confidential” correspondence furnishes the clearest proof of her patient exertions. Of course, this weakening of the neighbouring states must not lead to destruction or utter collapse, because hence the danger would accrue of the establishment of another powerful state, or dependence on a more distant rival. Hence the “noble disinterestedness” from which the assistance offered to Austria in 1849 emanated, was, at the same time, a measure necessary for Russia's own interests.

A general increase of commerce and industry can only be possible in Russia when she has obtained possession of more useful water frontiers and milder districts. At the present time the kingdom is composed of a giant body, too clumsy for the requisite movement, and a mighty mass almost suffocated in its own abundance. The Mediterranean and the Baltic must, therefore, be regarded as the *natural* frontiers of the Russian Empire, and in this she has also remained true to her policy.

Russia, occupying nearly the whole of Eastern Europe, could lay claim to the attainment of influence in Europe; but it was, in the first place, absolutely necessary that she should attach herself to Europe. Peter the Great opened the first, his equally great successor the second, water-gate

towards Europe. These roads of communication have been since greatly extended ; but, for all that, they still remain inland ports, for the real dominion of the world can only be attained on the external frontier of the hemisphere. The real development of Russian power beyond her frontier is at present dependent on so many accidental circumstances, that her influence would not have been so firmly founded had not prejudice and ignorance afforded her the most valuable assistance.

The handing down of an immutable political idea must also be counted among the natural foundations of the external policy of a state. In Russia it commences with the will of Peter the Great, and has never been elsewhere so fully developed, or so conscientiously carried out. Even the system of inciting the subjects against the governments with which Russia carries on the war appears to be traditional, for Peter the Great employed it against the King of Sweden.

From these considerations we may safely arrive at the following conclusions :

1. That the extension of her frontiers, to gain more water and more warmth, is indispensable, not only for the development, but also for the very maintenance of Russia.

2. That it is, consequently, a sacred duty of her government to attain such exclusion for the empire.

3. That the Russian government fully recognises this duty, and has ever striven unswervingly to fulfil it.

4. That the Russian government has always displayed the greatest caution in the choice of her means, and always keeps the supremacy of the nation far above any minor considerations.

In our present paper we have followed the Russian Empire through the phases of nearly a hundred and fifty years' existence. We have shown that Russia, under the guidance of powerful and talented governments, has been so greatly favoured by fortune, that during the last forty years—after being raised step by step from the savageness of Asiatic barbarism—she has become not only the focus and centre of the Slavonic world, but has also been regarded as the head of the Great Powers of our hemisphere. But the result of our inquiry has led us to the conclusion, that the foundations have been found rotten, and the supports too weak ; that the arteries of this state body do not suffice to produce a healthy circulation, and that the gigantic body possesses only a few serviceable limbs ; that it is torturing itself to produce artificially what nature has refused it, but yet has been compelled to seek the elements of development beyond her own frontiers.

The only question left us is—Will Russia, in spite of the results, revelations, and changes of the last twelve months, maintain the influence she possessed before the commencement of the war? We cannot believe so, if we merely consult history and statistics. But if we regard, at the same time, the wondrous principles of policy, and the strange, mysterious aberrations of diplomacy, we might find ourselves confused between the unequivocal lessons of the Past and the pressing warnings of the Present.

FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1856.

We turn to our annual budget of French Almanacks with infinite gusto. We plead upon that point perfect sympathy and fraternisation with our good friends and allies *d'Ostre Manche*. France, considered in her more serious aspects of a scientific, literary, political, artistic, or military nation, almost eclipses all others by her brilliancy; but in her almanacks we meet upon the more equable terms of intimacy and familiarity. It is the peculiar province of the almanack to exhibit France to us in the various phases of her social and domestic life. To say that some of these are touching and sentimental, some humorous and even grotesque, would be merely to say that they are adapted to all classes of intelligences. No wonder at the popularity which they enjoy among the French themselves. Some editors, and among them Messrs. Baudot and Anner André, of Troyes, sell them by the kilogramme. Equally welcome are they to us; for who cannot enjoy that repetition of types which is not so peculiar to the almanack as it is to the French social system? Who does not know the cut of the *jeunesse dorée*, whether male or female? It is as stereotyped as is the physiognomy of the husband whose fate is inevitable. Who does not know the cut of that particular *casquette*, worn by the same obsequious personages, as absent in mind as they are at the proper times in person? It is well, indeed, they don't wear hats, for, if they did, ten to one but the first walk they took some hirsute grenadier would force it down upon his nose, while he delivers a letter, if not a kiss, to his fair and youthful consort. And then our old friend the *chasseur*! We never can depict him with the same fidelity as the almanack artist. He sticks to him like his own faithful spaniel. The very sight of a Parisian Nimrod, so perfect in all his equipments, makes the wild denizens of field and forest assemble together to greet their inveterate and implacable enemy, and sometimes, to his serious inconvenience, a hundred wild boars rush from their lairs to embrace the hero of a hundred exploits—a dear *confrère* in Saint Hubert, looking down, not from the Pyramids, but from the summit of a neighbouring tree.

It is duly and officially chronicled that two hares were detected on the plain of Saint Denis, in the course of the past year, in the same week. Two thousand three hundred and forty-four sportsmen went out to shoot them. One of the hares made its escape by swimming across the Seine, the other by climbing to the top of a tree. Another week, we are informed from a different source, a hare and two crows were killed on the same plain. These unfortunate victims of the Parisian furor for shooting had to run the gauntlet of twelve thousand six hundred discharges each, and the hare cost, including the expense of license to shoot, eight thousand francs, and the crows eighteen hundred francs each. As every one who had fired claimed the honour of the fatal shots, it was agreed that, to satisfy all parties, the said victims should be stuffed and deposited in the Museum of Artillery, to testify to generations to come that the inhabitants of Paris are still worthy descendants of the Gauls, and that they have preserved the martial traditions of their ancestors.

Besides this *chasse mémorable*, a member of the honourable corporation of uahers had the luck to kill a piece of game sitting. After much discussion as to the nature of the object, it was ascertained to be a toadstool of unusual dimensions. This decision was, however, combated by the gentlemen of the long robe, who considered it to be a proper case for reference to another court, and there, after due deliberation, it was at length determined to be a Patagonian gourd, and unworthy of being called a hare.

The rumour of these exploits having reached the distant forests and most remote covers, struck terror into the whole animal kingdom, whether clad in feathers or in hair, and they held a general meeting to petition that the number of Parisian Nimrods should be diminished, not by act of parliament, but by imperial decree, or that an additional tax should be laid upon powder.

Then we have the *gamin*, with his uncombed hair, his insolent eye, his turned-up nose and ragged clothes—a constant and invariable feature in street scenery, and a stereotyped illustration for the almanacks.

As for the English—*ces drôles d'Anglais*, notwithstanding the means afforded by the Exposition of cultivating a more extended acquaintance with such ethnological oddities—in the almanack they remain precisely the same as ever. The Englishman himself is always sketched from one type—one not quite unknown in this country, even in literary circles—friends of some great foreign artist or musical composer, whose fame they perpetually trumpet abroad, as if they had served an apprenticeship at the bellows of the Haarlem organ. Such varieties of the Englishman—ethnologically speaking—invariably wear the same Tyrolean head-cover, the same tight plaid inexpressibles, and the same waistcoat and neck-ties with bright inharmonious colours. The travelling Englishman belongs to another species, but of the same genus, and he is stereotyped in the French almanacks as mounted on a donkey—emblem of ignorance and obstinacy, with glasses ever peering after things out of sight, while he is blind and deaf to all that passes around him, and upon his back is the inevitable umbrella of wisdom—always closed.

The fame of the Anglo-Saxon mania for ascending Mont Blanc has extended to Paris. It was the subject of conversation in all the *salons*, till a certain Lord B——, another hero of insular eccentricities, offered to surpass the great peripatetic feat by driving in his own phaeton over the Great St. Bernard in the winter season. His lordship successfully accomplished the feat. His vehicle was smashed to atoms, but he carefully collected the fragments and bore them with him triumphantly to the other side of the Alps. Arrived there he exclaimed :

“No matter, I have got over with my carriage !”

It was reported, in connexion with another Englishman labouring under the Alpine mania, that having arrived on the borders of the lake near the hospital of the Great St. Bernard, he asked the monks if there were any fish in its waters.

“No, milord ; the water is too cold, fish cannot live there.”

“No ! well then I will see if I can live there.”

And, in despite of an icy wind that blew from the perpetual snows, the insular enthusiast threw himself into the lake, swam about

to his heart's content, dressed himself in the open air with that methodical slowness which never deserts the Englishman, and then partook in the hospital of *un magnifique déjeuner* ! only answering in return to the compliments paid to him for his intrepidity, "Your fish are stupid !"

The Exposition has not failed to be suggestive of improvements for the future. Among them we see a portable stove, advertised to cook three dishes for dinner for two persons, at an expense of only five francs for fuel ! The means of preserving living beings, and more especially human beings, is announced as a modern discovery. They are packed in glass cases and pickled for an indefinite period, retaining an irreproachable degree of purity, and all the greenness of the gherkin, buried in a solution of sulphate of copper in vinegar. Five hundred francs are proffered to any one who, provided with a newly-invented acoustic apparatus, shall be insensible to a pistol fired close to his ears. An apparatus has been invented for flying in the air, which would infallibly have succeeded, only that, like the lever of Archimedes, it wanted a point of rest. Looking-glasses have been announced that reflect not only the physical, but also the moral being. Many are anxiously waiting the opportunity to consult them, although the results may not be so satisfactory as their vanity induces them to suppose.

Not only have dinners been inaugurated, but suppers also. The Exposition has given origin to suppers *des deux mondes*, commercial suppers, industrial suppers, suppers of all nations, and universal suppers. The usual tariff has been three francs fifty centimes, but oysters and lobsters not included. A company has been founded for the fusion of all the suppers ; it is called the Society of the United Suppers. The late spring and bad weather was, it is well known, adverse to the Exposition and its adjuncts. It is reported that it was so cold at the first horticultural exhibition of the season that even the artificial flowers were frozen.

The tendency of certain ladies to wear their bonnets on their backs causes so great a resemblance to the baskets carried by the followers of a certain branch of industry, more known than esteemed in Paris, that the fashion has been called *à la chiffonnière*.

Among the curious coincidences of the past year that have not escaped our lively neighbours, one was that, upon the occasion of the Emperor and Empress's visit to England, many of the congratulatory designs, whether on banners or illuminations, bore the letters

N. E. V. A.

These were read as the initials of Napoleon and Eugénie and of Victoria and Albert, but they really designated the river upon which stands the capital of Russia. Another not less singular coincidence illustrated the Queen's visit to the tomb of Napoleon. This visit put the seal to the alliance between the two nations ; it buried ancient prejudices and animosities in mutual confidence and a lasting reconciliation. France forgot the sufferings of the greatest of all captains on the rock of St. Helena when consecrating a day of friendship and alliance. And what was that day ? The 18th of August—the day consecrated to St. Helena !

Among the amusing prophecies for the future, chiefly suggested by the past and present, are the following : The chairs of the Champs Elysées are to be provided with roofs for the next Longchamp—a period at

which, like that of our horticultural exhibitions, it invariably rains. The heir to the throne of the Niam-Niams will arrive in Paris with several young princes to consult the experts as to how they can best get rid of their caudal appendages. Three more districts of Paris will be demolished. George Sand will complete the "History of her Life." An hippopotamus will be born at the Garden of Plants that will say "Papa" and "Mamma," and at the same time a young prodigy will come to life in the shape of a seal with two heads, one of which will talk Latin, the other Greek. The son of the King of Musquito will arrive in Paris and cover the *corps de ballet* of the Opera with diamonds (Russian princes being exhausted). Chesnuts will be attacked by the potato disease. Paris will be in dismay upon seeing the corners of the streets deserted by the chesnut-roasters. The last grisette of the Quartier Latin will asphyxiate herself in despair : she had been grisette ever since 1832. The *Dame Blanche* will appear to one of the editors of the *Edinburgh Review*. Mademoiselle Rachel will make known her final resolve to quit the boards. Great consternation at the theatre called Français : several daggers will be buried up to their hilts.

A *magasin de nouveautés* will be constructed, which will begin at Paris and finish at Rouen. It will be visited by means of stations on the railroad called *de l'Ouest*. The visitor may leave Paris in his dressing-gown, and get out at Rouen, fully equipped in the height of the last fashion, for the moderate sum of ten francs. An abundant harvest of laurels will be reaped next year. The French eagles will fly more haughtily and soar higher than ever. The first stone will be laid of the tunnel which is to unite France and England, and to do away with the Straits of Calais.

An adventurous traveller will discover the Mediterranean, and on its shores an unknown people with a more extraordinary conformation than the Niam-Niams. Instead of caudal appendages, many, especially of the old men, will have horns, and, to disguise them, will be obliged to wear their hair *à la Liszt*. There will be great changes in the fashions next year—Orientomania will be in the ascendant. The ladies will hide their faces behind veils, and men their foreheads beneath turbans; the horrible chimney-pot hat will be suppressed for ever.

Here is a tale in the fantastic style of the Germans :

The dean of the Cathedral of Badajoz possessed more learning in his own person than all the doctors of Salamanca, or those of Coimbra and Alcala put together. He was versed in all the languages, dead or alive; he had mastered all the sciences, divine or human; but unfortunately he was not versed in the art of magic, and that made him miserable.

He was told that there was in the suburbs of Toledo a very learned magician, whose name was Don Torribio. So he had a good mule saddled, and he started for Toledo, where he dismounted at the gateway of a very humble dwelling-house, within which dwelt the renowned necromancer.

Don Torribio was not a very polite man, although he boasted of keeping company with the *élite* of infernal society. He told the dean that he might go and seek a master of magic elsewhere; that he was tired and disgusted with a business which only obtained for him compliments and promises, and that he was determined to no longer dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to a parcel of ungrateful people.

"Ungrateful people!" exclaimed the dean. "What, Señor Don Torribio, have

you met with ungrateful people, and would you do me the injustice to class me with such monsters?"

And then he expounded, one after another, all the maxims, precepts, and texts that he had treasured up in his memory concerning the sin of ingratitude, and he followed them up with a disquisition upon the advantages and pleasures of candour and honesty in so captivating a tone and manner, that, after having reflected for a short time more, the magician avowed himself vanquished, and said that it was not in his power to refuse anything to one who could quote so many elegant extracts.

"Jacinthe," he said to his housekeeper, "boil a couple of fowls and roast a partridge. I hope the dean will do me the favour to stay supper with me."

And at the same time he took him by the hand, and leading him into his study, he touched him on the forehead, and repeated these three mysterious words:

"Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf;"

and then, without further preparation, he began to explain to him with much suavity the proglogomena, or introduction to the book of magical knowledge.

The new disciple was listening with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe, when Jacinthe suddenly came in, followed by a little man booted to the waist and covered with mud up to the shoulders, who asked to speak with the dean upon matters of importance. It was indeed the postilion of his uncle, the Bishop of Badajoz, who had been sent after him with all possible despatch, to inform him that a few hours after his departure, his uncle, the bishop, had been seized with so violent an attack of apoplexy that the worst consequences were anticipated.

The dean cursed—but mentally, and to avoid scandal, so that no one could hear him—the sickness, the sick man, and the courier, who all three combined to interrupt him at a moment of such deep interest. So he bade the postilion hasten back to Badajoz, saying that he would follow him at once. And then he turned to continue his studies as if there had been neither uncles nor apoplexies in the world.

A few days afterwards further news came from Badajoz, but this was worth listening to. The grand chanter and two old monks came to notify to the dean that his uncle, the most reverend bishop, had gone to receive the recompense of his virtues in heaven, and that the chapter, canonically assembled, had elected him to the vacant see, and had sent their respectful entreaties that he would hasten to come and console by his presence the church of Badajoz, his new wife.

Don Torribio, present at the address of the deputies, profited by the occasion like a clever man. Taking the new bishop aside, after complimenting him upon the position in which he was now placed, he said he had a son, called Don Benjamin, gifted with much talent and the best inclinations, but who had no taste or turn for the occult sciences; that he had therefore devoted him to the church, and he had so far succeeded in this pious design, that, thank Heaven, he had lived to hear his beloved son spoken of as one of the most pious and promising members of the clergy of Toledo, and that he now most humbly beseeched his highness to resign to the said Don Benjamin the deanery of Badajoz, which he could not retain with the see.

"Alas!" responded the late dean, with a slightly embarrassed air, "I shall always do whatever can be agreeable to you. But I must tell you that I have a relation, whose heir I am, an old ecclesiastic, who is only fit to be a dean, and if I do not give him the place I shall be involved in quarrels with the whole of my family, the members of which I am attached to to a weakness. But," he added, in a most affectionate tone, "will you not come to Badajoz yourself? Will you be so cruel as to abandon me at the very moment when I may have it in my power to be useful to you? Believe me, my dear master, let us go off together,

and only think of the instruction of your disciple. Remain tranquil as to the future of your son Don Benjamin ; I will see to that, and sooner or later shall be able to do more for him than you ask : a poor deanery in the wilds of Estramadura is not the kind of thing to suit the son of a man of your merits."

Conscientious and pious people will say that the proposition made by the bishop to the magician was not quite the proper thing ; yet it is certain that the arrangement was suggested and made without either of the parties entertaining the slightest scruple in the matter. Don Torribio accompanied his illustrious pupil to Badajoz ; he had a handsome apartment made over to him in the palace, and he was respected by the whole diocese as the favourite of its spiritual head.

Under the guidance of so clever a master the pupil made rapid progress in the secret sciences ; he even gave himself up to their pursuit at the onset with a zeal which became excessive, but he gradually tamed down this species of intemperance, and managed so to discipline his mind as not to let the pursuit of magic interfere with his religious duties. He had thoroughly imbued himself with a maxim not only of importance to necromancers, but also to simple philosophers and men of letters, that it is not sufficient merely to keep the Sabbath and to fill one's mind with all the products of human industry and learning, but that one must also show to others the way of Heaven, and labour to disseminate the right doctrine so that it may flourish in the minds of the faithful. By carrying out these admirable principles of worldly wisdom, the learned prelate filled all Europe with the report of his merits, and when he least expected it, he was named to the archbishopric of Compostella. The people of Badajoz grieved, as may be imagined—it is impossible to say how deeply—at an event which deprived them of so worthy a pastor ; and to better show the sense of what they experienced at his loss, the choice of his successor was unanimously conferred upon him.

Don Torribio was not the man to let so fine an opportunity slip by. He asked the bishopric for his son, and the archbishop, his pupil, was really afflicted at being obliged to refuse him. He had so much esteem for his dear master ! He was so deeply grieved, so really ashamed to refuse him a thing that appeared so easy to obtain ! But could he do otherwise ? Don Fernand de Lara, constable of Castille, had asked for this same bishopric for his son ; without even having seen the nobleman in question, he was under very old secret and important obligations to him. It was an indispensable duty to give preference to the ancient benefactor over the new one ; and it must be acknowledged that this act of equity gave nothing but feelings of gratification to Don Torribio ; it enabled him to see very clearly what would happen to himself when his turn would come, and his turn would most assuredly come now at some proximate moment. The magician believed in the honesty of the pretence of primary obligations, and he even rejoiced in the circumstance of his being sacrificed to Don Fernand. Nothing was thought of but the preparations for departure, which were soon completed, and the two friends went to establish themselves at Compostella. It was, however, but for a brief space of time, for scarcely had a few months elapsed, before a messenger arrived from Rome bearer of a cardinal's hat for the archbishop, as also of a papal script, by which he was invited to come and assist the Holy Father, by his counsels, in the government of the Christian world, giving him at the same time permission to dispose of his mitre to whomsoever he might think fit.

Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the messenger arrived ; he had gone to see his dear son, who still remained the officiating priest of a small parish in Toledo ; but he soon returned, and the cardinal, when he saw him, did not even give him time to ask for anything. He hastened to meet him with open arms.

"My dear master," he said, "I have two good bits of news for you instead of one ; your disciple is a cardinal, and your son shall soon be one also, or I shall have no credit at Rome. I wished to make him Archbishop of Com-

postella, but admire his misfortune, or rather mine; my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has written to me in my absence a cruel letter, which interferes with all my projects. She will insist upon my naming as my successor the licentiate Don Pablos de Salazar. She threatens me with dying of grief if she cannot obtain the mitre for him, and I really believe she would abide by her word. It is a family failing! Put yourself in my place, my dear master: should I kill my mother?"

Don Torribo was not the man to advise recourse to parricide; he applauded the nomination of Don Pablos, and did not even permit to himself a secret anathema against the mother of the quondam dean.

The mother in question, if it must be known, was a good old woman, in her second childhood, who lived within the social circle of maid and cat, and did not even know the name of Don Pablos. The person who gave the archbishopric to Don Pablos was a Galician, a relative of his, who gave the best dinners in Compostella, and at which the former dean was one of the most regular guests.

However it may be, Don Torribo followed his pupil to Rome, and scarcely had they arrived there than the Pope died: it is easy to see where such an event will bring us. The cardinals assembled in conclave, every voice in the holy college declared itself in favour of the Spaniard, and he was elected spiritual head of all Christendom! The ceremonies of installation concluded, Don Torribo was admitted to a private audience, and he shed tears of joy as he kissed the feet of his dear pupil, when he saw with what dignity he fulfilled his lofty mission. He represented in modest terms his long and faithful services; he reminded the Pope of the promises of the dean, inviolable promises that he had only lately renewed; he dropped a hint concerning the Hat that had been abandoned to assume the Tiara; but, instead of asking for this Hat for Don Benjamin, he concluded with a request of inconceivable moderation; he protested that, giving up all ambitious pretensions, he and his son would only be too happy, if it would please their pupil to grant them, along with his blessing, the least temporal benefit—a little annuity which would suffice for the modest desires of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

While this little address was going on, the pupil was asking himself what he should do with his preceptor. Could he not do without him, and did not he know more of magic than was even necessary in his new position? Would it be proper for the head of the Christian Church to attend the devil's *sabbat*, and to go through the humiliating ceremonies observed upon such occasions?

These weighty reflections brought him to the conclusion that Don Torribo had become a useless and even an inconvenient person. Having arrived at this solution of the difficulty, he was no longer in doubt as to what he should say to him.

"We have learnt with grief," he intoned with the deepest papal unction, "that, under the pretence of cultivating the occult sciences, you entertain an abominable commerce with the spirit of darkness and of lies; we therefore paternally exhort you to expiate this crime by a repentance that shall be proportionate to its enormity. We order you to quit the territories of the Church within the space of three days, under penalty of being given over to the secular arm and to the flames."

Don Torribo, without being in the least disconcerted, repeated the three ominous and mysterious words backwards: *Fwoirgano, Reirfatsip, Nalobotro*.

And then, going to a window, he shouted out:

"Jacinthe, only boil one fowl, and never heed the partridge! The dean shall not sup here."

This was a thunder-clap to the imaginary Pope. He awoke suddenly from a kind of ecstasy, in which the three magic words had thrown him the first time they were pronounced. He became at once sensible of the astounding fact that, instead of being at the Vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the study of Don Torribo; he even saw by the timepiece that not quite an hour had elapsed since he entered into that mysterious sanctuary where he had been the victim of so

many illusions. In less than an hour's time he had been magician, bishop, archbishop, cardinal, and pope, and now he was only a victim and a cheat.

Everything had been illusory except the proofs that he had given of his treachery and his bad heart. He went forth without uttering a word, found his mule where he had left it, and with it, dean as he was before, took the road back to Badajoz, without having learnt one little word of magic.

The danger of two parties making an agreement that whoever dies first shall notify the same to the other, founded as it is upon an almost incurable scepticism, has been so often exemplified in story, that the following seems almost a repetition of many that have gone before. It is extracted from the "*Mémoires of the Comte de Rochefort*," published at Cologne in 1688 :

I was lodging (the count relates) at the baths near St. Paul. I had known my host when residing in the Rue St. Antoine, and had dwelt with him, at divers times, for a period of five or six years.

Many persons of quality were also lodging there, when a circumstance took place that surprised all, and that will, I have no doubt, also so surprise the reader, that he will scarcely give credit to it. But I beg of him, before he forms a rash conclusion, that he will inform himself as to the truth. Dupin, our host, is still alive, and the eyes that I am about to speak of belonged to persons of the highest consideration, whose names are not unknown even to foreigners. So it can be ascertained from them if I have related aught but the truth. Nevertheless, I cannot blame their incredulity, and the thing appears so extraordinary to myself, although I was a witness of it, that I would belie my own sight of it, if it was possible.

There were two young men of distinction, who were bound together by the ties of an exceeding friendship; one was the Marquis of Rambouillet, eldest brother of the Duchess of Montansier; the other, the Marquis de Précî, the heir to the house of Nantouillet, one of whose ancestors had been a chancellor, and was so high in favour with one of our kings, whose state he ruled with an almost absolute sway, as to have obliged him to demand for him a cardinal's hat.

These two young men, who were going to the wars, as is the case with all the young men of quality in France, having entered into conversation upon matters that concerned their future existence, in which they openly testified that they entertained very sceptical ideas upon the subject, they finished by agreeing, that whosoever should die first should come and inform his friend, and they shook hands to cement the agreement.

Two or three months had elapsed, and the matter had entirely passed from their minds, when the Marquis de Rambouillet went to join his regiment in Flanders, whilst Précî, attacked by fever, remained at Dupin's.

Four or five weeks afterwards, about six o'clock in the morning, the curtains of the sick man's bed were slowly drawn asunder, and Précî, turning round to see what it was, perceived the Marquis de Rambouillet in his buff-coat and boots. His first impulse was, to throw himself into his arms to testify the joy he felt at his return, but the Marquis de Rambouillet, stepping back a pace or two, told him that such demonstrations were now out of place, that he came to acquit himself of the promise that he had made, that he was killed the evening before, and that nothing was more true than what was said of the other world. That he must therefore adopt a different plan of life than that which he had hitherto pursued, and prepare himself for a future life, for he would be killed at the first battle that he should be engaged in, and he had no time to lose.

I need not say how much this discourse astonished the Marquis de Précî, but not being able to give credit to it, he jumped out of bed to take his friend in his arms, thinking that he was deceiving him. But he could feel nothing but the wind, and Rambouillet, seeing that he was still incredulous, showed him the place where he had been wounded, and from whence the blood still flowed. He

then disappeared, leaving Précî in a fright not easy to depict. He threw himself into his bed, and not content with calling for his valet, he alarmed the whole house by his cries.

Having heard him as well as others, I got up to see what was the matter, and having gone up into his room with Dupin, he told us what he had seen; but we attributed the vision to an access of fever, and we begged of him to lay quiet, telling him he must have been dreaming. But he was very much hurt upon finding that we treated him as a visionary, and, in order to convince us to the contrary, he related the circumstances as I have before detailed them.

It was in vain that he endeavoured to convince us; we remained in the same persuasion till the post arrived from Flanders. It was then found that Rambouillet had been killed at the time indicated, and by a wound precisely as Précî had described it, and we then began to think that there was something in it.

The report of this singular occurrence having spread through Paris, some deemed it to be a mere invention, and others had their curiosity so much excited that they wanted to know more about it. I received upwards of a hundred notes, and I do not know how many visits from friends, who, knowing that I had been in the same house, thought that I must have it in my power to throw some light upon the subject. But whatever I could say, there always remained the same feeling of doubt, which nothing but the lapse of time could remove.

All depended upon what would happen to Précî, who was warned, as I have before said, that he would perish in his first engagement. His fate was therefore looked to as the *dénouement* of the story, and it soon came to confirm all that had passed. Civil war having broken out, he joined his regiment, notwithstanding the entreaties of his father and mother, who, in dread of the fulfilment of the prophecy, almost threw themselves at his feet to dissuade him, and he was killed at the battle of Saint Antoine, to the great regret of his family, who considered him better fitted to sustain the honour of the house than he who succeeded to him.

There is a story of a prophetic tapestry, taken from the pages of Madame de Genlis, and told in that lady's characteristic and pleasant way, which has the advantage of being of a less serious character.

The Présidente de Gourgues was the intimate friend of Madame de Montesson, my aunt. She was a person who was always ailing, and used to lounge upon a long chair, dreaming away her time in a platonic and unfortunate passion for the chevalier, afterwards Marquis de Jaucour, the same who was called the *Clair de lune*.

We used often to go to supper at Madame de Gourgues; there was never any one there but the Chevalier de Jaucour, and at the most two other persons besides, my aunt and myself; we were never more than six.

The Chevalier de Jaucour had a very agreeable appearance: his face was round, full and pale, his eyes dark, his features pretty, his hair brown, curly, and powdered; in fact, he did resemble a *clair de lune*. His bearing was noble, and yet graceful. His character was excellent, full of candour and loyalty. He had been in several campaigns, having entered the service when only twelve years of age, and he had been as remarkable for his intelligence as a soldier as for his bravery. His mind was like his character, sound and reasonable.

My aunt having remarked at one of these suppers that I was afraid of ghosts, Madame de Gourgues asked the Chevalier de Jaucour to relate his beautiful story of the tapestry. I had heard of this tale as a thing that was quite true, for the Chevalier de Jaucour gave his word of honour that he added nothing to it, and he was incapable of telling a falsehood. The story became, indeed, prophetic at the period of the revolution. I can relate it with the greatest exactness, for, having seen a great deal of the Chevalier de Jaucour, I made him relate it to me five or six times over again. Here it is:

The chevalier, born in Burgundy, was brought up at a college at Autun. He

was twelve years of age when his father, wishing to send him to the army in the company of one of his uncles, sent for him to his *château*. The same evening, after supper, he was conducted to a great room where he was to sleep, and after a lighted lamp had been placed upon a kind of tripod, in the middle of the apartment, he was left by himself. He at once undressed and went to bed, leaving the lamp alight; but not being much inclined to sleep, and having scarcely looked at his room on coming in, he began to examine it more closely. His attention was more particularly attracted by an old tapestry opposite to him. The subject was curious; it represented a temple, the gates of which were closed. Upon the top of the staircase, leading to this temple, there stood a kind of pontiff, or high priest, clothed in a long white robe, and holding in one hand a handful of rods, and in the other a key. Suddenly the chevalier, who was looking fixedly at this figure, rubbed his eyes, thinking that he was dazzled; then he looked again, and surprise and terror struck him dumb, and rendered him motionless! He saw the figure was moving, and was slowly descending the steps of the stairs!

At last it stepped out of the tapestry into the room, which it crossed, coming up close to the bed; and, addressing the poor child, petrified with fear, it spoke the following words very distinctly: "These rods will punish many; when you see them agitate themselves, do not hesitate to take the key of the fields which is here."

Having said thus much the figure turned round again, crossed the room, re-ascended the staircase, and took up its old position.

The chevalier, bathed in a cold perspiration, was so utterly powerless for upwards of a quarter of an hour that he could not call any one; at length some one came, when, not wishing to confide what had happened to a servant, he merely said that he was unwell, and the attendant remained with him for the rest of the night.

The next morning the Comte de Jaucour, his father, questioning him as to what had happened during the night, he told him of his vision.

Instead of laughing at him, as the chevalier expected, the count listened very gravely, and then said:

"It is very extraordinary, but my father had also, when very young, an extraordinary scene in that very same room, with the same personage represented in that ancient tapestry." The chevalier wished much to hear the details of what happened to his grandfather, but the count would not gratify his curiosity; he even bade his son not to speak to him upon the subject any more, and the same day the count had the tapestry unhung and burnt in his presence in the courtyard of the *château*.

This is this famous history in all its simplicity. Mrs. Radcliffe would have been delighted to have known it, and I think the Chevalier de Jaucour remembered it at the time of the Revolution, for it is certain that he took the key of the fields when he saw the rods begin to agitate themselves. He did not hesitate to make his way out of France.

The chevalier was in command, with the rank of lieutenant-general, of the little army raised to besiege Geneva, in alliance with the Swiss and the King of Sardinia. He quitted France in 1789, and was one of the heads of noble families that were assembled by Monsieur in the Low Countries in 1791, and in 1792 he was at the head of the advance-guard of the army of the Swiss. In 1795 he was sent to make one of the congress assembled at Vienna. He would often, in his old age, refer to the story of the Tapestryed Chamber.

The last of the Boyards, the last of the Russian princes so distinguished for the fabulous extent of their landed estates, and the unfathomable depths of their mines of gold and platinum, and not less distinguished for their passion for the luxuries, amusements, and gaieties of Parisian

life, went out with the war. His name was Pocokuroff—every one in Paris knew the famous Pocokuroff:

Prince Pocokuroff never missed a first representation, he was at every race-course, an *habitué* of the Château-Rouge and the Château des Fleurs, he was about to be carried in triumph at the Mabilles when war broke out with Russia.

Summoned, in common with all the other Boyards, to reintegrate the national domicile, Pocokuroff held the following little conversation with himself:

"Well, my dear Pocokuroff, it appears that your well-beloved sovereign recalls you."

"Alas, yes!"

"And you would have liked very much to have stayed in Paris?"

"Oh yes!"

"Disobey your sovereign, it will perhaps only cost you the half of your mines of gold and of your mines of platinum, of your serfs, of your roubles, and of your diamonds."

"But suppose he should take all?"

In the face of this terrible uncertainty, Pocokuroff did not dare to be disobedient: he prepared to take his departure. The journals of the day were full of the great event and of the splendid repast with which his funeral was celebrated. Pocokuroff had assembled all the beauty of Paris to his farewell banquet. The dessert arrived, he addressed to them a touching allocution, and then presented each with a large diamond. Their grief knew no bounds at this act of munificence, and one of the ladies actually tore out a handful of hair. Pocokuroff was so affected by this manifestation of sorrow that he gave her a suit of pearls. Several of the ladies determined upon seeing him off, so he obtained a special train to convey them as far as Brussels.

The next day these ladies returned to Paris, and for eight days it was the fashion to have red eyes. When asked, "What is the matter? what has happened to you?"

"What?" they would answer, "don't you know the news? Poor Pocokuroff, we shall never see him again. The Emperor Nicholas has summoned him back to Russia—we shall never be comforted!"

Pocokuroff, in the mean time, was proceeding very leisurely on his way to his master's dominions. On arriving at Frankfort he pretended to be seriously ill, and sending for the host of the *Empereur Romain*, the hotel at which he put up, he said to him:

"Sir, I feel myself too weak to continue my journey by railroad or by post-chaise; do you think that I could find a litter in Frankfort?"

"I will make inquiries, your excellency," replied the landlord.

"Be quick, for I am in a hurry to cast myself at the feet of our much-beloved Czar; and when you get the litter, be sure you obtain a dozen of vigorous fellows who can carry me hence to St. Petersburg."

However, the litter could not be found. So Pocokuroff bought the ancient carriage of the burgomaster, which happened to be for sale at a broker's, and having converted it into a car, he had a mattress laid at the bottom, and two oxen harnessed to it.

Quatre bœufs attelés, d'un pas tranquille et lent,
Conduisaient à Moscou le boyard indolent.

Moscow is there for the rhythm: Pocokuroff's destination was St. Petersburg, and he arrived there after the lapse of six months.

The Czar received him with civility, asked after Horace Vernet, how his old pensioner Bressant got on, and other details relative to the state of arts and theatres in the capital.

Pocokuroff possessed a richly-furnished hotel at St. Petersburg. He gave

there balls, dinners, concerts, and festivals of all kinds. He took a box at the Théâtre Français, and another at the Italian Opera.

But nothing could make him forget Paris. Nini Patte-en-l'Air was showing about at the time a letter, inscribed as follows :

"MON RAT,—If you only knew, my dear child, *comme je m'ennuie !*

"I live in the midst of a herd of bears and cubs, with whom it is impossible to utter a word that will make one laugh.

"Only imagine that the most lively man in the country is the Emperor, and that his liveliness consists in playing upon the drum for two hours every morning.

"If the war does not finish soon I shall be capable of conspiring, if it is only for the pleasure of being transported into Siberia.

"Good-by, my squirrel.

"POCOKUROFF."

Justice must be done to the prince ; he contributed his utmost to the success of the war. There was no amount of sacrifice that he was not prepared to make :

National subscription ;

Patriotic subscription ;

Voluntary subscription ;

Ordinary subscription ;

Extraordinary subscription ;

there was not a subscription that circulated in Holy Russia to which his name was not appendaged ; but he more particularly seconded the efforts of the peace party, which had M. de Nesselrode for its head.

Pocokuroff supported the rigours of his exile pretty well up to the time of the decease of the Emperor Nicholas I. But from the time that the papers announced the opening of the *Folies-Nouvelles*, and expatiated in glowing terms upon the success of that little theatre, a certain change was marked in the physiognomy of the prince, and an expression of grief came over him from which he never recovered.

Pocokuroff had thought at first that the war would not have any duration, and he was just beginning to think that he was in the wrong, when the death of Nicholas I. came to restore all his illusions.

That day he wrote to Nini :

"MY SQUIRREL,—Before a month has expired I shall be in Paris. Engage beforehand a cabinet particulier à la Maison d'Or. In the mean time I send you some diamonds.

"Adieu, mon rat.

"TON PETIT POCOKUROFF POUR LA VIE."

The illusion, however, did not last long ; the German party soon saw that it could no more rely upon Alexander II. than upon his father. Pocokuroff took the dread conviction sadly to heart. He shut himself up in his palace, refused to see any one, and passed his days lounging on his divan, with no distraction save that of reading the French papers.

A fugitive light came to illumine for a moment the horizon of the unfortunate Pocokuroff ; it was the report that the plenipotentiaries, assembled at the Conference of Vienna, had come to an understanding. Pocokuroff, on hearing this news, cut capers three feet high, whilst he intoned a larifla in honour of diplomacy, to the tune of *Docteur Izambard*.

This joy was destined to be of brief duration, and the greater the excitement had been, the more terrible was the reaction. Pocokuroff fell into a state of complete prostration. His physician recommended him to travel.

"Where must I go to ?"

"Russia is spacious enough, surely ; go and visit your lands, and see your serfs."

The prince made a gesture significative of the utmost horror at such an idea.

"Take a trip to Germany," suggested his doctor ; "it is a beautiful country."

The prince made another sign, indicative that he had seen enough to be sick of it.

It was in vain that the doctor suggested Italy, Spain, America; the prince was not to be stirred. He went on getting worse from day to day. He became more taciturn, more gloomy and melancholy. His physician increased the number of his remedies.

"Doctor," the prince said to him one day, "it is nonsense to drug me thus; I shall never get well!"

"A sick man's fancies," replied the doctor; "pursue the system I have laid down for your guidance, and in a month you will be yourself again."

"A physician's tales," rejoined the sick man; "acknowledge one thing, my dear doctor, and that is, that you know nothing of my complaint."

"You have got the vapours."

"Not at all, doctor; I have the Paris sickness, an undefinable evil, the principle of which is contracted in that city, and carried with me everywhere. All day I think of Paris—all night I dream of the same delightful city. Life is to me one long punishment. When I read of the first representation of *Demi-Monde*, and I thought I was not there, I felt as if a dagger of ice had penetrated into my breast, and a moment afterwards it became a red iron. If peace is not made in a month I will blow my brains out."

A short time after this conversation between the patient and his doctor, another took place in a low tone at the sick man's door, between the doctor and the prince's valet.

"Well, how did he pass the night?"

"Badly enough; he was delirious."

"And what did he say?"

"He spoke in disjointed sentences; but I could distinguish ever and anon the word 'Paris.'"

"Did he read the French papers yesterday?"

"Only one."

"But I particularly told you not to let him see one."

"He threatened to throw me out of the window if I did not do as he told me. I took him at first a Belgian paper, thinking that it would do him less harm than one from Paris."

At that moment the shouts of the patient interrupted the colloquy. The delirium had returned. The doctor hastened in to his assistance. His pulse was beating ninety-five pulsations to the minute.

"Ristori!" he exclaimed; "not to see Ristori! Let them harness my oxen; no, my horses I mean. Oh, no, put on three locomotives ahead. I shall be in Paris this very evening. I want to see Ristori! Go and secure me a box. *Demi-Monde, Folies-Nouvelles!*"

He continued for two whole hours uttering incoherent words and sentences. By dint of bleeding, leeches, and ice, he was carried through the paroxysm this time, but it was only to fall into a state of atony almost as bad as annihilation. One day he was heard feebly muttering the words: "Nini—Paris;" and humming the air of "Sire de Franc-Boisy."

The friends and parents of the prince approached him: his lips were closed. The doctor took his hand up: it was cold.

The spirit of Pocokuroff hovered over the Garden of Mabille.

In his will Pocokuroff declared, that feeling that it would be impossible for him to live away from Paris, he had penned his last will and testament the day that he returned to St. Petersburg. He left a considerable sum of money to Mademoiselle Virginie Galuchet, commonly called *Nini Patte-en-l'Air*; as also large sums to found at St. Petersburg a Mabille, a Château des Fleurs, and other establishments for public education. One of these was to bear the name Bal Pocokuroff.

Nini started with Arthur to obtain possession of the prince's legacy, but she

was stopped at the frontier. It is only when peace shall be declared that Mademoiselle Virginie Galuchet will be enabled to establish her claims to certain gold mines, diamonds, and serfs, over whom she will then be sole sovereign, with rights of life and death.

We must not omit to give a sketch of one or two of those peculiar personages whose lot in life it is to come in contact with the executive of the laws.

Saragosse is a specimen of a class we have had to deal with before—the real *gamin* of Paris—astute, insolent, incorrigible. Perfectly beardless, he has, nevertheless, been brought before the magistrate for stealing a barber's basin.

M. Fréville, barber—I was in my shop, making a few memoranda, while I waited for customers, when I suddenly heard my basin creak at the door. This surprised me, as there was no wind, so I got up to see what was the matter, when I perceived this good-for-nothing fellow——

Saragosse—I say, don't trouble yourself, *merlan*!

The President—Do not insult the witness.

Saragosse, with an admirably assumed expression of surprise—I did not call him *muffle*; I said *merlan*. I should have been in despair to have called him *muffle*.

The President—Hold your tongue.

Saragosse—That will do. Order arms!

The Barber, raising his shoulders according to the received fashion among the fraternity—It is really pitiable. I perceived, then, this scrub of a fellow——

Saragosse—At it again, eh!

The Barber, with increased emphasis—This scrub, this good-for-nothing, this——

The President—Relate the facts without qualifying the accused.

Saragosse—Yes, if he can.

The Barber—I perceived, then, this——

Saragosse—Why can't you say *ce monsieur*?

The Barber—I perceived this anim——I beg your pardon (pointing to the accused)—I perceived that, having unhung my basin, he was making it fit upon his stomach. I accordingly laid hold of him, and held him till I could confide him to the hands of a police officer. That done, I hung up my basin again and resumed my memoranda. That is all.

The President—Accused, what have you got to say?

Saragosse—All that that white-livered fellow has said about his basin is false—horribly false. But it is not surprising, he is cracked.

The Barber—I cracked!

Saragosse—Most assuredly. Ask any one of his customers; he has a spider in his brain, perpetually weaving cobwebs there, and he ought not to be trusted with a razor in his hands.

The Barber—It is a most infamous calumny. I——

Saragosse—Famous, not infamous. Why all the inhabitants of the eighth arrondissement have signed a petition to that effect, addressed to the Council of Salubrity.

The Court condemned Saragosse to three months' imprisonment.

Saragosse—I am sorry I did not call him *muffle*.

Here is a more uncommon character. It would be difficult to imagine that there are such persons as Mademoiselle Suzette in a city where, with all its peculiarities, there is great strictness in domestic life, and no end of stringent laws affecting public and private decorum.

Madame Tibert—Mon Dieu, Monsieur le President—(this style of opening

a case would lose by translation; we recommend it to the notice of complainants at the Mansion House and elsewhere)—a pretty thing it is to take servants from an agency office; they certainly do provide you with remarkable subjects!

The President—Be kind enough to explain yourself.

Madame Tibert—Voilà! voilà! I took in mademoiselle at a hundred and fifty francs a year as servant of all work. You must know that at our house there are many perquisites.

Mademoiselle Suzette—Yes, a pretty barrack it is!

Madame Tibert—A barrack!

Mademoiselle Suzette—Yes, a regular casino!

Madame Tibert—What! a house at four hundred and twenty-three francs a year in the Rue Maubuée! Well, after that! The very second day she had been with me, mademoiselle said she wished to go away. All right, I said, but I must have eight days. She said no, she was going away at once. Luckily one of the nightmen had a sister in the street. She came in at once. A good girl, not saucy.

Mademoiselle Suzette—I should think not. She has been too well brought up.

Madame Tibert—We had just made ourselves all right, when who should come in at half-past eleven at night but mademoiselle, as drunk as a blackbird, and insisted upon sleeping in my house. When I refused, she said I could not let her sleep in the streets. I then tried to get her out of the door, but she broke two panes of glass; so I sent my new servant to fetch the police. Mademoiselle, in the mean time, went on breaking panes of glass, till she attained the sum total of nine. She was asked why she broke the windows. She said it was because the new servant smelt so horribly.

The President—Accused, what have you to answer to this statement?

Mademoiselle Suzette—I was in the wrong, certainly; but why did she refuse to give me a bed?

The President—You quitted the house of your own free will, and you had no right to seek an asylum there.

Madame Tibert—What is worse is, I offered her a franc to go and sleep elsewhere, but she wanted five francs.

Mademoiselle Suzette—I was not going to sleep in any dirty hole.

Madame Tibert—No, she preferred sleeping at the station-house! But with all that, I am in for my nine panes of glass. Paff! all gone in less than five minutes.

Mademoiselle Suzette—Why, you took me as maid of all work!

Madame Tibert (raising her arms in the air)—Hold your tongue, sycophant!

Mademoiselle Suzette—Cancan!

Mademoiselle Suzette was condemned to a month's imprisonment.

Madame Tibert (withdrawing)—Shan't I go and get servants at an agency office again. Oh, by no means!

ENSIGN PEPPER'S LETTERS FROM SEBASTOPOL.

The Rev. J. S. begs his respects to the editor of the *New Monthly*. He believes the accompanying letters will be the last he shall have it in his power to offer, which is to be regretted: for though the public (and the *New Monthly*) will probably feel the loss a gain, the Rev. J. S. considers that the sinful doings of these notorious young hypocrites, calling themselves officers, cannot be too widely and frequently exposed to the British nation.

Jecoliah Chapel, Clapham, October, 1855.

SEBASTOPOL, September, 1855.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—We are in at last. We are. After such a tussle for it that the world and I never saw. I hope you excused my writing to you last time (which was in July), but I was only recovering from a barbarous wound, and I told Aunt Priscilla to read you hers.

After that, dear sir, things went on pretty smoothly (with the exception of battles and sickness and their attendant funerals) till the beginning of this month, when it oozed out that we were to go in and have a grand fling at the town, hit or miss. The upshot of it is, that we have subdued Sebastopol, which is a heap of ruins, and have annihilated the Russian fleet, which is lying at the bottom of the sea, and are strutting about the town in peacocks' tails. I do not mean that we have really got those ornaments appended to our regimental skirts (for I don't know where the peacocks would have come from to supply them), but there's no other animal, foreign or domestic, that our gait and our proud feelings could be likened to, as we parade over the blackened ruins.

We began it on the 5th of September—the final assault: and the cannonading and bombarding that was hurled on to the Russians would have stricken the senses out of some of you City gentlemen, who never heard a bomb go off in your lives. It was awfully tremendous, and that's the truth, and it lasted for three days and nights. The final attack was to be made on the 8th. When we read the plans for it, which came out to us on the 7th, we were very considerably astonished; for they were identical with those issued for the battle of the 18th of June, when the French assaulted the Malakhof and we the Redan, and both of us got a licking, and I a broken head. So we made up our minds to another licking, and gentle opinions were ventured in camp that General Simpson might have shirked a repetition of the Redan business, and had a go at some less invincible point of attack. You of course know what the Redan is like, with the approaches to it, for I described it in my last letter to Aunt Priscilla. The approaches got worse after I wrote, especially in odour, and all the churchyards in London could not above furnish its type now.

Saturday, the 8th of September, rose, I wish I could say promisingly. But it was rascally cold and squally, and the wind was tearing away like a foreign hurricane, whirling clouds of flinty gravel into our eyes. Many a brave fellow had to turn back that day from temporary blindness. The time fixed on for the assault was twelve o'clock, it being known that the Russians were usually indulged with a nap after their dinner, and we hoped to catch them "napping." Between ten and eleven our Second and Light Divisions were quietly marched down to the trenches to wait

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the signal for the scrimmage. Very few of us were marked out to take part in it, and that did not please again. "Fatal error," they called out, "to send fifteen hundred men to do the work of twenty thousand!"—which was excessively ungrateful to General Simpson. He knew that all the attacking party would be spifficated (Irish word for shot and spiked), so had humanely curtailed the numbers. What else would they have? Our gallant commanders posted themselves in the trenches, and watched the attack out of harm's way, as it is the new-fashioned duty of brave British commanders to do. The general-in-chief sat there, with his knees and chin drawn up together for several mortal hours. He was entirely enveloped in a dark, warm covering, which, when the wind took inside (and it was always taking it) swelled out, and made him look like a fat round engine-boiler. He had his nose pushed out, and a hole for his eyes, the latter fixed on the Redan, and the former standing the cold as well as it could. Sir Harry Jones had sported a red nightcap, and showed out very charming in it, but he was in a litter all the time, too ill to move, so it was really brave of him to be there at all; and Sir Richard Airey, being a martyr to toothache, had tied up his head and face in a big white tablecloth. What with the white cloth and the red nightcap and the floating-out blue boiler, you can't think how plucky these three martial warriors of ours appeared, and I hope a picture will be taken of them just as they looked, sitting there in the trenches while we were trying to take Sebastopol.

The French (as on the 18th of June) were to lead the attack, and a few minutes before twelve they stole forth on to the Malakhof in thousands. They had about thirty thousand engaged in the work of the day, which we can't deny is something like, when you are trying to take an impregnable stronghold. As ants in their busy work creep up their ant-hill, never tiring, never flagging, one swarm following another in countless hordes, so did the French press forwards over their bridge of planks, through their flying-sap (if you know what that is) which they had constructed in all haste, and climb up the Malakhof. Most practical strategists are these French in war; they were separated from the Malakhof by only a few yards of ground, the width of a good street, and they pushed into its embrasures by thousands, and posted the tricolor on the tower. "Vive l'Empereur!" they shouted, and the Russians woke up from their unconscious sleep and found their stronghold gone. Then arose a yell and a struggle which lasted many hours: French fighting hand to hand with Russians, and Russians with French, for possession of the Malakhof. Our brave allies fought and fell like soldiers, but they kept their victory; and at dark the Russian commander gave in. "Vivent les Français!" I hope you'll drink it in champagne over your dessert the day you get this, and please let Jessie have a full glass (without froth) to drink it too. But now for what we did.

As soon as the French flag waved from the parapet of the Malakhof, up went some sky-rockets (having a fight with the wind for it), and that was our signal for commencing. I have told you the French had thirty thousand men engaged in the attack, and I don't think we had two thousand, including the reserves, which did not come up; so we did what we could, and let alone what we couldn't. In the first place, you must understand, we had a difficulty to contend with which the French had not.

Ever since the disastrous attempt on the 18th of June, the French had been industriously advancing themselves on to the Malakhof, and had actually brought their approach to within fifteen yards of it. We had looked at the ground between us and the Redan, and *thought* about it. So that while they were close to their work we had to storm from the old parallel—the fifth. I can't tell you precisely how far we were off the Redan, but enough to blow and wind us before reaching it, and to thin our ranks also, for the enemy's shot and shell (they had awakened to their danger then) were giving us pepper all the way. The officer who may be said to have stood in the place of our first commanders in this attack was Lieutenant-Colonel Windham. He performed prodigies of valour, and was one of the first to get into the Redan. Numbers of our ranks who started bravely from the trenches never got to the ditch at the foot of the Redan, for they fell dead under the crashing fire of the enemy: and by those who reached the ditch the scaling ladders were found to be too short and too few. Forty were ordered for the attack, and seven came: nobody responsible, of course. We scrambled up how we could, and got upon the parapet, and the enemy, screened behind their breastworks, fired on to us. A panic seized our men: in vain our officers (those who had not been struck dead) cheered and rallied them on: instead of bearing forward and charging the enemy with the bayonet, they held back and fired off their muskets. Don't call them cowards, if you please, dear sir; they were not cowards. But they remembered the last fatal assault on the Redan (when I was so nearly done for); they also believed the Redan was undermined, and would be blown up the minute they got in; and they knew, besides, they were too few to do any good, that they would be cut up to nothing amidst the heaps of Russians. Some, in the powerful spirit of obedience, followed their officers to the front, and met their fate. But they had a furious struggle for it, meeting hand to hand and bayonet to bayonet. The Russians were on to us in thousands: those who were repulsed by the French from the Malakhof came rushing to the Redan, and vented their fury upon us. The slaughter was awful. I never saw such. The British were shot, bayoneted, and pushed over into the ditch at the bottom. I'm blest if anybody in England ever saw such a scene as that ditch. The fellows were lying in it six deep. A layer of live, and a layer of dead, and a layer of wounded, and a layer of dying, and a layer of smothered, and a layer of whole ones in a passion, and bayonets sticking up through some, and rifles going off; and so on again in more layers, all shrieking and howling: and bombs whizzing, and shells exploding, and the Russians pitching in shot and grape, and stones and hatchets, and other unpleasant implements. Fancy being pitched backwards by a Russian shot into that ditch, and falling into a bleeding and dead man's arms, or on to the point of a bayonet! One of my friends, Ensign Wadborough, who was turned clean over into it, bit half his tongue off with the fall. He thought he was dead at first, and had sunk into the bottomless pit—the one of Mr. Straithorn's sermons, tell Aunt Priscilla. For it was not only the agony of his tongue (besides swallowing the piece, which has never been found) and the shock of not knowing where he was dropping to, and the suspension of his breath; for it was full five-and-twenty feet, and that his ears sank bang into a dreadful chorus of sounds, groans and screams, and wails and prayers; but

one laid hold of his feet, and another of his hands, and several of his legs, and two of his waist, all unfortunate wounded fellows who could not get out for themselves, so wanted Wadborough to drag them out. Well, of course he could not do it, he could not do anything with such a mass hanging to him, and he could not swear at them (I mean expostulate : these are the rummest pens !—while we are spelling one word, they go and write another) because his tongue was gone ; so all he could do was to kick his legs and arms out, and shake them off, and roll himself out of the ditch, and scamper back to the trenches. His tongue's healing now, but he will never talk plainly again. It's the queerest lingo, and when he goes home will pass very well, with his friends, for Russian. Tubbs suggested this to him, so now he's rather vain of it.

Colonel Windham was in the Redan all this time, and nearly all the officers in command of parties, except him, had fallen. Such a scene of confusion ! Men were rushing about to find their officers, and the few officers left called and shouted in vain for their men. Windham was the only brigadier unwounded, and he seemed to bear a charmed life. All his efforts (and none can imagine his exertions and bravery, that day, who did not witness them) were useless. No sooner did he rally his soldiers and bring them on to charge the Russians, than they were shot, slain, or pitched over into that big grinning ditch. Three several times did he send to Sir Edward Codrington, who was taking it easily in the trenches, saying he *must* have support, and still none came. He knew afterwards, that of his three different messengers all were shot down before they could reach Sir Edward. Most of the officers who stuck by Colonel Windham (and I'm proud to tell you I was one) got rewarded for it by death. The worst that happened to me was a somerset at the heels of Wadborough, only escaping, by an inch, being spiked on a bayonet, and lots more came smothering in atop of me, some dead and some kicking. How long I floundered about I don't know, but my hips and sides were blue the next day with the bruises. Meanwhile, whether our mild old generals had gone to sleep with the cold and the watching, as they sat in the trenches, or whether they shrank from risking more men, we don't know (and it's not from want of discussing it over amongst ourselves), but no reserves came up, and Colonel Windham grew desperate—desperate for the fate of the doomed few whom he had led to the Redan, and who were falling rapidly around him. He saw there was nothing for it but to go himself after reinforcements, and he went. Not a bullet grazed him, not a shot struck him, though they were falling around him in showers, as he made his way to General Codrington. He urged the necessity of instant and powerful reinforcements, if they would take the Redan, or even succour the helpless soldiers already in it. It is whispered, here, that Sir Edward hesitated, that he had lost heart and presence of mind, and was for giving up the affair as a bad job. And Colonel Windham saw that it was too late, for even at that moment the English were seen abandoning the Redan, rushing headlong down its sides and parapets. It was just before this that I had recovered my tumble, and was climbing up the Redan again, from the ditch. Thousands of Russians were upon us ; they had come swarming up from the Malakhof, and our men, unable to cope with the numbers, had turned. The fighting at this moment was awful, but the struggle short. Shot

and shell, grape and bullets, were descending on our heads, Russians and English were kicking and bayoneting each other, and falling, covered with blood and struggling still, into the ditch below. Those of us who could scramble out of it, did, and got back to camp, leaving the Russians in possession of their Redan, pointing at us and crowing over our defeat. I'll be roasted if I don't wish those who invented battles had had to do the fighting of this one! General Pelissier observed our confusion through his glass, and sent to ask General Simpson if he intended to attack again? No, he didn't, our chief responded; and we imagine that he had turned sulky from having exposed, and lost, so many lives in a hopeless attack. As if he could not have read a lesson from the 18th of June, when Lord Raglan made the same mistake! By the way, the Duke of Newcastle was here, and looking on. I wonder what he thought of the battle!

Now all this struggle did not last two hours, and in that short period we lost more men, killed and wounded, than had fallen all day at Inkerman. And to no purpose, for it did not advance us one inch into Sebastopol. Night came, and those who could go to rest went; and those who had to go to the trenches, went. But we first talked over the day's work, and were all as savage as baited bulls. The French had been led on gallantly and in ample numbers, and were crowned with victory, as they deserved; whilst we—— My! couldn't we have done something desperate that night, if we had known who to vent our rage upon!

I was in the trench lot, which is the sort of luck I always am in, and went down, and prowled about the everlasting plague-spots. About one or two in the morning Ensign Young came along.

"I say, Pepper," said he, "what will you bet the Russes are sneaking out of Sebastopol?"

"Don't care a da——" it's "dandelion," I was going to write—"whether they are or not," I said, for I felt regularly cowed down; "we have had a try at ousting them, and *can't*, and the French will cock it over us for the future." But I as much believed the Russians were sneaking out of Sebastopol as that I was sneaking into it.

"They have abandoned the Redan," whispered Young, "and that looks like it. Some of the men of my Division" (the Light) "noticed that it was strangely silent, and they could not make it out. So about an hour ago they groped their way up—we are venturesome fellows, you know, Pepper—and there's not a soul in it but the dead and wounded; nobody left to attend to them, and nothing to be heard but groans, and corpses hooking it."

"Oh, hang it, Young," I said (for we ensigns are very polite to each other, dear sir, and never make use of an improper word; nothing stronger than "hang"), "don't come with such flam here. As if the enemy would abandon what we have been trying so hard to take!"

Before the words were out of my mouth, we both saw flames shooting up from two separate parts of Sebastopol. And from that time till the dawn of morning, they kept blazing out in fresh places, for the Russians had fired their town. The houses were hid in the fire and smoke, and batteries and forts went exploding up into the air, with a force that shook our trenches. It was *wonderfully* true: the Russians were

abandoning Sebastopol. There was a floating bridge, which separated the north from the south side, and over this they were pouring, in dark, silent, compact masses. When the hours of daylight came, and we had time to look about us, we found that the south side of Sebastopol was ours; that all the enemy's sailing vessels (not the steamers) had been scuttled and sunk; and that the enemy were congregated on the north side, and had destroyed their bridge. If anybody growls out, Why didn't we rush on to them, and stop their escape? perhaps you'll ask him how he would like to go into a blowing-up and exploding town, and be made a gratuitous sky-rocket of. Some of the mines were laid with fifteen hundred kilogrammes of powder, and every kilogramme weighs two pounds, and they kept bursting off all day on the Sunday and Monday. Who was going to risk being sent up to heaven like that?

Our camp could not believe it. They had gone to bed with their ears down, as they growled, like caged bears, at the strong city before them, into which they had not got, and they woke up to find themselves conquerors, and the fair city their lawful prey. It was like waking up from some improbable but glorious dream, and finding it realised. We were as mad as March hares that morning—a mixed madness. Of joy, that the long-fought-for place was ours, and of shame, that we had not borne an equal hand in the final victory. The French went in, and got all the plunder; our fellows were kept back, and got none, which they won't forgive in a hurry. But some of the French paid for it with their lives, by getting on the mines. It's no joke, I can assure you, to be exploded into the air, for, allowing you escape with life, you come down with such force that you sink plump in the earth, as high as the chin, and there you stick, heads out, like so many cabbages growing, till somebody comes and digs you up.

On the Monday night we had a repetition of the great storm of the 14th of last November. Thunder and lightning burst over the camp, worse than the worst bomb-shelling, and the rain deluged down in raging waterspouts. Our tents were blown to the earth with the violence of the wind, and we had to swim about for our lives. It certainly helped to quench the burning houses in Sebastopol; but you, who have got England, safe and serene, to live in, and secure dwellings that don't topple over with wind or float about in storms, may write yourselves lucky.

They are great stupid dogs-in-the-manger, though, these Russians! Fancy their setting fire to all their steamers, which they did on the night of Tuesday. It was something grand to watch them burning. We had pointed some guns on to them in the afternoon, and hailed them a bit, and that night the Russians turned incendiaries, and finished our work for us. We saw the steamers burst out, one after the other, into brilliant flames, and burn away to their own destruction. Masts, spars, yards, rigging, all grew into one huge mass of fire, illuminating the horizon, and lighting up the faces of the Russians, who stood on the opposite cliff, watching the game. Now a shower of brilliant sparks would tower up, now some crackling brands would fall flaming down, now the ship guns would explode, as the fire reached them, with a terrific noise; and then, last scene of all, the burning hulls settled down for ever into the hissing waters.

So that's how it comes we are in Sebastopol, and we are all writing

home to our revered parents and guardians, proud to be able to give them the long-awaited-for news. It is built upon three hills, covering one of them entirely, the others partially; and a series of small hills surround the city, beginning at the Malakhof Tower. The harbour is quite a mile in width. But my next letter must contain a description of the town, this one is already so long. Kind love to Aunt Priscilla, compliments to the Reverend, when you see him, a kiss to Jennie, and believe me, dear sir,

Very dutifully yours,

THOMAS PEPPER.

Stronghold of the Russians, September, 1855.

HURRAH, Gus! we've gone and done it. Sebastopol's ours. It's as true as that you are alive. And poor Gill not here to see it! The French got the Malakhof, and with that fell Sebastopol. I blush to say that we did not help at its final taking, and we need not think to go and boast that we did. We had a try at the Redan again, and got repulsed from it, and lost our men in thousands. The French are polite over it, to our faces, praising up our bravery, and we thank them, and sneak off like dogs with burnt tails.

I'm not going to tell you about the battle. I don't know any more of the day's details, save just where I was myself, than the man in the moon; and probably not half so much, if he was looking down. In writing home the news to our slow old coaches of governors, which of course we are obliged to do, we ask each other particulars—what So-and-So did—and whether such-and-such a squib's true—so that our accounts will necessarily be much alike. We made a mull of it, as usual;—that is, our commanders did for us, and there's one universal, suppressed question throughout the camp—How much longer are we going to be humbugged? The French had 30,000 men to their attack, and we not 2000, many of whom could not be called soldiers. They had recently landed in the Crimea, lads, who never knew what fighting was, and were likely to do no more good in such an attack than so many hen-turkeys, and of course our slaughter was shameful. If the dead made a practice of coming back again as ghosts, like Big Gill's did, what a crowd our generals might expect to collect round their beds at night, and blow up for having been despatched wantonly out of the world! I know one fact, that the Light Division gets in for it always: it dropped its thousand at Alma, and you remember what it lost at Inkerman, and now eleven hundred, seventy-five of them officers. To give you only the initials of all who have fallen in this last battle, would wear these two blessed old stumps of pens of mine down to the feathers.

Well, at any rate, we are in Sebastopol, and it's a mass of ruins; not quite destroyed, but enough to damage its beauty and usefulness. It was a pretty town, the best of the edifices built of what looks like white marble, but it's a soft sort of stone. Some of the buildings have been beautiful, and one church is magnificent: Tubbs says it's St. Catherine, but I don't know. Grass grows in some of the streets, and in some you can't see the houses, only dead walls on each side. Many of the houses are roofed-in with tin. There seems to be scarcely any wood used in the construction of their buildings: a good thing for them, or our

would have blazed them up long ago. It has been regularly riddled with shot. Some of the houses are without roofs, others without ground-floors; some have the outside walls gone, and a few nothing left but the chimneys. The town must have been music mad, for the stock of pianos we have come upon is amazing. Most of them are now minus the wires, but they do sit upon and batter up for firewood. Heaps of furniture lie about, but it's very treacherous, for there's scarcely an article of it that will stand on its legs. I got into a wide, handsome, secure-looking mahogany bed, thinking to enjoy a snooze, and down clanked the frame, and let me on to the floor. Some of the furniture, perfectly new, was made of the rarest of woods, but a hundred years behind ours in its style. The crack part of the town must have been between the Malakhof and Garden Batteries, for the buildings here were of a fine style of architecture, many in the course of completion. The hall of justice is very fine, and almost untouched: it is situated on the highest eminence of the town, and the view from it is truly wonderful. We were perpetually stumbling over decomposing bodies, in the houses, the wounded Russians having apparently crept into any empty place to die. The strength of the town is *incredible*, and the marvel is, how the enemy could ever have abandoned it. If we had been in possession of such a fortified city, we might have defied the Russians, with their friend Old Nick to back them, and kept them out for a thousand years. In the Malakhof, and other places, the Russians had built bomb-proof caves underground, where they used to retire for sleep and safety, and to which no besieging guns could ever penetrate.

We saw something worse than battered furniture and pianos—battered bodies. The ditch before the Redan was chock-full of them, mostly English, and on the sides they were strewed as thick as apples in an orchard. They are shovelled on to those in the ditch and covered over now, not to be disturbed till the Last Day. British soldier and Russian lay together, locked in the death embrace of enmity, their fierce features betraying their mortal hatred, and their limbs stiffened as they fell, in the rummest forms. Some few were alive still, like I was, when they found me after that wretched spell in a neighbouring hole. From the Malakhof on to the Little Redan, from which the French were repulsed, the stiff ones lay in shoals. I can tell you it was a sickening sight. Decent corpses, such as you meet in England, and only die in their beds, would be nothing of a shock to us Crimean heroes; but when you come to walk upon detached limbs and gaping wounds, and ghastly faces, all green and blue, and pools of the dark crimson stream, and clouds of flies, buzzing and settling, and little worms crawling about, that's enough to spoil even a soldier's dinner. The most awful sight, though, was the Russian hospital. I went to it with Tubbs, and it turned us both up; so you may guess what it was, for we fellows are not nice, and can stand most things. I shall never forget it, if I live to be twice as old as the governor. It was in Fort Paul, inside the dockyard buildings: a long room, very low and arched at the top, with no glass in the windows, only frames. I hate to describe it; I *can't* describe it, faithfully; though it's not from want of recollection. Some were dead, and a mass of corruption; and some were dying, and being eaten beforehand; and some were alive, helplessly watching these horrors; and, when the English first went in, they screamed out to be taken away, or to be

killed as they lay there. Some were on the floor, some on tressled bedsteads, some under the bedsteads, long dead, just dead, dying, and wounded, all rolling together, in contagious contact. Some had got their flesh scorched off their bones, some were torn in every limb, and many had their shattered bones sticking up through the flesh, and they still alive! The expression on their faces was frightful to behold, the savage looks, the staring eyes, the glaring, as of madness, on the whole countenance. And the groans of agony!—the shrieking moan for help, the reiterated prayer to God for death. Ugh! I and Tubbs tumbled out over each other as fast as we could go, but the noisome atmosphere took our sight away. Some poor wretches of English were amongst them, who had been taken prisoners. But what cruel cannibals these Russians must be, to abandon their own wounded to a slow and horrible death! If they could not carry away men with shattered limbs, they might have left surgeons to attend to them and give them food and water. Did they fear we English and French would eat their surgeons? No, there's not a fellow of us but would have respected and aided them. Some of the dead had swollen as big and round as Simpson looked in his blue cloak, their eyes starting out of the sockets, like balls, and their tongues the size of seven, and hanging down, all black. There were several rooms full of these horrors, but I and Tubbs had quite enough of this one. I know this, it's a blessed war—or the other thing.

We are like a child with a new plaything now we have got Sebastopol—don't know what to do with it. Our ardour has cooled down amazingly. As to what is to be our next move, we are in total ignorance, and we don't think our generals know themselves. Colonel Windham commands the English in Sebastopol, as he deserves. By Jove! if we had attacked, that day, with a few commanders like him, and some old, tried regiments, who are really soldiers, and sufficient of them, we should have kept the Redan, and no mistake. Old Gum gave way to an explosion of wrath over it on the evening of the 8th, and wondered how far they'd go on, playing the fool with the British army—that if they couldn't give it efficient heads, they had better disband it at once. He did, Gus, and he can't deny it, Jenkins heard him. Would you ever credit it, old fellow, that the chief of our generals pitched themselves in the trenches all that day, and sat down and never stirred, with sheets and things wrapped round their heads because the wind was cold? Our ranks are outrageous, and say their leaders are not worth a Russian button. They see what General Pelissier is, and they draw comparisons.

That we British are foaming over with discontent and vexation will not be much longer disguised. Our reputation, as the bravest soldiers in the world, is leaving us. To what use all our energy and exertion, our pluck and endurance, when, owing to one failure or another, carelessness here, neglect there, injustice in high quarters, and wretched incompetency, we are becoming a by-word? We feel ourselves lowered in the eyes of our allies, and are growing intolerably disgusted. Our men, also, are losing confidence, and with it their disciplined spirit of obedience.

There's another thing, while I am on the subject of grievances, and that is, the bad feeling that exists between our soldiers and the French. I don't believe it is known in England, for we officers all keep it as dark as we can, so mind you are not the first to split. Nevertheless, the fact

is so, and it has been much augmented since our failure at the Redan. The French think we have no right in Sebastopol. I am telling you nothing but truth, and if other accounts differ from mine, they are not true ones. When Sebastopol was first taken, the French would not allow us to go through their lines; and after we took possession, we would not suffer a Frenchman to come near our side of the town.

Our men are inquiring how it was they were not allowed to share in the plunder: *whether it was not in consequence of an intimation to General Simpson from the commander-in-chief*, that as they took the town, they alone had a right to the spoils? A young naval officer rode up here from Balaklava to have a look at the place. It was on the 16th, just a week after we had taken it. He came through the camps, down the Valley of Death, round Green Hill Battery, and so on, past the Redan, into the town. As he was near head-quarters, on his ride, he observed the spring, where we have sunk some eight or ten barrels for the watering of our horses, and he rode up to let his horse drink. One of our fellows was on guard there, wrapped up in his cloak, and sitting down. The young officer was turning away, when a French soldier came up on a wearied mule, which was also laden with two sacks of barley, and rode him up to the spring. Up jumped the sentinel with frantic gestures, and drove the Frenchman and his mule away. "Frongsay no drink here! Frongsay no drink here!" he called out, and the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and turned away his thirsty and unwilling mule. "What's that for?" asked the English officer of the guard. "We have strict orders to let none but our own horses drink here, sir," he replied—"none belonging to the French." I heard the officer relate this, and he remarked that it struck him as being scarcely the sort of conduct one ally ought to observe to another. It struck us the same, but we could have told him more than he told us. The soldiers often quarrel in the canteens, too, especially the rival guards, calling each other the most outrageous names, which of course neither side can understand, and ending with blackened eyes on both.

As to the trenches, that we have all sworn at in such deadly wrath, and gone and died in, they are being filled up; and now that their eternal labour has ceased, we are rather at a loss what to do with ourselves. Now and then a bomb from the north side, where the enemy has securely entrenched himself, comes exploding into the midst of us as we stand talking in the blackened streets, and we send him one back again. We can't set on and shot-and-shell each other as we did before, for we are too far apart, and there are natural obstacles besides, in the shape of an arm of the sea and a high perpendicular wall, or rock, which intervene, so we find very little diversion. We shoot at the cats, and get screwed. Sebastopol abounds in cats, and they have opened several drinking shops—our men, I mean, not the cats. I got Tubbs to sell me that guinea-pig I told you of. One day he was hard up for a smoke, and I had a dozen prime Manillas, so we made a chaffer: he got half the Manillas and I the guinea-pig. It's gone now, and joy go with it. It was always getting out of the tent, and I didn't know where to keep it, and lost it twice, so I was growing precious sick of it. I thought of killing it for a supper jollification, for it was given to stuffing, and had got as fat as butter. But when the French came into our camp to sell

their plunder, after rummaging Sebastopol, one of them had got a picture, such a clincher, the very model of that scene I went to at Constantinople, the Valley of Sweet Waters. I'm sure it was taken from it. Such a stunning group of women! And there was one girl I could swear to, for I remember her black eyes and the look she gave me. I was wild to possess that picture, and the French fellow—I think he was a drummer—caught sight of my guinea-pig, and took it up, and asked what I'd sell it for. So I said the picture. The fellow stared at me, and then danced, and then exploded off in *sacres*, and then suddenly pulled down my head and kissed me on both cheeks (before I was aware what he was after, the hideous calf), and finally rushed away with the guinea-pig as if he feared I might repent of my bargain. It is such a lovely face, Gus. Boast about Fanny Green's! she's not fit to hold a candle to this darling Circassian. But black eyes are worth ten pair of her insipid blue ones any day. I know I wish I could hunt out the original: F. G. might go to the arms of a Turk for me, or into the long ones of that lanky Lincoln's Inn muff.

I'm going to put a note for her inside yours, so mind you smuggle it to her.

Yours, old chap,
TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkman, Esquire, Junior.

Sebastopol and Victory, September, 1855.

MY DARLING FANNY,—You've got a hero at last, for I have taken Sebastopol. I did it; that is, I chiefly contributed to the glorious capture. Our renowned generals have the most gratifying confidence in me, and while I rushed forward, sword in hand, with my martial and intrepid knot of men, and stormed the Great Redan (the enemy's stronghold), they sat in the trenches, taking it coolly, in red and white night-caps. We have accomplished it in style: I was determined the thing should not be done by halves when we did take it, and I believe I told you so in a former letter. We pitched the Russians down from their strong forts, and chased them out of the town (across a floating bridge, which they sneaked over in the dark night, and then drew it after them), and we slew their men, and buried their dead, and captured their guns, and took possession of their houses, and all the pianos, grand, and upright, and cabinet, and scuttled their vessels, and fired their steamers, and taught them what British valour was made of. So here we are, masters of Sebastopol, lording it over its great forts, and up and down its streets, our coats emblazoned with stars, and garters, and crosses, which have come out to us by the telegraph, and finished off with peacocks' plumes. I could send you lots of trophies; only the telegraph won't convey them. One was a guinea-pig—to purchase which for you I sacrificed a great treasure. As the telegraph behaved rusty about it, I was waiting for some sick fellow who would take charge of it to Kensington. Well, if you'll believe me, the sagacious animal pined away because he didn't set off (so much had I talked to him about you), and got at last so thin that he wasn't worth it. So I chaffered him away with a French gentleman for a picture, a spoil out of Sebastopol. Now do you know why I bought

this picture ? Because there was a lovely face in it the very image of yours, only that the eyes were dark, which was nothing, and I lost my heart to it like I lost it before to you. I drove a nail into the pole of the tent and hung it up, and used to look at it and think of you, as I shall again when I get back to camp, if no villain has been and prigged it.

I hope I shall come home to you entire ; that is to say, with all my members on me ; but the chances are against it. For detached legs and wings are so plentiful here, that we think of setting up a fair of them. A fellow who gets up whole in the morning may be in three pieces before night, and thinks himself lucky if not in six. You have no doubt heard from Spark of the miserable pickle I fell into—though the fellow stupidly persists that he has had none of my letters. On the 18th of June we were attacking the Great Redan—which infernal place (excuse hard names) has cost us more lives than Badajoz ever did—and I was performing feats of valour, unequalled since the Crusades, and cheering on my men, when a Russian despot, marking out me and my efforts, took murderous aim, and shot me down, sick. It was on the cheek, and my whiskers were taken off (the finest coal-black pair in our division, silky without pomatum, and curled without the tongs), and the senses were knocked out of my head, and I into a grave-hole. I lay there for five-and-thirty hours, stone dead, and dreaming a horrid nightmare ; and that I was not buried for good, is thanks to Tubbs, who came and found me. Then I had a fever, and the surgeon told me afterwards he thought I should have hooked it. That I recovered was entirely owing to my dreams of you, which kept me alive : but it's quite uncertain whether my whiskers will come again, having been removed by fire and violence.

You will hold yourself two inches higher when I tell you of the deference paid to me and my opinions. More than twelve months ago, I suggested that the Duke of Newcastle (he was then premier, or something as good) should come out and judge for himself of the plight we were in, for his grace doubted it, and insisted that we had an unlimited supply of fowls and butter. Well, his grace came—though he has been rather long about it—and he was here, and looking on while we took Sebastopol, looking at me. It's a pity, but he has arrived at the wrong time. Had he come some months ago, he would have found us skeletons of famine, with bears' heads and wild Indian bodies, the first covered with a tangled mass of hair, and the last with nothing ; but coming, as he has, now, he won't believe in our privations. I don't want to be a crow of ill omen, but an opinion is gaining ground here, that next winter will be a repetition of last : for our warm clothing is gone to shreds, with the dry rot ; and as to provisions, there's no efficient road being made up to camp from Balaklava. But this glorious taking of Sebastopol may reform everything. I can tell you it was not taken without a struggle ; and the Duke of Newcastle can confirm that, if you'd like to call upon him when he gets back. He's not a bad-looking fellow, but he's over forty. Bullets and shells, and grape and canister, and bombs and slugs, and granite and hatchets, and other missiles rained over us thick as cats and dogs, taking the shine out of our lives, and hurling us down the sides of the Redan into a bottomless yawning ditch, where we pitched on to the points of bayonets. If you'll give a dig into that live cheese your papa

is so fond of devouring, and watch the natives in it, struggling and rolling on each other, you'll be able to give a guess how it fared with us in the ditch; not to speak of the rifles which went off through us when we fell on them. The mines we came upon, on the enemy's ground, were also cruel, and sprang off with our weight, sending us into the air out of sight, and the ground opening, and letting us in, when we came down again. I won't enlarge upon the other horrors: the heads without bodies, and the bodies without heads, and the limbs that were soaring about to find their owners, and the sockets that were shrieking out for their severed legs and wings, or on the festering corpses, or on the departing wretches bleeding to death, but you may thank your stars that you were born a girl, and will never have to come in contact with these dark spectacles. Some women were here, though. Lieutenant-Colonel Handcock's wife was looking on at the battle, and she saw her husband, to whom she had just wished good luck, brought back to her with a bullet in him, and knew she was a widow. Well, we braved all these dangers and horrors, and got in. I only wish her most gracious Majesty had been looking on from some safe place: I think she would have said that we, who did the fighting, deserved reward as much, and perhaps more, than our great generals, who stopped airing themselves in the trenches. But never mind, my dear; if our virtues and our merits are overlooked, now we are ensigns, I mean to have a field-marshal's bâton before I have done, and make you Mrs. Field-Marshal; so you'd better set on and pray for me, that no envious bullet may stop so promising a career.

You have never come out as nurse, and now the fashion for doing so has a little subsided. If it comes in again, I will let you know; but many of the young ladies thought they had got enough, and cut it. Some are up at Balaklava, but they are not so pretty as you, for they are mostly from the London hospitals, and are very fat, and look over fifty, besides living upon schiedam and violets—which is our polite name, out here, for Spanish onions. As if we fastidious officers wanted them! Miss Nightingale came up there in the summer, and was taken ill. The sick fellows never hear *her* name but they say "God bless her!"

I send you a little blue flower I plucked out of a garden in Sebastopol. It's not unlike a forget-me-not, you see. Let it be a forget-me-not to you, and believe me, my dear,

Your very martial and constant

TOM.

Miss Fanny Green, Kensington.

MR. AUGUSTUS SPARKINSON,—Oh you sneak! Oh you vampire! Oh you wolf in sheep's wool! Oh you big imp of Pluto! Will you dare to look me in the face again, I wonder, if ever I get back, after what you have not been ashamed to do? I swear I'd rather be shot—I'd rather be skinned alive by a Russian—I'd rather *turn* Russian, than be what you have turned out to be—a despicable, wicked, sneaking spy! You thought you should not get shown up, eh—you in London, and I all the way off in the Crimea? But you *are*.

I had just put my batch of letters into the post (and I have been to try and get them back again, but I can't, so they must go), when a

brother officer, Lieutenant Mitchell, who has just come out from home and joined, asked me whether they were my letters which were appearing in a noted London periodical. *My* letters! I laughed at him. But when he came to speak of some things in them, and the names, yours, and F. G.'s, and Aunt Pris's, and Jessie's, and all the rest, I saw I had been betrayed, and felt my face and skin and hair go all over into a cold sweat, and I wished a mine would explode just then under Sebastopol, and blow me and all my superior officers up together. I stood it out, to Mitchell, that they were not mine—must have been from some "Pepper" who, it was to be hoped, had fallen in the Redan—for if it were really to come out here that I had been letting off the truth about things in the Crimea, the camp would send me to Coventry, and Gum would get me cashiered.

Now, Gus, this is awful. It can be nobody but you : my old governor's too strict and proud to send letters on the sly to a Magazine, and Aunt Pris has not got the pluck, and F. G. would not do it for her own sake. I should not so much care if it were only what I've said about the management and short-comings in the Crimea (provided it's kept dark in the camp), for every word of that's the blessed truth, and not a fellow out here but could bear testimony, if he dared, that I have not exaggerated. No, it's not that part; but look at the life I shall lead when I come home amongst you all. Why, I have called the governor a humbug!—and Aunt Pris an old maid, and said I thought the Reverend was trying to hook it on to her!—and betrayed to F. G.'s face that my love-making is half sham, and that I'd prefer an Eastern girl!—and let out about what we ensigns do, the smoking and the swearing, and the swigging, and all the rest of it!—and have given my opinion about old Straithorn—

Step a bit. A thought strikes me. Can it be Straithorn himself who is the traitor? But how can he have got hold of my letters—unless he has come the dodge over Aunt Priscilla? May I be shot if I don't think it's likely. Anything that's cowardly and sneaking is in his line, and I can hardly think, Gus, that you'd turn on me, after the close chums we have been. If I were sure of this, I'd get leave on purpose to come home and pommel him. I'd go into him some Friday evening at his prayer-meeting before all his flock (a nice shepherd they have got!), and I'd pound him to a jelly. I'd never leave off till his face was the colour of my regimentals with shame, and he confessed and howled for quarter. If it is so, Aunt Pris must have known something of it, and I wonder what she thinks of herself? And the Editor of this far-famed periodical (whom I have not the pleasure of knowing—wish I had!), I wonder what he thinks of *himself*? Whether he thinks it an honourable thing to go in league with the relations of an absent, innocent, undefended, ill-used ensign, and publish letters that he wrote in unsuspecting confidence, and in the intervals of engagements with his country's enemies, in which he is wearing out his bones and blood and sinews?

You'll get no more letters from me, whoever has done it, and I desire to have satisfaction from some of you. So let it come.

TOM PEPPER.

MY EXILE IN SIBERIA.

It will probably be within the memory of our readers that, some months back, we introduced to their notice a very curious book, describing the adventures of a Russian banished to Siberia, with a promise that we would recur to the subject, whenever M. Herzen afforded us occasion so to do by the publication of a second volume. Since that period both volumes have appeared in an English garb,* and we hasten to redeem our pledge. But first a few words as to the author.

By the introductory memoir we find that M. Herzen is the son of a Russian merchant residing at Moscow, and that he was compelled by the incessant persecution of the Russian police, who justly suspected him of liberal tendencies, to apply for a passport to visit the German baths. This permission he determined to convert into voluntary expatriation, and, in spite of alternate persuasion and menaces, he has adhered to his resolution. Among the means resorted to to compel his return, we may cite the following: M. Herzen's mother had a considerable sum of money deposited in the Bank of Moscow. After his departure, the Emperor Nicholas prohibited the authorities of the bank delivering it to her, and it was only after a protracted correspondence that the firm of Rothschild succeeded, by menaces, in recovering it. Out of revenge, the government of Nicholas seized a sum of ten thousand francs which had been despatched to M. Herzen from Russia by his brother. It must not be forgotten that this took place after the revolution of 1848, at which M. Herzen "assisted" in Paris.

The impressions this, for a Russian, startling phenomenon produced on M. Herzen's mind he reproduced in a work entitled "Letters from France and Italy." This was followed by another remarkable book, called "Am anderen Ufer," which created an immense excitement in Germany, where it was originally published. The *coup d'état* in France for a while checked the sale of M. Herzen's works in that capital, but since the outbreak of the present war they have been permitted to make their reappearance.

On quitting France, M. Herzen came to England, where he has established the first free Russian printing-press. Two years have not yet elapsed, and already many thousand copies of M. Herzen's books have been introduced into Russia, partly by smuggling, partly by the assistance of the Polish republicans. It cannot be expected, of course, that they have had any great effect up to the present time, but we have no doubt that the seed thus sown will produce good fruit hereafter, and M. Herzen will thus become one of the most valuable of our allies—the more valuable because he asks no subsidy, but is contented with the modest proceeds of his literary labours. After these few introductory remarks we will take up our subject where we dropped it in July.

It will be remembered that M. Herzen was speeding homewards on the wings of hope, after being released from his uncomfortable quarters at Vladimir. At the beginning of the second volume occurs an *hiatus*

* My Exile in Siberia. By Alexander Herzen. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

valdè distendus, but from allusions in the text we are enabled to conclude that M. Herzen found a wife and connubial felicity in the frozen steppes of Siberia. After an introductory chapter, descriptive of the mode of thought among the young men at Moscow, and their propensity to philosophical quiddities, our author proceeds to Petersburg on business for his father, who dismissed him with the solemn warning, "Above all, be prudent. Petersburg is no longer what it was. Beware of every man, from the droschki driver to the persons you may happen to meet even at my friends'. Spies are in all ranks. Be warned." On arrival at Petersburg the warning was repeated.

When I reached my hotel, I found one of my cousins, who was already waiting for me. After having exchanged a few words, I, without much reflection, said something about the 26th of December and the Isaac's-place. "How is my uncle?" said my cousin. "How did you leave him?"—"Pretty well as usual, thank you!" I said. "He sends his best compliments." While I answered thus, my cousin, without betraying the least emotion in his features, telegraphed to me with his eyes a reproach, an advice, a warning. I followed his look, and saw a heater of the stove in *touloup*—that is to say, bound in Russian leather—occupied in lighting the fire. He was entirely absorbed in this task, making bellows of his lungs, and then went out of the room, leaving behind him a puddle of water, which had thawed and run off from his boots. Then my cousin began to chide me for my imprudence: "Why touch such a dangerous subject in the presence of the servant of an hotel, and, moreover, in the Russian language?" When he left me, he added that, in the same hotel, was a certain hair-dresser, a great gossip, and very fond of talking politics: "He used to come to every stranger, offering Muscovite pomades, hair-brushes, and I do not know what else. When I lived here, I bought some trifles of him, to get rid of him as soon as possible."—"And to reward him. But, by-the-by, the laundress: how is it with her? Does she also belong to the corps of gendarmes?"—"Laugh, laugh; you will be the first to regret it; you are just back from exile."

Soon after this, our author obtained an appointment in Count Strogoff's department, the Heraldic College. From this disagreeable employment, however, fate and Count Benkendorf speedily rescued him. At the commencement of December, M. Herzen's servant told him that he was "wanted" by a commissary of police. He could not guess what he wanted, so, as the speediest mode of discovering, he ordered him to be sent in. He produced a paper, stating that M. Herzen's company was requested the next morning in the third division of the Imperial Chancellerie. It was no trifle entering the house near the Chain-bridge, for people, once entering the back door, did not always go out of it again, or perhaps did so in order to set out for Siberia, or perish in the Alexei Ravelin. On being introduced to the commissary, M. Herzen discovered that his heinous crime consisted in having stated that a policeman had murdered a man in the night near the Blue-bridge. M. Herzen naturally replied that he had spoken the truth, but he soon found that the truth was not always to be spoken. He had dared to add a few commentaries touching the police system in general, and for that he must be punished. The sentence was that he should return to Viatka—no matter where his wife and child were, ill—the Emperor had remembered his name in connexion with a conspiracy—the direst of all offences—and his return to Siberia seemed inevitable. The following is our author's portrait of Count Benkendorf, a name even yet spoken with secret horror

by the Russians, not because the man himself was so terrible, but because he was the incarnation of a system, the most fearful gangrene in the state body of Russia :

At last the door opened wide, and Count Benkendorf entered the room. The exterior of the chief of the gendarmes had nothing bad about it, it was that of the majority of the nobility from the German provinces, and of the German aristocracy in general. His face was *cheffonné*, and worn out; he had a deceptively kind look, as is sometimes the case with pliant and apathetic people. I am willing to believe, especially on recollecting the insignificant expression of his countenance, that Benkendorf did not commit all the evil he might have done, as being the commander of that terrible police, which stands beside and beyond the law, and has the right to mingle in everything—but he did equally little good : he had neither energy, nor will, nor heart for that. The not saying a word in defence of the oppressed is also a crime, in the service of cold and unmerciful men like Nicholas. How many innocent victims have passed through Benkendorf's hands ! how many have been ruined by him, from mere inattention and forgetfulness ! for he was always occupied with love affairs ; and how many gloomy images and heavy recollections may have wandered through his head, and tormented him on board the steamer, where he, prematurely worn out and grown old, sought, by change of religion, the intercession of the Catholic Church, and its all-pardoning indulgence, between his conscience and heaven.

Fortunately for M. Herzen he possessed a very powerful protector in the shape of a lady—of seventy years of age—whose friendship for his father dated from time immemorial. He made her acquaintance at the court of the Empress Catherine II. At a later date they met in Paris, travelled some time together, and came home at last to repose themselves about thirty years back.

Thiers, in his history of the "Consulate," relates rather minutely, and with truth, the assassination of the Emperor Paul. In this recital he twice mentions a lady, the sister of Count Luboff, the last favourite of the Empress Catherine II. Uncommonly beautiful, the young widow of a general (who, if I mistake not, was killed in battle), of an active and passionate nature, spoiled by her position, endowed with an extraordinary intellect and a manly character, she became the centre of the malcontents at that time of the savage and insane government of Paul I. Her house was the rendezvous of the conspirators ; she instigated them ; she was the medium of all the communications with the English embassy. At last, the police became suspicious ; but, warned in time, perhaps by Count Pahlen himself, she had time to escape over the frontier. In the mean time the conspiracy ripened, and she received the news of the death of Paul whilst she was dancing at a ball, at the court of the King of Prussia. Without in the least concealing her joy, she loudly proclaimed the auspicious event. The king was scandalised, and sent her off within twenty-four hours from Berlin. She went to England. Brilliant, spoiled by court life, and tormented by her longing for a wide arena, she became the *lionne* in London, and played a very marked part in the impenetrable and inaccessible society of the English aristocracy. The Prince of Wales, afterwards the king, was at her feet, and soon many more. Rich and riotous were the years of her life in foreign countries, but they passed away, and one flower after the other faded. With age came loneliness, heavy strokes of fate, solitude, and a dull life of recollections. Her son fell at Borodino. Her daughter died, and left her but one granddaughter—the Countess Orloff. The old lady went annually in the month of August from Petersburg to Moschaisk to visit the grave of her son. Solitude and misfortune did not break down her character, but only made it more stern and unbending. She was like a tree in winter time, which preserves the outline of its branches : the leaves fall off, the branches stand naked in the

cold, but the mighty grandeur and the grand dimensions are the more boldly revealed, and the trunk, white with rime, supports itself, proud and frowning, bending neither before wind nor storm. Her long and agitated life, the immense amount of acquaintances and collisions, developed her proud, but not altogether erroneous, view of life. She had her own philosophy, founded upon a certain contempt of men, whom, however, in consequence of her active character, she could not entirely abandon. . . . Strange ruin of another age! Surrounded by a generation which has degenerated on the sterile and vulgar ground of court life in Petersburg, she felt that she was above all who surrounded her, and she was right. For, if she had shared the saturnalia of Catherine II., or the revelries of George IV., she also shared the dangers of the conspiracy against Paul!

It may be easily conjectured that a lady who had seen so much had much to narrate, and M. Herzen has culled from her rich store of anecdote with considerable success. One of the best of the stories reads as follows: "My country-house is not far from Gatchina: sometimes I take a drive there to repose myself. Before the house I had a large square made, covered with grass, in the English fashion, you know. Last year I went there; and, just imagine, at six in the morning I hear a strange banging of drums. I am half dead, half alive, in my bed: the drums come nearer and nearer: I ring the bell for my Calmuck woman; she hurries in. 'My little mother, what does this noise mean?' I ask her. 'Oh,' she says, 'Michael Paulovitch deigns to exercise his soldiers.' 'Where?' 'On our court.' You see, he was pleased with my square, it was so nicely green and smooth. Now, just fancy, where a lady lives, old and infirm, to beat the drums at six in the morning! Very well, I thought, thou shalt not commit this absurdity again. I order my steward to come, and I tell him: 'Now, go immediately and drive in the telege to Petersburg, hire as many Lithuanians as thou canst find, and let them begin, to-morrow, to dig a pond instead of the square. I suppose he will think twice before having a naval review under my window.' " Which proves very satisfactorily that even the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of a Czar's brother is not a match for the craftiness of an old woman.

When she will, she will, you may depend on't,

And when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

M. Herzen, strong in the knowledge that Madame Scherebzooff was on his side, and she the mother-in-law of an Orloff, begged her assistance, which she promised him willingly, although, to her great annoyance, she was unable to procure any satisfactory answer about his fate. However, his affair seemed to be forgotten: he was allowed to remain in Petersburg; and, finally, thanks to the powerful intercession of Count Stroganoff, he obtained an appointment as government councillor at Norgorod, the city protected by God and St. Sophia, which, after all, was a very agreeable way of going into exile. The most glaring absurdity was that M. Herzen, *relégué* for his liberal opinions, was obliged to write periodical reports to government about *his own* conduct.

But the fetters will gall, even if made of gold. M. Herzen endured his yokedom for half a year, and then the divine *afflatus* which rendered him an author and a free man reassumed its sway. It was not surprising that a man of liberal tendencies should feel horror-stricken in a country where such fearful scenes as the following could occur:

During Alexander's journey to Taganrog, the serfs on Araktjiyeff's property assassinated his mistress. This murder gave him opportunity for a trial, about which, until now, that is to say nineteen years afterwards, the inhabitants, and even the serfs of Moscow, speak with terror. Araktjiyeff's mistress (he was then a man of seventy years of age) was a serf, who oppressed the other servants, beat them, and accused them; after which the count had them flogged again. When the measure of patience was exhausted, the cook murdered her. But the deed was so cleverly done, that it was impossible to detect the guilty party. But a victim was necessary for the vengeance of the tender old man. He forsook all the affairs of the empire, and went to his estate. In the midst of tortures, streaming blood, groans, and deadly screams, Araktjiyeff, his head bound with the bloody handkerchief taken from the body of his mistress, wrote a sentimental letter to Alexander, who answered him, "Come to repose thyself from thy misfortune on the bosom of thy friend!" Surely Baron Willket's statement was correct, that, previous to his death, water had penetrated to Alexander's brains!

But the guilty person was not discovered. The Russians have an excellent talent for silence. Then Araktjiyeff, fearfully enraged, went to Novgorod, whither an army of martyrs was conducted. Having grown yellow and black with malice, with eyes half insane, and still girt with the bloody handkerchief, Araktjiyeff commenced a new examination. And now the affair assumed monstrous dimensions; about eighty persons were anew imprisoned. People suspected of any acquaintance with Araktjiyeff's serfs were immediately arrested. Travellers who were seized and taken to prison, merchants, officials, had to wait weeks for a trial. The inhabitants hid themselves in their houses, and feared to appear in the streets; nobody dared to speak about this affair. The governor converted his house into a place of torture. From morning to evening people were tortured in a room adjoining his cabinet. . . . At last a supreme effort was made, and the guilty man discovered. He was, of course, condemned to the knout; but in the middle of this triumph an order was emitted by Nicholas to bring all the prisoners to a court of justice, and stop the prosecution.

While casting about for a pretext to quit the government service, an event occurred which so sickened M. Herzen, that he sent in his resignation abruptly. On going to the office one winter morning he found in the ante-room a peasant woman of about thirty years of age, who cast herself at his feet and implored his intercession. She was a serf, and her owner intended to send her and her husband to the colonies, while retaining her only son, then ten years of age. All the poor woman wanted was, that her son might accompany her—she demanded no further grace. The governor treated her in the Russian fashion—*i. e.* with great brutality. M. Herzen resigned at once, and the resignation was accepted, on condition that he should remain in the town. By further powerful intercession he obtained leave to migrate to Moscow with his wife, Count Benkendorf imparting to him at the same time the agreeable information that he would still be under the surveillance of the police. The following incident is the pleasantest of all M. Herzen's revelations:

I had no money for the journey. To wait its arrival from Moscow was too long for my impatience, and I gave my valet the commission to procure me 1000 roubles banco (60*l.*). A few hours later he returned with the landlord of the Post Hotel, where I had lived a few days. Gebia, a stout man, with an expression of great kindness, gave me, bowing, a roll of bank-notes. "How much per cent. will you require?" I asked. "If you please," Gebia replied, "I do no business of that sort; I do not lend on interest. I heard from your valet that you want money, and as we are very much satisfied with you and

money, thank God! I have brought it." I thanked him, and asked if he required a bill of exchange. "That is quite superfluous," he said. "I believe more in your word than in a written paper." "But I may die." "Well," Gebia answered, shaking with laughter, "losing the money will add nothing to the pain I shall feel at the tidings of your death." I was moved, and instead of writing him a bill, I pressed his hand warmly. Gebia, after the old Russian fashion, embracing and kissing me, said, "We observe everything and understand much. We know that you have served against your will, and that you were not like the others, but always supported the cause of our poor brethren. Now, you see, I am happy that chance has afforded me an opportunity of doing you a service in return." When we left town late in the evening, the postilion checked his horses at the door of the hotel. Gebia was standing there with a pie the size of a wheel. This pie was my medal of honour for my service under government.

Among the most interesting questions which have agitated Europe during the last few years, about which so much has been said and so little understood, is that of Pan Slavism. It is not of very ancient date; it originated about the year 1815. This was the classic age of all the various exhumations, restorations, and resurrections; it was a retrospective time—a time of ghosts and Lazaruses, more or less decomposed. It made its appearance nearly simultaneously with the outbreak of the "Deutchthum" in Germany. In Russia, Pan Slavism is exaggerated, and apparently consists in the most intense hatred for everybody and thing that is not native. Thus, for instance, we find expressions among the works of the young Russian party, such as "I will wash my hands to day in the blood of the Poles." An amusing anecdote on this head is told by M. Herzen:

About fifteen years ago a Pan Slavistic Croat came to Moscow. The Muscovites in general like foreigners; the Croat, moreover, was both a foreigner and a countryman at the same time. Grand collections were made for the Dalmatians and the Baniaks; before the Croat's departure a dinner was given him. At this dinner a Slavophile professor, probably inflamed by the toasts for the various great men among the Tzechs, the Roussniaks, the Slovaks, and the Montenegrins, improvised some verses, in which was the following orthodox expression: "I will drink the blood of the Magyars and Germans." All those who had not utterly lost their consciousness displayed a profound disgust at this savage phrase, and would not touch his glass. But, fortunately, Androsoff, a well known statistician, a man of intellect and wit, saved the ferocious professor. He rose from his seat, and, taking a knife up, said, "Gentlemen, you must excuse me for a few minutes. I have just remembered that my landlord, an old pianoforte tuner, is paralysed and a German. I go in haste to kill him. I shall be back again in a moment." A burst of laughter softened the indignation, and the story was forgotten.

A few months previous to his father's death, M. Herzen made an attempt to procure a passport for abroad. By the assistance of Madame Scherebzooff he obtained permission to proceed to Petersburg on "urgent private affairs." But there fresh difficulties arose; not only did he obtain the police sanction to remain in Petersburg a few days with extreme trouble, but the idea of procuring a passport to go abroad was laughed at as quite preposterous. General Dubelt behaved, for a wonder, very candidly with him, and gave him good advice. He told him he had better return at once to Moscow, when Count Orloff would write the governor-general a private letter, stating that M. Herzen desired to go abroad for

the benefit of his wife's health, and asking him, as of course he was best acquainted with our author's conduct, whether the surveillance of the police could be suspended. The answer would be satisfactory, and then the police could allow him to ask for a passport like any other private person, and this would probably be granted him. From M. Herzen's prior acquaintance with the police he listened very dubiously to this advice, thinking it was a trap laid for him; but Dubelt took a great book from an *employé*, and, opening it, pointed to a letter addressed by Count Strogonoff to Count Benkendorf, requesting permission for M. Herzen to go for six months to a German watering-place. On the margin was written, in large letters with a pencil, "Too soon yet." This book must indeed be a curious one, and M. Herzen remarks about it: "What would I not give to read it all through. In 1850, I also saw a report about myself in the cabinet of Carlier, at Paris: it would be interesting to compare them." Such a proof was, of course, undeniable, and M. Herzen went back contentedly to Moscow, hoping for better times and eventual success.

The Governor-General of Moscow very unwillingly answered Count Orloff's letter relative to M. Herzen's conduct. His secretary was not a colonel, but a pietist, detesting our author on account of his writings as an "Atheist and Hegelian." This pious secretary, "with an oily voice and Christian unction," stated that the governor-general knew nothing of M. Herzen, and, though not doubting his morality, he would be obliged to refer first to the chief of the police. It was evident that he wished to procrastinate, and this was the more annoying, as he was not in the habit of taking bribes—the general way of expediting matters in Russia. Fortunately, the chief of police gave M. Herzen excellent recommendations. About ten days later, on returning home, he met at the door a gendarme. Count Orloff sent to tell M. Herzen that the police surveillance was suspended, and that he could apply for a passport with a prospect of obtaining it.

In conclusion, we can safely recommend these two volumes to all our readers who desire to form a perfect acquaintance with the internal condition of Russia. Of course we have been unable, in our two articles, to extract even a tithe of the diversified contents of these volumes, nor would it have been fair to the author to ransack his copious stores more fully. But the greatest value this work possesses, in our eyes, is, that it affords a perfect picture of the internal corruption of Russia, drawn by a Russian, and evidently not at all exaggerated. As for M. Herzen himself, we can only speak in terms of the highest respect of his conduct as a refugee in London. Although recognised as one of the leaders of the republican party, he has too much sense to identify himself with those revolutionary incendiaries who are repaying the hospitality so generously afforded them by the most studied insults to our Queen and to ourselves. Far be it from us to desire that the laws of extradition should be enforced with Draconic severity, but we think an example should be instituted, and the punishment of the most criminal would have a wholesome effect on the remainder.

Such men, however, as M. Herzen must not be regarded in the same light; his views are theoretical, may be visionary, but he believes in them sincerely and conscientiously, and however much we, speaking *ex cathedra*—

drâ, may deplore that he has wasted his magnificent talents in a cause so unworthy, still we are bound to allow that he bears a character *sans tache et sans reproche*, and hence we should be heartily sorry were the ill-conduct of those pestilent French incendiaries now quartered in Jersey to compel his departure from a country which he admires, and whose laws he reveres. It is sad that despotism should ever compel right-thinking men to take refuge in democracy and its concomitant errors; for them there is no middle path; and it is sad to think that had M. Herzen been born in a constitutional empire, he would now probably be one of the first men of the state, instead of being forced to lead a precarious existence in a country where, at most, he is only tolerated, and by too many regarded with distrust.

With an earnest wish, therefore, that the government will not confound M. Herzen with those criminals, whom our duty and our policy equally counsel us to relegate to that far distant land where democracy is at a premium, and would-be assassins are regarded as demigods, we reluctantly part from the most interesting work which the present war fever has produced.

LITTLE SPECULATORS.

ANY one who is in the habit of passing through Change-alley, Cornhill, towards afternoon, may observe, gathered round a sort of shop-window, a small group of persons, who seem to be gazing very earnestly at something going on in the interior. Very rudely they are acting, it may be thought at first, but on a closer approach it is seen that the parties are simply examining a long paper fixed against the inside of the window, furnishing information of the prices of shares at one or four o'clock in the day, as the case may be.

It is clearly not from mere curiosity that these persons are thus engaged. Look at their eager countenances, look how they thrust forward their faces into any chance opening which may enable them to obtain a glimpse of the important figures they long to scrutinise, see how spectacles and eye-glasses are put in immediate requisition, and observe the trembling anxiety with which the name of some particular undertaking is sought out from the mass, and the fluctuations of its shares surveyed and pondered—sometimes with a smile, sometimes with a sigh. Who are the bulk of these men? If one may judge from externals in their case, they are not blessed with much of this world's good. Their garments are undeniably shabby, and their general appearance seedy. They are “dabblers” in stocks and shares—principally the latter. It is questionable whether the whole party now assembled could *pay* for 500*l.* consols, and therefore all their transactions are “for the account”—are, as they are termed, “time-bargains”—wherein, as the reader is probably aware, no money passes, but where, simply, on a given day, every fortnight for shares and every month for consols, the difference, that is, the gain or loss, is received or paid.

It is strange that while open gaming—the billiard-table, rouge-et-noir,

and other machinery for risking money—is so strongly and universally condemned, there should be, comparatively, so very little attention bestowed upon a practice which is as completely gaming as any scheme of chance can possibly be—dabbling in stocks and shares. The number of little speculators herein is perfectly surprising. There is something particularly tempting in the mode of operation. As we have said, no money passes. I will take this particularly dirty individual from among the group now before me, and though I hear him tell the shabby-genteel man beside him that he bought 1000*l.* worth of Great Western Stock only yesterday, I would not believe him though on his oath he declared he were worth 100*l.* But he may possess 50*l.*, and with this 50*l.* he can run the risk of the purchase just mentioned. If the price should rise, he will sell and pocket the balance, and if it should fall, the sum named will cover the loss. It is a piece of gambling, of course, and so the legislature has regarded it, for clearly time-bargains are illegal, and balances accruing therein are not recoverable by law.

This latter circumstance, by-the-by, sometimes brings great hardship to the broker. He may, in perfect ignorance, carry through a transaction the true nature of which may only appear hereafter, when, from the result having been unfavourable to his client, it may suit the views of such client to become suddenly moral, and denouncing the bargain as illegal and improper, to decline meeting the loss it has involved. Knowing, therefore, the risk they run in this respect, brokers are commonly very careful as to their clients, and will not do business upon any doubtful basis, or with any questionable parties. There is, however, an inferior class of persons in every profession and every business who will undertake those matters which the higher and more independent practitioners or traders despise. Thus, there is a body of men in connexion with, but not on, the Stock Exchange, who are termed “Outsiders.” Some of these parties are, doubtless, respectable, but the mere fact of being an “outsider” naturally creates a misgiving upon the point. An “outsider” may be a luckless party who has been “on,” but from fault or misfortune has been put “off” the Stock Exchange, or he may be a man who, from some cause (in all probability an inability to procure sufficient security—three members in the sum of 300*l.* each), is unable to procure admission. These parties “do business” through a regular member of the “House,” and are, in reality, no more than touters for the legitimate channels. It is not easy to see what purpose they serve. Why we want even the broker, costing, as he does, an extravagant commission—why the jobber cannot keep a shop in the broad highway—and why customers cannot talk to and deal with him themselves, instead of through the awkward, equivocal, and costly machinery of an intervening party as agent, we have never been able to perceive—but that even another negotiator should be dragged in, to add to the evil, does seem very absurd, yet such, in many cases, is the course pursued.

It appears to us that in these time-bargains the chance is considerably against the speculator. When the difference between the buying and selling prices and the commission charged by the broker are taken into account, it is seen that there must be a change in the market to rather a material extent in favour of the speculator’s operation to enable him even to escape without loss, so that it requires decidedly good fortune to

achieve more and to effect a gain. Further, the time-bargain, as the term implies, is only for a limited period. Settlement day quickly arrives, and the transaction must either be closed or continued to the next account, a proceeding which involves, if the transaction be of a bull character—i. e. if it require a rise in the market to make it successful—payment of a sum per share or per cent. equivalent to an amount of interest quite terrific. Yet there are an immense number of these time-bargains continually entered into. No doubt they are sometimes successful. Occasionally there are peculiar conditions of the share and stock market which to a clear-headed observer manifestly offer almost a certainty of profitable speculation. The men who win money by time-speculations, we opine, are men who but rarely make a venture. Those who are perpetually speculating must, we should be inclined to think, lose heavily in the long run.

Time-speculations in railway shares were much more numerous a few years back than they are now. When reports of intended amalgamations of railway companies were constantly afloat, the fluctuations in railway shares were much more important than they are at this time, when such amalgamations would not be allowed by parliament. The railway world formerly was always kept alive by whisperings of arrangements between companies for their mutual benefit, and the shares of such companies, particularly those of the weaker undertakings, used within a very short time to advance most materially in price, and of course, afterwards, fall in a corresponding degree, when the rumours were found, as they generally were found, to be utterly baseless. Railway officials were the parties from whom mostly emanated these rumours, and the transactions of these gentry were exceedingly numerous.

The men who make money, and to a very large amount, by speculation in shares and stocks, are the great capitalists, who by united operation can wonderfully influence the market in the direction they desire it to take. These men are comparatively few in number. The men who lose money, and to a correspondingly large extent, are the vast mass of time-speculators, who act without any concert, and are driven any way almost in which the leaders of the market may be disposed to force them. The poor lose and the rich win, as is always the case. The mass of the public, who only know that they want to win money, who have never studied, and do not care to study the principles on which speculation should be based, are almost certain to act wrongly. They are exhilarated and panic-stricken by turns; they buy at the highest price and sell at the lowest; now they think that they have secured fortunes, and now that they will die in a workhouse. The best man at the gaming-table is the cool, perfectly immovable calculator, who can win without a smile or lose without a sigh. The same kind of man is needed for a fortunate speculator on the Stock Exchange.

We can very well understand the fascination of this species of speculation; we can understand—much as we may deplore—the fascination of *all* speculation and *all* gambling. Who cannot? A friend, connected with a particular line of railway, suggests to me a purchase of some of its shares, for he is aware that a larger dividend than usual is about to be declared, or some such circumstance, and is sure, therefore, that an immediate improvement will take place in their market value. I yield to the suggestion, and I buy, and before I have occasion even to pay the

purchase-money, the price has so risen that I am enabled to sell, and do sell, at a considerable profit. Here is a temptation. How strong is the yearning engendered to "push" my good fortune! The very same spirit which prompts the novice at the gambling-table, if he has been successful, to "keep on," and "win more," now urges me to another venture in share speculation. And I do make the venture, and I receive another profit, perhaps; and then good-by to my peace and prosperity. I have fairly set my foot in the road to ruin, and in a short time shall be travelling towards the goal of destruction as pleasantly and rapidly as I can well journey.

We say *all* speculation, *all* gambling, possesses a powerful fascination. Let no one laugh and say he never would be led into the dangerous but delightful practice. We have never read a satisfactory definition of the strong, almost irresistible impulse which hurls a man on in the path of speculation, when he has once, unfortunately, set his foot therein. There is no doubt, however, that every man loves to be fortunate—loves to be considered a child of success—loves to fancy himself born under a happy star. It wonderfully encourages him in the road of legitimate exertion if he feel confident that he will be victorious, if little incidents in his career seem to mark him as a favourite of fortune, so that he has reason to hope that vigorous effort will be assisted by a kindly fate, and his burden be lightened by aid of circumstances beyond his control. A man likes to test his "luck," as he terms it, as a girl is fond of hearing her "fortune told" by a gipsy. Both have some strange, indefinable notion (although they would not own it for the world) that they will gain acquaintance with the shadow of something (the which, even were it but a shadow, might well stir their blood) tincturing their whole lives and running through their whole fates, the mark, the seal, the evidence of good fortune or of evil destiny—the indication of sunshine or of cloud.

And thus it comes to pass, that even when the gambler or the speculator has lost largely, he cannot yield the hope that the tide will turn, and prosperity will yet smile upon him. He has so completely prostrated himself before chance, that he cannot think but that, patiently enduring, he will in time be taken by the hand and led gloriously to success. Alas! if we but allow the judgment to become ever so little warped, how strong is the tendency to complete paralysis; if our moral vision be but dimmed, how much have we to fear lest total blindness should quickly follow!

We know the faces of some of these men who hang about the locality we have mentioned. Pale, haggard faces they are, too, many of them. Our heart is touched with sorrow as we regard them. We draw a little picture in our mind, and sit down to look at it. We see a comfortable and happy home—we observe a slight cloud coming over that home—we see it settling thereon—we see disquiet and anxiety, like noisome reptiles, creeping therein—we see misfortune whining at the door—we see ruin peeping in at the windows—we see destruction playing with the weapon with which very quickly he will dash the whole tenement to the ground. Oh, Speculation! you were the cloud from which issued all these evils. You have much to answer for. How many darkened homes, how many broken hearts, how many accursed graves prematurely occupied tell of thy working, and are traceable to thee!

S E V A S T O P O L

BY CYRUS REDDING.

FALL'N is Sevastopol—the Russian's pride!

The troubled waters dark with slaughter swell,
Christian and Othman have their prowess tried—

Christian for freedom leagued with infidel
Against ambition, dearest imp of hell!

Tall shadows o'er the field of conflict spread,
Their far-off images depicting well

Pale wanderers shuddering by their comrades dead,
And those who living bleed upon a scene so dread.

Above the clouds cawwreath their volumes deep,
Like folding banners of the routed host;

The weary sun gone to his fiery sleep,
The combat rests before each tented post:

Wild is the Russian cry that "all is lost,"
The night wind bears along their triumph's dirge,

While as if grieved, one bloody purpose crost,
The lurid streaks that on the horizon merge,
Seem fiends that angry scowl along the battle's verge.

Hush'd is the conflict's roar, the parting day,
That late flash'd brightly on each living head,

Now sheda, as if in fear, a tremulous ray,

By rampart, trench, and post, upon the dead
Of the torn battle-field—where prostrate lay

That double-headed monster, the foul bird,*

The chosen emblem of the Russian herd,
Dabbled in blood, and fluttering piteously:

While kindred vampires in fell swoop come down,

To share a draught of gore in the deserted town.

Fall'n is Sevastopol! The southern breeze

The tidings northward bears. Weep, youthful Czar—
No longer listen to the clarion sound

Of vain parades—haste to the ensanguined ground!—

Spur on thy charger till thy vision sees

How red ambition piles the graves of war,

Mark o'er the waters thy retiring slaves,

No aid relieves, no reckless courage saves!

Now the wan heart of flight is faint and low,

And the lost city left—now loudly flow

* The Russian eagle is black, and borne with two heads on the national flag. "Bearing two beaks, the better to devour," says the Italian poet of a similar emblem.

A thousand discords, with the blood-chok'd cries
 Of wounded warriors in their agonies,
 And shouts of conquest, and the murky air
 Shaken by detonations, that despair
 Kindles 'mid dead, and dying, and the bands
 From Britain, France, and their auxiliar lands,
 Who with undaunted spirits hew their way
 Through wreck, and fire, and death, with matchless constancy.

Call'd by remorse from memory's sepulchre
 Grasping the East, his soul unsanctified,
 Looks from on high amidst the blackened air,
 Thickened from smoke and flame, above the stir
 In the doomed city, late his hope and pride,
 The grief-struck spirit Russia deified.
 Around this phantom of the "best of kings"—
 The courtiers phrase when nothing is denied—
 Black vultures flap in hope their dreary wings
 To feast upon the hearts and fat of men*—
 Deep groan'd the recreant shade back to his dust again.

Fall'n is Sevastopol! and there are laid
 Too many veteran chiefs in arms allied,
 Too many youthful lives in courage tried,
 Their debts of early expectation paid.
 The unredeeming sleep is over those
 Whom sorrow weeps that she must weep in vain!—
 There peacefully enwrap't in "dread repose,"
 Lie side by side, in calmness, friends and foes,
 Their late hot blood turn'd ice within the vein
 Valor shall warm no more, nor glory cheat again.

Fall'n is Sevastopol! But see a gleam,
 The lightning glance of a flashing stream,—
 The earth upturn and the rocking ground!—
 Whence issues that fiercely bickering flame?
 Whence comes that rolling, crashing sound?—
 'Tis the echo deep from hill and bay,
 'Tis the signal of power past away,
 'Tis the retribution of Sinopé!—
 The ships he sinks, the town flames high,
 His hope, his power, his race o'erpast,
 The suicide strikes himself at last—
 So scorpions sting themselves and die!

* "On sait jusqu'à quel point les Russes portent leur vénération pour St. Nicolas. Il a semé long-temps partager leurs hommages avec la divinité, et tel Russe dans ses prières s'adressait plutôt à ce saint qu'à Dieu même!" So says a well-known writer on Russia.

OCCASIONAL NOTES ON LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

IV.—CUVILLIER-FLEURY.

THE extremity of the House of Orleans was the opportunity of M. Cuvillier-Fleury. It is on the staunch devotedness with which he has written them up, that his reputation as a public journalist mainly depends; on his thorough-going sympathy with Louis Philippe the monarch and the man—his promptitude to explain away objections to Citizen Kingcraft, to expose black spots or weak points in the conduct of the ex-king's foes, and to put the fairest construction (fairest, artistically, not always ethically speaking) on his most questionable measures and least defensible policy, with equal energy and ingenuity labouring to make the worse appear the better reason. The *empressement* of M. Fleury's apologetics for a fallen house has given a mark and interest to his writings which their intrinsic value would hardly, perhaps, have secured, or not by so direct a route.

The judgments of men on Louis Philippe seem to him a mass of contradictions. The king, he says, was mild and benevolent, and was the object of fierce hatred; merciful, and was not forgiven for any of his acts of amnesty; liberal, and fell from the throne with the reputation of a greedy and intolerant autocrat; devoid of political ambition, and reproached with guilty personal motives for his opposition to the elder Bourbons; large-hearted and large-handed in his expenditure, and charged with avarice; loyal and candid to indiscretion, and in return stigmatised with a nickname due to degrading finesse; true to his ministers to the uttermost limits of his prerogative, and accused of duplicity and perfidy; brave even to imprudence, and upbraided with having left in the scabbard, on a day of *émeute*, through cowardice of heart and head, the sword that could have saved France. "King Louis Philippe has had the lot of Aristides. Men wearied of hearing him called the Just." In him France possessed a ruler who was an "able politician, in no sense a charlatan, a man of serious and positive character, extremely active and far-seeing, who was content to govern in accordance with the laws, to protect the interests of all classes,—saying to his people: 'Live in tranquillity; sow, labour, enrich yourselves in trade. Write books, and try to do so in good French; paint pictures, and carry them to my galleries. Be free, and respect freedom. Be religious, and respect conscience. Be liberal without agitating the state. Be men of Progress, if you will, provided only that the better you would have be not a corruption of the good you have.'"

No wonder, then, if the Revolution of '48 shocked M. Fleury to the centre of his being. If it took Europe by surprise in general, him it took by surprise in particular. Its agents, whatever their antecedents, are one and all odious to him; one of his chiefest consolations being, thenceforward, to write them down. Hence it is, that at Lamartine, as autobiographer and novelist, he makes such a dead-set. If he allows (as he does) Lamartine to be a great poet, it is in respect of the "admirable spontaneity" of his genius; it is because he has received in no common

measure that sacred fire which makes the poet, because he has known how to influence by the power of inspiration a cold and selfish age, and to pour out streams of song on an arid, adust soil. Poetry, with Lamartine, is all in all. There is not a single nook or corner in his mind, our critic maintains, not a recess in his memory, where poetry is without a local habitation,—not one fibre of his heart but trembles and thrills at its touch; it flows with his blood, and permeates his entire frame; it penetrates, suffuses, saturates his being; it transforms his passions, beliefs, ideas, opinions, everything in fact, even to experience itself, which does not act upon him as upon other men, into brilliant dreams; for experience itself makes him, not wiser, but more poetical; it does not leave his mind riper in judgment, but merely adds to its prolific power; he is not matured by experience, but heated; it exalts, without instructing him. "In public affairs, M. de Lamartine has never been other than a poet. He was so alike in his stand for and against government. When he put his hand to the work of revolution, he was still the poet,—that is to say, he brought to his work nothing but the dreams of a chimerical mind, the emphasis of a sophist, the grudges of a wounded heart. And when at length the government of France fell, bit by bit, from his hands, he took to reign on a throne of metaphors. 'You are only a minstrel! go along and sing!' cried a workman at the Hôtel de Ville. This *mot*, related by the minstrel himself, accurately defines the sort of capacity he has exhibited as politician and as minister. He has not governed, he has sung."

Poetical genius, it is readily owned, is a signal gift of Heaven. But the more that poetical genius is a special faculty, *sui generis*, the greater its incompatibility with an administrative career. So argues M. Cuvillier-Fleury: hence his utter want of faith in a statesman of the Lamartine type—a compound of prophet, poet, and chevalier—a nature at once Ossianic and Oriental, dreamy as the North, radiant as the South,—fraught with the genius of improvisation, speaking a mixed dialect of abstractions and metaphors, full of scorn for the time, of contempt for science. "In like manner as M. de Lamartine rose to power, so he fell. He lost it just as he had gained it, and for the same reasons, from his indulgence in chimeras, his faith in dreams, his Pindaric confidence (the fee-simple of poets) in the power of vague ideas and hollow speechification. He fell because he undertook to guide the chariot of the sun." Phaeton was a fast young man, and came down with a crash. *At Phaeton . . . volvitur in præceps*. Another sun must rise on mid-day, to take the place of *his* sun that went down while 'twas yet day, and attract the regards of those who must have a rising sun to worship. The ex-charioteer, meanwhile, being at leisure to chew the cud of bitter fancy already ruminated by the General in the Walpurgis-Night:

Who is there can rely upon the nation,
How great soe'er hath been its obligation?
'Tis with the people as with women, they
To rising stars alone their homage pay.*

And what of M. de Lamartine's erotics in prose? The *Confidences* and

* Goethe's "Faust."

Raphael are both subjected to a severe cross-examination, and neither comes out unscathed. The essay "Of Love in the Life and in the Writings of M. de Lamartine," denies the tender passion therein illustrated to be Love at all. The hero's first love, for Lucy, is pronounced a mere *amour de tête*; his second, for Graziella, a cruel, neglectful indulgence of the fancy; his third (for of course he is Raphael), for Julie, an extravagant and delusive unreality. He is convicted of coldness, heartlessness, selfish complacency. He has described Graziella admirably, as a painter: but how has he treated her, as a man? By his own avowal, alightingly. Youth, he pleads in extenuation, is often too youthful to love; it is years that bring the considerate heart as well as the philosophic mind. The theory with which he accounts for, and would excuse, his treatment of Graziella, is, that true love is the fruit of mature life, autumn fruit, fruit that is in season only at fall of leaf. This theory M. Fleury denounces as a "sensual glorification of whitening hairs," an "amorous apotheosis of the middle-aged man." And exclaims: "The homicidal pride of believing himself beloved, the vanity which at its leisure hollows out an obscure grave, the aristocratic scorn of a young man of family, the seared heart that, after forty years, propounds a theory as to its own emptiness, Winter calumniating Spring, the god Terminus bantering the goddess Hebe,—such are the characteristics of this history, the history of a cruel caprice, that begins with a day's fishing in the Bay of Naples, and ends with the following ridiculous invocation to senile love, over the grave of a girl whom *her* young love has laid there: 'Ah! man, when too young, is incapable of love! There is more wanton sap and wavering shade in the young plants of the forest; there is more fire in the old heart of the oak!'"

"The 'heart of the oak!'" interrupts our critic, in an indignant apostrophe—"The 'heart of the oak!' . . . Ah! 'tis *you*!"

Of "*Raphael*," he opens his review with the remark: "My talented friend, Paul de Molènes, has written a lively and touching analysis of it, in the *Journal des Débats*. I only recur to it from my own point of view, a Diogenes, lantern in hand, peering about for the *heart* we have been speaking of." Diogenes uses his lantern in vain. Heart, in "*Raphael*," seems to him a negative quantity, or worse. His verdict on the book will not be accounted too cynical this side the Channel, where, thank God, we are Pre-Raphaelites in *such* questions of art.

M. Cuvillier-Fleury has a turn for sarcasm, and cannot refrain from cultivating the gift when a Lamartine, *héros et historien*, is before him. "To create a revolution," says Lamartine, "one must be either a villain, a madman, or a god." This is just the kind of sentence M. Fleury fastens on with avidity. He says of it, "History's verdict upon M. de Lamartine will be, Not a villain, not a god; for he was the most humane of men, and of his creative powers the utmost result was chaos. Not a villain, then, not a god, but the greatest—poet of modern times!" He indulges it freely too, at the expense of M. Louis Blanc, of whose self-portraiture he remarks, that Hannibal, Hercules, St. Vincent de Paul, Cicero, and Aristides, might each put in a claim for the features they have severally contributed to it. Nothing tickles him more than when he can assist at a "row" between two such co-agitators as a Lamartine

and a Louis Blanc. He enjoys it more than the quarrel in Molière between *Trissotin* and *Vadius* :

Tris. Allez, petit grimaud, barbouiller du papier !

Vad. Allez, rimeur de halle, opprobre du métier !

The "go along with you!" of Molière's litigants is nothing to the "you're another!" &c., &c., of the Provisional Government *inter se* : our critic watches each retort courteous, and weighs each well-planted blow, and appraises each hard hit, with all the zest of an habitué of the ring. A match between Louis Blanc and Proudhon he also finds rich in interest, recording with an almost audible smack of the lips, and triumphant chuckle, how M. Proudhon calls M. Louis Blanc "the most ignorant, the most conceited, the most shallow, the most impudent, the most nauseating of rhetoricians," and how M. Louis Blanc exclaims in return, "Conceited sophist! you ridiculous Erostratus! you simpleton of a Zoilus! you impostor! you raven in quest of bloody provender! you man of prey!" &c. His satire finds scope in the career of M. Eugène Sue—studying the misery of the people in the luxurious retirement of his boudoir, and denouncing the insolence of wealth from the height of his tilbury; a daintily-gloved moralist, of irreproachable *frisure*, in shiny boots, a bourgeois-grand-seigneur, a philanthropist in ruffles. Victor Hugo comes under its stroke, for meddling with those who are given to change, and resigning the substance of literary fame (such as it was) for the shadow (in *his* case, as "the lieutenant of M. Lagrange," the mere shadow of a shade) of political notoriety. So does M. David (d'Angers), for a similar course of *im-policy*. So do various other candidates for popular good-will, and self-constituted instructors of the people,—some of whose *conciones ad populum* are, to our critic, as unattractive in style as in matter; for he owns himself one who finds Jean La Fontaine clearer than M. Louis Blanc, and Pascal's *Pensées* more on a level with the intelligence of the people than the *Triade* of M. Pierre Leroux, and a hundred times as much useful thought, practical advice, true and popular feeling, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," as in all the romances of Eugène Sue put together, adding thereto those of Lamartine, whether already published or yet to be composed.

Impatient of the sentimental, his demand is for the practical. He rejects Lamartine's "Geneviève," accordingly, as the type of those virtues which are made up rather of imagination and fantasy than of duty and instinct: what the people want, he says, is action, a practical spirit, care for the truthful, worship of the possible; there is no time in private life to be finical and romantic. He remembers how Barère loved flowers—"I adore flowers," wrote blood-stained, fleeing, perjured Bertrand, "and I think with Marguerite de Valois :

Les fleurs sont un livre, un miroir ;

Les fleurs ont une âme

in Spring I see the signal for the secret alliance of their souls and their sympathies")—he remembers, too, how Collot d'Herbois loved strawberries, and how Billaud-Varennes was seen in a flood of tears at the decease of his parrot—a touching spectacle duly improved by M. Ponsard, who affirms that

him, and the suicide of its governor, he says: "Verdun has capitulated. Beaurepaire is dead. Whose fault is it? The Convention, &c., the king, Louis XVI. General Galbaud accuses the garrison of the place, &c. Fouquier-Tinville accuses the virgins of Verdun. But in point of fact there was only one culprit in the case—one that nobody then dared to prosecute, and one that even at the present day it is not always prudent to accuse. This culprit is *la démagogie*. It is this which has disorganised France, dismantled her strongholds, and substituted political for military spirit in the bosom of her armies." He scouts the practice of modern historians to impute all the blame of revolutionary excesses to the Revolution itself, making a scapegoat of an abstraction. They are wrong, he contends; the most vehement of anti-revolutionary historians have not exaggerated the crimes of revolutionary heroes: these crimes were no abstraction, but the acts of living men. "Not that they were all systematically wicked and bloodthirsty. They were all incurably common-place. It was the sense of their mediocrity that urged them on to extravagance; it was their vanity that precipitated them into violence; it was the irritation of that inferiority which, in the face of such prodigious events, could not but recognise itself, that flung them, like certain Cæsars in the decline of the Roman Empire, into all the extravagances of passion, folly, and pride." Those, he says, who preside over such an epoch, have no need to be superior men; it is enough for them to be terrible: they can do without the means of commanding respect, not without the means of inspiring horror. "It is the case with all tyrannies born of anarchy, popular or military. Every man whom native genius fails to sustain at a certain height, resorts to crime for a support. For one Cromwell, or one Bonaparte, how many Caracallas! For one conqueror, how many executioners! For one legislator, how many stage-players!"

If he undertakes a review of such a book as Eugène Sue's "*Mysteries of the People*," which, *per se*, he accounts beneath criticism, it is merely because it is calculated to exercise an "abnormal" influence upon a people in an "abnormal" state,—a people that, at the time of its publication and transient popularity, were "amusing themselves by throwing over, every morning, the idols of the night before, and offering incense to-day to the shams of yesterday"—in a country where "immorality, scandal, hyperbolic pride, unrestrained passion, shameless extravagance, blundering ignorance, the poet's vanity and the novelist's inconsistency, each in its turn served as stepping-stone for the most unjustifiable ambition." With like purpose he comments on the later proceedings of Victor Hugo and Lamartine, and the pamphlets and politics of the Louis Blancs, Ledru Rollins, Daniel Sterns, Proudhons, etc.

Ισχυρον οχλος εστιν ουκ εχει δε νοον.

— Pause ere ye rive,

With strength of fever, things embedded long
In social being; you'll uproot no form
With which the thoughts and habits of weak mortals
Have long been twined, without the bleeding rent
Of thousand ties which to the common heart
Of nature link it; wrench'd, perchance you'll mock
A clumsy relic of forgotten days,
While you have scatter'd in the dust unseen
A thousand living crystals.

In the portrait he draws of Camille Desmoulins, it is M. Cuvillier-Fléury's object to present the truest and completest type of those *enfants perdus* of anarchy who, though never attaining renown in history, or serious influence in government, yet greedy of fame and fuss, ambitious of credit and importance, the scourge of their country, the torment of their neighbours, traitors to their friends, and at the last cutting their own throats,—torches that burn but light not, vain and mediocre minds pining with envy of the highest class, presumptuous marplots peevish at their own impotence, puny in action, but who, carried away by the violence themselves have unloosed, stake at the terrible game of revolution-making not only their life, but the honour of their memory. The critic has no sympathy with Camille's advocates and apologists, with juries that can recommend him to mercy, or judges that can pass a light sentence upon him. Camille did indeed, he remarks, seek to stem the stream of blood that flooded France—but it was when it threatened to carry *him* away in its torrent rage—when the Terror, of which he was the apostle, begun to menace *him*. Then it was that a profound compassion seized him. But a man who for five years had been the indefatigable agent of a ruthless, murderous system; who had created, before Marat, a journalism devoted to plunder, assassination, and terrorism; is he to be judged by the last of his numerous writings, by that which personal affright inspired in *extremis* to his tottering ambition and his desponding heart? Is a man who saw so much blood mingled with the waves of that corrosive ink which flowed from his pen, adequately to be judged by the tears he sheds at the moment of his fall, and when the knife he has sharpened is turned against himself? Camille Desmoulins is, by our author's estimate, a prominent representative of a race of men who, no longer in their proper rank, multiply in the midst of public turmoil, and appear to sally out of crevices in the quaking earth. And the worst among these *déclassés* are those whom fortune elevates without at the same time elevating their soul,—those, in fact, whom political importance and revolutionary popularity bring forward in all their native mediocrity and incapacity. Camille was one of these. "Nature had cast him in one of those moulds whence there never issue men predestined to the work of founding or governing empires. He was an artist, a man of letters, nothing more—and this was much, would he but have confined himself to it; one of those artists who burn Rome for the sake of enjoying a spectacle, one of those men of letters who are capable, as he has shown, of following out the triumph of a verbal period, the success of a mere *mot*, though it lead them through the ruins of a throne and the life-blood of a king." M. C. Fléury repudiates the notion of Camille's having actually "repented" of his complicity in the Terror. If in the third number of the *Vieux Cordelier* the trumpet of reaction gave no uncertain sound, the fifth renews all the old ways and means of the attorney-general of the Lanterne. In this fifth number, *Grand discours justificatif de Cam. Desmoulins aux Jacobins*, the writhing pamphleteer "no longer apes moderation. He no longer grimaces in the cause of mercy. He is himself again. He has fired off his piece (his No. 3), and is in a fright. He now prostrates himself before the strong, and again butchers the weak. He is again the Merry-Andrew of yore, Triboulet with his bells, but Triboulet with a new stock

of sadness and tirades of sensibility which make him resemble, at times, the hero in 'Le Roi s'Amuse' of Victor Hugo." And this man is to be absolved by posterity because, forsooth, he published a translation of a few terse lines from Tacitus, but with a prophylactic prologue and an antidotal epilogue which disavowed their import! "It is for this bit of prose now in stereotype for sixty years past, that Camille Desmoulins is accredited with a heroism to which his whole existence gave the lie, and which even his death,—in an age when every one died well, and when his young wife could have given him a lesson of courage in the presence of the executioner,—which, alas, even his death has not justified!"

The judgment here passed upon Camille will be, M. Nisard declares, the final one. It strips from off his cowering form, shred by shred, every sheltering rag of "extenuating circumstances." Under his appeal for a milder system we are taught to see, first, a mere idle sort of humanity, worth little enough in a man who has reached his ends, and has no personal interest in a prolongation of the evil means by which he reached them; and next, the fear of one who would secure, in public opinion, some support against the threatening progress of a system against which his protests fail to tell, and between which and himself a breach has been made he lacks time to heal. M. Nisard remarks too, that while Danton and Robespierre still have their admirers, the one for his *grand service* in the horrors of September, the other for the disdainful "integrity" wherewith he masked his ambition and his jealous feelings, Camille, on the other hand, is disavowed by even the revolutionary party, while it is getting too late in the world's day for the conservative party to adopt *their* outcast, to take *their* leavings. "For my own part," he says, "I confess that, except perhaps Barère, who was as cowardly as Camille Desmoulins, without Camille's cleverness, I know not a single personage more hateful than this epicurean journalist, who made such a good thing of his homicidal pages: true type of those who, by the spurious rage and the calumnies to which they owe their good dinners, summon the people into the streets, and then, the fight raging at the full, can find no den deep enough to hide themselves in."

Et quand il pleut du fer, tous ces prêcheurs de guerre
Ont toujours le secret d'être à l'abri des coups.

Camille's jesting vein increases the odium in which he is held. "If I must choose," adds Nisard, "I almost think I should prefer, of the two, the declamation of the school of Robespierre. This declamation was at least sometimes sincere; empty heads are often in earnest; and the declamatory tone may be naturally assumed at times by rude, contemptuous honesty, or by utopian fanaticism: but how excuse or explain buffoonery in such a time? how regard a man who laughs from amid the ruins he has made, and jokes with the blood he is shedding?" As for the joker's bearing when his turn came round for St. Guillotine,—when so dismally he was made, as the vulgar say, to laugh on the wrong side of his broad-grinning mouth,—the critic is ready to make allowance for one condemned to die so young, and beating wildly against the bars of the prison and the grave; but then we only judge Camille, it is added, by the rest of who died with him; we judge him by the wife who, before ^{at} tribunal, "showed nothing of fear or hope, but modestly av

sentence ;" and, in fine, by the manner in which all those died whom his schemes and libels had hurried to the scaffold.

St. Just is another "subject" upon whom M. Cuvillier-Fleury operates, in the province of morbid anatomy. St. Just, that "execrable young man," as Lord Brougham (who has a kindness for Camille) calls him, was by many made a great man of, living, and a god when dead. In the preface to his Works it is written : "Thus was assassinated, at the age of six-and-twenty, the most virtuous of men." Charles Nodier himself, good, clever, honest, unaffected Charles Nodier, says of St. Just—"Died at twenty-six, for liberty and for friendship." "His," says Barère, "was the fate of Agis and of Cleomenes." M. Fleury, for his part, endeavours to re-establish some proportion between the actual worth of the man and his destiny. In his valuation, St. Just belonged to the same school, almost to the same race, as Camille, who was his model, anon his friend, then his accomplice, and lastly his victim,—but with more steadfastness of character, more of *mise en scène*, a greater degree of boldness, and ambition of a firmer grasp. There is the same vanity of authorship, though with inferiority of style, learning, and Gallic effervescence ; the same feverish thirst for celebrity, the same sophistic blundering, the same coarse opposition to all established authority, sacred or profane, the same egotism applied to public life, and excited to fury by the slightest obstacle. The great distinction between the two was, that Camille Desmoulins was never thoroughly in earnest, while St. Just was, and was felt to be, sternly, ruthlessly so ; felt to be so by all in that day of trouble and rebuke and blasphemy and blood, when

Murder from his hideous den
Would come abroad and talk to men :
Till creatures born
For good (whose hearts kind Pity nursed),
Would act the direst crimes they cursed
But yester-morn.*

Whether the fault rests with himself, or with the poor human nature of his readers, or both, so it is, that M. Fleury is less interesting, and manifests less distinctive talent, when occupied with the gentle miscellanies and amenities, than with the strifes and seditions of literature. He has essayed Dante, the married life of Henry VIII., the cloister life of Charles V., the convent life of Madame de Maintenon, the court life of Daniel de Cosnac,—generally speaking with more of diligence than effect. Of his later *études*, however, may be mentioned, as lively and characteristic, those devoted to the Memoirs of Joseph Bonaparte—(ably illustrating the contrast of character between him and the Head of the family—Napoleon evidently born for empire, Joseph for subordination—the former for attaining the summit of power in politics, administration, diplomacy, and war, the latter for holding a first-class place in respectable mediocrity†)—of Marshal Soult, and of that speculative, dashing, effervescent man of many parts, M. le Docteur Véron.

* Barry Cornwall.

† "Napoleon present, it is *he* who is King of Spain: Napoleon gone, it is Soult, Masséna, Victor, Lannes, Suchet, Lefebvre, Bessières, all his generals in turn, anybody, everybody in a word, except—Joseph."—*Nouvelles Etudes*.

STOKE DOTTERELL; OR, THE LIVERPOOL APPRENTICE.

A HISTORY.

XI.

CONVERSATIONS AT WANSTEAD.

PLEASANT were the evenings at Wanstead, for never had three human beings met who were so desirous of making each other happy, or by whom happiness was better deserved.

Mr. Fairfield was gradually withdrawing from business.

He had placed the less important of his affairs under the management of his clerk, Mr. Hartley, who had now the prospect of forming a partnership that was likely to maintain the high and time-known reputation of the office; and the thoughts of Mr. Fairfield and his daughter were directed more than ever to their projected tour.

"We have had so many things to talk about," said Ellen, at one of their meetings, "that I have always forgotten, Mr. Whitmore, to ask you for the description which you were going to give me the night my father sent us all so unceremoniously to our rest."

"What was that?" said Blake; "oh, about De Lamartine; but you must certainly have seen it in the papers at the time. And yet it is strange how little notice they take of such things. Give them some horrible murder, and the subject seems inexhaustible. I recollect having been present, a year or two since, at a public dinner, when amongst the guests were some of the finest intellects of the age. Campbell—whose faculties, alas! were obscured by tavern wine—had made a speech, of which one-half consisted of brilliant thoughts clothed in such words as a poet only—and only such a poet as himself—could have chosen, while the other half was a mass of incomprehensible absurdities; and when he had sat down, more laughed at than cheered, Lord Mahon, with graceful generosity, his speech interspersed with happy quotations from the great lyrist's works, had come forward to the rescue, bringing down a tempest of applause which was intended as much for Campbell as himself, and giving the most beautiful instance of one fine mind paying its homage to another that I ever witnessed. And Washington Irving, with the delicate art that throws an interest over trifles, had pleaded his utter inability to address a public meeting. And Moore, with quiet humour, his homely features lighted into brilliance by the spirit within, had said *well* the little he thought it necessary to say. And there was the venerable Hallam, and the genial Lover, and the poet-souled Talfourd, and the kind-hearted romancer James, and one who, rich in his own success, is prodigal of his praise to others, and the pleasantest of *editors* that a contributor ever approached; and many of them had spoken. There were the titled of foreign lands, and the nobility and royalty of our own. I could have written out nearly all that had been said, had I attempted it immediately upon returning to my hotel; but I calculated upon seeing it better reported in the morning papers, and to my infinite annoyance I found no more, in any of them, than the most meagre notice. They knew

their readers better than I did, and their space was occupied by an 'Elopement in High Life' and 'A Destructive Fire in Wapping.'

"But now for De Lamartine. This is the third flourish of trumpets, and I am afraid that no great pageant will follow, after all.

"I had obtained a ticket of admission—through the friend I mentioned—from Bonaparte's favourite poet, the author of '*Marius à Minturnes*;' but there was an '*empressement si vif*' to be present, that although I was at the Institute nearly two hours before the time appointed, I found the tribune in which I was entitled to a seat completely occupied, and had to be content with an upper gallery. The struggle for admission into the body of the hall was tremendous. Ladies of the first rank and fashion, splendidly dressed, were in actual conflict with the soldiers on guard in attempting to possess themselves of the places reserved for members of the Academy. One of them—after the manner of the Great Condé before the trenches at Fribourg—threw her feathered bonnet towards the place she wished to occupy, and, the soldiers catching the '*sentiment*,' she was allowed to pass, amidst the applauses of her companions. The heat was oppressive; and, for some time, like Don Carlos in '*Hernani*,'

J'entendais très-mal, mais j'étouffais très-bien.

At last two o'clock came; and Baron Cuvier, a handsome and intelligent-looking old man, took the chair, supported on one side by the secretary '*perpétuel*,' M. Andrieux, the dramatist. As soon as the president had declared the meeting duly constituted, M. de Lamartine rose.

"You wished me to describe his appearance. He is tall, gracefully formed, and has a face of '*Werter-like*' beauty and expression. He was habited in the costume of the Academy, a black coat bordered by an embroidery of green foliage, and wore a dress sword. His discourse contained passages of great eloquence, delivered with a melancholy earnestness which was very impressive. It was an *éloge* of his predecessor, M. Daru, with a defence of his own opinions in poetry and literature; and, after it had been well replied to by M. Cuvier, the business of the day concluded with the recitation of some passable stanzas on Greece by M. Pierre le Brun. Amongst the distinguished persons who were pointed out to me were the Duke of Ragusa, Chateaubriand, Royer-Collard, David the Sculptor, and Casimir Delavigne. What can I tell more? The scene of their proceedings was a handsome rotunda, ornamented with statues of Bossuet and Fénelon; and this is all that I remember of one of the pleasantest of the few days which I then passed in France."

"Do you think we should go to Paris *first*?" inquired Ellen, looking up from the map that lay before her.

"I think not," said Blake. "I would rather counsel your seeing some parts of Holland and Belgium, resting in Paris as your first climax. Then make your way to the Rhine, and through as much of Germany as you can conveniently accomplish, wintering in Rome, and passing the following summer at Sorrento. To go south without having been at Paris would be as bad as leaving England without having been in London; and, by the time you have reached Rome, you will have seen as

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avocations in the City have prevented me from acquiring much practical information on the subject."

"It is a very agreeable piece of *information* to me," interrupted Ellen, "that we shall probably commence our tour this year; and as you have promised to assist my father, Mr. Whitmore, you must not forget to look sometimes at my plants and flowers."

"Mr. Whitmore, I am afraid, will have to attend to more important matters."

"They will not prevent me, however," said Blake, "from coming to Wanstead very often."

"I shall place the house, and everything about it," added Mr. Fairfield, "at your disposal; and I should recommend you to come here occasionally for change of air."

"I shall come," replied Blake, "to remind me of dear friends and very happy hours."

Ellen's cheek was slightly flushed for a moment; but before it had passed, she had resumed her habitual calmness.

The spring went on advancing, and Whitmore had taken his appointment under Lord Weybridge. Arrangements were also in progress for Selborough; but the 1st of June had arrived, and they were still incomplete. On the 2nd, Mr. Fairfield and his daughter were to proceed to Dover, and Whitmore promised to accompany them. They had finally determined to pass through Holland, by way of Belgium, and after making a circuit to Paris, they were to complete the tour they had last projected.

It was announced that the packet was to sail at ten the following morning. The previous evening was the close of a bright summer day, and while Mr. Fairfield was reposing at the York Hotel, Ellen and Blake Whitmore walked upon the shore. She reminded him of the pleasant days they had passed since their first acquaintance, and expressed her surprise that, in their many conversations, he had never, except when speaking of his father, made any reference to his friends at Stoke.

"And we know," she continued, "that you must *have* friends: the same qualities which made my father so soon esteem you must have been seen by others."

"To you," said Blake, "I can now speak as I would to a sister, and I acknowledge that there was *one* attachment at Stoke far deeper than friendship; but it was never upon my lips; and unless the circumstances in which all parties are placed should greatly change, it never will be."

Ellen slightly trembled; the hand he supported pressed more heavily upon his arm; but, at that moment, an accident having happened to one of a group of children who were playing upon the beach, her thoughts took another direction; and, after they had accompanied the young sufferer to its home, she returned with her companion to the hotel.

The next morning Blake Whitmore said his farewell to the friends he loved; and lingering upon the pier, there was a last wave of the hand, till the packet, having passed the bar, gave a bound that almost hid her in the waters, and was soon eagerly pressing forward on her course.

XII.

A COMPACT WITH THE EVIL ONE.

WE have so long deferred recording the marriage of Mary Redpyne, that it might seem as if we regretted that it should take place.

Were these pages a mere fiction, it would be easy to dispose of the difficulty, even by the removal of our hero; and we should scarcely shrink from "the deep damnation of his taking-off;" but ours, as we have already remarked, is a truthful narrative, and we cannot alter its incidents without violating one of the first duties of an historian.

It is not certain, however, that Henry Pigott really is our principal personage. We have undertaken the story of his life, and it will be a painful picture; but others are connected with it from whom we might prefer to choose the hero or heroine of our tale.

At the period of his union with Mary Redpyne, respectable dissenters were still married like Christians (as Colonel Sibthorp would say) at episcopal churches—with licenses, and bridesmaids, and carriages, and givings-away, and signings of names, and all the other ceremonies thought necessary by our fathers.

It must be supposed, then, that all these have been duly gone through; that the most lugubrious of feasts, a wedding breakfast, has been discussed and despatched (for, except when enlivened by the graceful eloquence of Lord Carlisle, it certainly is a lugubrious feast); and that the youthful couple, seated in a comfortable travelling-carriage (and not, as in these days, displaying their bashful happiness at a railway station), are on the highway to Scotland.

They stayed in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Lancashire and Cumberland long enough to see many of the hidden beauties of glen and waterfall which are unknown to the rapid tourist, who passes them probably on a rainy day,

When tumbling torrents mock him through the mist

as he drives on without any other evidence of their existence. And leaving dull Penrith and "merry" Carlisle behind them, they proceeded to Edinburgh—the most picturesque of European cities, with the exception of Naples—and then they gazed from Stirling upon the lovely links of the Forth; and they had seen the romantic islands of the Clyde, and had revived the associations connected with Lochlomond and the Trosachs; and their course was again turned southward.

Mary, as they rested on their usual evening walk, was confiding to her husband all the fresh feelings of her heart, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

The expected vacancy had taken place in the representation of Stoke. Sir Jonah had come forward, and, aided by the eloquence of Mr. Bam and the influence of Mr. Camp (together with other influences pretty well known to all who have had any experience in borough elections), he had been returned by a small majority.

But the Tories raged furiously against him. They were not superabundantly *affluent* at Stoke, so they stirred up their party throughout

the county, and, with the help of their friends in Pall-Mall, a petition was got up which, like the

Après with her fatal shears,

deprived the member of what he had gained.

The report of a committee declared that he was not duly elected; and certain acts of mistaken generosity having been brought home to himself, he was disqualified to sit during the remainder of the parliament.

This defeat, after their hard-earned victory, had united the radical party at Stoke, and made them more powerful than before. It strengthened Sir Jonah's interest, and as it seemed best under these circumstances to keep up his connexion with the borough by the election of a friend who would take his seat till his own disqualification had ceased, his thoughts turned to Mr. Henry Pigott, who was now called by the burgesses "their wealthy fellow-townsmen," and who had read Sir Jonah's letter on the subject just before Mary had poured upon his preoccupied mind the freshness of her young affections.

Indifferent to the expressions of her regard, "We shall probably," he said, "have to return to Stoke for a month or two, but I must previously go down for a few days by myself, and in my absence I can leave you at Mr. Keely's."

And he *did* leave her at Mr. Keely's, very much to the astonishment of that worthy gentleman, as well as of the many who thought that had they themselves obtained such a prize, they should have cherished it with better feelings.

"Now, Pigott," said Sir Jonah, when they met, "we must understand each other. You know the power that I possess; but I would rather that we should work together through favours on *my* part than from fear on yours. I have arranged with Bam. And Mr. Camp, too, is so determined that the Tories shall be beaten, that even *he* has consented that you shall be elected if I wish it, and retain the seat till I can again become a candidate. It is probable that you will be in parliament for some sessions. Your election will necessarily be attended with expense—unless you can reform the reformers—and you must yourself find the funds. But there is another matter. Your sister Helen has once refused me. I cannot imagine why. She has no other attachment. Blake Whitmore is now out of the question. If I had a disagreeable person, or an inadequate income, I should not press myself upon her notice; but as it is, it must make part of our compact of secrecy and assistance that you oblige Helen to marry me. I say oblige, for I think you could convince her of the inexpediency of again refusing. This, however, is no child's play. I must have your bond for ten thousand pounds that the conditions upon which you take your seat shall be complied with; how it may be expressed, we must leave to our lawyers; and when I have married your sister, all other papers shall be surrendered and cancelled."

Henry, to whom the command of money had given a more independent feeling, winced at these conditions; but a vain ambition—the fruitful mother of meanness—induced him to submit to them.

He then brought his bride to Abbey Grange, where he provided a competent establishment.

A day or two after their arrival he entered with Helen upon the disagreeable subject of Sir Jonah's pretensions.

Mary, to whom she had confided what had passed, remonstrated with him as soon as they were alone upon the cruelty and injustice of forcing his sister into such a connexion; but he coldly told her that "it was unpleasant to him to be interfered with in a matter that was connected with circumstances of which she must know that she was ignorant."

"I do not think, Henry," she gently answered, "that I *ought* to be ignorant of them, if they so deeply concern those to whom I am now related."

"I think differently," said Henry. And he abruptly left the room.

The first tears of disappointed affection which Mary had ever shed were swimming in her eyes, as she lighted a taper and retired, with a heavy heart, to her chamber.

Again, and for the third time, he had resumed the subject with his sister; and Mrs. Pigott was also present.

"Consider, my dear Helen," he commenced, "that besides one of the best alliances in the county for yourself, you would be forwarding my own views in life, and giving me the station to which my present income entitles me."

"I do not *wish* for the alliance," said Helen; "I utterly *abhor* it. And as to yourself, Henry, if you are not satisfied with the happiness you already possess, you do not deserve to be happy."

"But do you think it nothing, Helen, to take my first step in public life by going into parliament? and on such easy terms?"

"Ay," said Mrs. Pigott, "only conceive what a position we shall occupy."

"And merely to gratify this paltry ambition am I to be made miserable for ever?"

"Helen!" cried her brother, "you are now doing me wrong. It is not merely to gratify my ambition. Sir Jonah has a power over us which, for your own peace of mind, I am anxious you should never know."

"If it is to force me to submit to such a destiny, I *must* know it."

"Foolish girl," said Henry. "I again warn you that it is better you should believe yourself to be sacrificed to my personal aggrandisement than that you should hear the truth."

"Nothing I have *yet* heard can induce my compliance; and I cannot be more miserable than in being united to Sir Jonah."

"Tell it then, Henry," said Mrs. Pigott.

"I am obliged to do so," he replied, "for Sir Jonah will not again be trifled with. Know then—and I would rather have suffered anything than have said it—that our father was an *unconvicted felon*. In a moment of severe pressure he had forged a second set of title-deeds for the property at Cubleigh; and his guilt is at present only known to Sir Jonah and myself."

Mrs. Pigott sank in her chair; and Helen, deadly pale, gasped convulsively for breath.

"Though his crime," continued Henry, "is now unpunishable here, think of *our* infamy—our degradation in the eyes of the world—should

Sir Jonah make it known. Think of my position with the relations of my wife, to whom I bring nothing, in return for their wealth, but a connexion represented to have been respectable. It is bitter to tell you this; but you have obliged me."

"Henry!" said his sister, with fearful calmness, "I *will* marry Sir Jonah Foster; but do not let me see him for a day or two—and as little as possible. My trial is now passed."

She retired to her room; and when she thought of the destiny which awaited her, and of the visions of happiness she had pictured with Blake Whitmore as the companion of her life, she wept bitterly. She knew not that, the week following, he would pass through his native town; that, at a word from him, the fetters which bound her would have dropped to the ground; and she prepared to submit to her fate.

XIII.

TO-MORROW, AS HE PURPOSES.

HENRY had grieved to see his sister's suffering; but, disguise it as he might, his heart was bent upon representing Stoke Dotterell; and it was with no feeling of regret that he announced to Sir Jonah the probable accomplishment of their wishes.

At last the new writ was received; and all the noisy formalities of an election commenced.

Mr. Pigott canvassed avowedly as the friend of Sir Jonah Foster; and, on the day of nomination, his speech was often interrupted by cries of "No warming-pan!"—"No merchant's clerks!"—"No fortune-hunters!"—"Go home to your wife, young man!"—in addition to all those other insults which gentlemen who aspire to parliamentary honours are in the habit of submitting to, and which on this occasion must have been exceedingly gratifying, as his friends and family were placed in a balcony immediately facing the hustings.

He was opposed by the candidate who had opposed Sir Jonah, but the votes were in his favour. He was declared duly elected; and again the Tories petitioned.

There is no subject upon which silly people think so loosely as upon the precise significance of sums of money. "Did you ever know anything so shocking?" exclaimed a lady to her morning guest. "The Tweedles, who live from hand to mouth, and can scarcely afford themselves a dinner, had their house broken into last night, and were robbed of I don't know *how* much;—they *say* five thousand pounds!" And the world in general speak just as wildly of the fortunes of heiresses, and the incomes of country gentlemen.

Mary Redpyne's fortune has been very accurately stated; but it must be remembered that the income arising from such an amount could not well be more than three or four thousand; and merely in the income had her husband any participation.

It had been arranged that they were to have passed the autumn on a tour through Ireland, and to have taken a house in London for the season; and there was a freshness in the one, and an entire novelty in the other, which made Mary look forward to both with delight.

But Mr. Pigott was sufficiently acquainted with figures to know that

his election having involved him in certain liabilities, and the petition threatening him with more, he must, as a prudent man, make economical arrangements.

He told Mary, therefore, that they must give up Ireland at once; and that, till parliament met, he should probably pass the winter either at Stoke or on the Continent; "for you know," he added, "that it is only by strict economy I can meet the expenses we have incurred."

Mary had never been used to "strict economy," and did not like it. At her father's house there had always been means far beyond their wants—not merely plenty, but profusion. With all her generosity, too, she could not help thinking that this was an unceremonious, and not very wise, mode of disposing of money that was her own; but, like a true-hearted woman, she submitted without a murmur.

Whatever was to be the result of the *election*, Sir Jonah had performed *his* part of the compact; and he looked for his reward; nor did Helen seek to defer what appeared to be inevitable.

The young ladies Camp were paying her a morning visit; and Miss Camp, under the influence of country curiosity, inquired whether Mrs. Pigott had not had a party on the evening of the nomination.

"No," said Helen, with something of surprise mingled with the seriousness and depression which had now become habitual.

"Because," continued Miss Camp, "Mrs. Freelove was trying to get up a pic-nic, in order that we might all be brought together again after the election, as friends, and bury (as she says) our little differences in forgetfulness, and it would have taken place before this if it had not been for the bad weather; and I had sent her a note by our maid, who told me that, as she was returning, she overtook Mr. Blake Whitmore walking slowly from Abbey Grange. Nobody knew that he was in Stoke; but I desired Sarah to make inquiries, and I found that he had been staying a night or two at his father's. He does not seem to have called upon any one."

This was another pang added to the many which Helen Pigott had suffered; but she saw no means of escaping from her fate.

The day of the marriage was fixed, and one person—perhaps the only one—looked forward to it with unmitigated pleasure.

This happy individual was Miss Annie Larkin, who had been asked to be bridesmaid, and had some superstitious shadowings-forth of destiny, which told her that the performance was to be followed by a similar one ere long, in which she was herself to act the heroine.

Sir Jonah's only difficulty was in terminating his unfortunate connexion with Bessie Barton. She had always told him that she cared nothing for herself; that she was willing to sacrifice her happiness here and her hopes hereafter to her affection for him, but that she could not disgrace her father or bring shame upon her offspring; and, in a moment of tenderness, she had obtained from him a written promise that, if ever a child was born to them, he would marry her. The event was now probable, and he determined, whatever were the means resorted to, that this paper should be given up to him.

He had spoken to her upon the subject frequently in vain, and was again to see her the evening previous to his marriage with Helen.

"Well, Bessie," said old Barton, as they stood at the door of their cottage, "and where are you going this evening?"

"To take home some handkerchiefs, father, that I have been working at the corners for the new family on the other side the common."

"Good night, neighbour, good night!" said a gruff voice, at some little distance.

"Who's that, Bessie?"

"It's only Jim Darrell," replied his daughter.

"Ah! poor Jim! he's so seldom himself that he must not be surprised if an old man, who has only one of his senses to trust to, should not always know him. But don't go yet, Bessie. Jim Darrell will soon be off the road: *his* business doesn't lie *there*, so let him pass a while. You have kept out of harm's way yet, and I hope that you'll do so always."

"I sometimes wish, father, that I was out of this world altogether."

"Bessie, my child," cried old Barton, "what are you saying? What would become of your poor father if anything should happen to *you*?"

"Ay," said his daughter, "it is for your sake only I would live. But now I must go; by this time Jim Darrell will be upon the moor. Give me your blessing, father."

"God bless you, my dear child," said the old man. And Bessie left their cottage.

About half a mile beyond it she was joined by Sir Jonah Foster. A little farther, and on the side opposite to Barton's dwelling, a mass of rock rose close to the road, at the foot of which, basined in the rock itself, lay a piece of deep, dark water, about twelve feet square, called Dead-man's Pool.

As they approached it, Sir Jonah said:

"I am astonished, Bessie, that you should not see how much it is both for *your* interest and your father's that you should give me up that paper. It was never intended by either of us that it should injure me in the way it might do if you keep it."

"Perhaps, Sir Jonah, it may *never* injure you. I may die, or my infant may die—perhaps both; but if it lives, it shall not be disgraced by *my* fault; it shall at least be seen that, as far as I could, I guarded against its shame, and the paper which will be proof of this I will never part with while I live. Nothing on earth shall alter my determination."

Sir Jonah fell into an angry silence.

He was reported to have said in his youth—and it used to be quoted as a proof of his cleverness—"I would not allow any man living to walk behind me on the edge of a deep pit, except my father, and I should keep a very sharp look-out even upon him."

The place they were approaching may have brought this remark to his recollection.

It is certain, however, that Sir Jonah Foster came to his meeting with Bessie with no worse intention than to deprive her of the only means she possessed of palliating her guilt, and they walked on till, owing to an overflowing of water into the road, there was no dry path left but the raised edge of the pool. Their fate was now depending upon a single moment. A few steps only and the danger would have been past; but the tempter had chosen his time, and another sinner was to fall beneath his power. There must have been something suggestive of crime in the aspect of the spot itself. The blind man's child was still immediately before her seducer, looking sadly on the ground, when, "moved and in-

stigated by the devil," or for the moment mad, seizing her by the waist, he flung her into the midst of the gloomy pit, and, her hands being entangled in her cloak, she sank without a struggle; the dark waters closed over her head, and soon became the same smooth, black surface as before.

Himself amazed and horrified at what he had done, Sir Jonah moved hastily away in the direction of Knight's Carey.

But his guilt was not unseen.

Jim Darrell was on the edge of the moor above them when Bessie and Sir Jonah approached; and knowing that it would not be well for himself that he should be discovered, he had hidden himself behind a bush of furze, and had thus been an unpremeditated witness of all that had passed. Though he had been in many preparatory schools of guilt, he had never before been present at the destruction of human life, and it affected him probably as much as it would have affected a more innocent person.

His first impulse was the very natural and manly one of rushing to her assistance. But the rough descent from his place of concealment gave him time for reflection. "And what," he muttered to himself, "if any one passes, and they find me by the body? Why, dang it, they'll say *I* murdered her, and *I* shall be hanged instead of *he*. No, no, Sir Jonah, as matters stand I have you in my grip; and I should be a fool to let you get out of it."

So the baser influences of selfishness and revenge triumphed over poor humanity; but still his conscience pulled heavily at his heart, and he trembled like a guilty man as he ran across the moor in the direction of the Hunter's Lodge.

"Brown!" he cried, addressing the landlord as he entered, "give me a quart of beer, and let it have a dash of something strong. 'I'm rather flurried.'"

Emptying about one-half of it at a draught, he fell into a reverie.

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired the landlord.

"What's the matter, indeed?" mused Darrell; and, finishing his drink, "Give me," he said, "another quart of beer, with more of something strong than the last." When his second supply was nearly finished, "And now, Mr. Brown," he continued, "I am going to Old Bumphey, the constable, to lay an information against Sir Jonah Foster."

"An information for what?" asked the landlord, laughing.

"Not an information for killing a hare, Mr. Brown; but—for killing a woman."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the landlord. "Let Sir Jonah Foster alone, and be satisfied if he lets you alone."

"As to his letting *me* alone, Mr. Brown, he will never do it when he has a chance of laying hold of *me*. It's pull devil pull baker with *we*; but I shall have my revenge upon him now. I've often threatened him, and if *you* won't stand my friend, old fellow, I'll be off to Bumphey."

Saying which he darted through the door and across the common, preserving for a few minutes a tolerably straight line. By the time he reached Stoke his movements were less regular, and he descended the street leading into the town in so extraordinary a manner that he had

soon a crowd of children and idle people in his train, laughing at every lengthened reel he made from side to side, and at the way in which he generally finished it by dropping upon one knee, and gravely steadying himself for a fresh start. And, with this retinue, he appeared before the house of Mr. Bumphey.

His first proceeding was sufficiently correct, for he knocked at the door; and the constable, cautious from long experience, opened a window, and asked him what he wanted.

"I come to tell you," roared Darrell, "that Sir Jonah Foster has committed murder."

Here there was a great laugh; and an old woman called out:

"No, Jim, he only means to; for it's as bad as murder to force that poor young girl to be his wife, and she so sad about it."

"Go about your business, sir—go about your business; go home, sir," said the constable.

"Go about my business, Mr. Bumphey?" cried Jim. "I tell you what it is—Sir Jonah Foster has committed *murder*."

"And I tell *you* what it is, Master Darrell," said the constable, "if you keep up this disturbance before *my* house, or anywhere else, I'll lock you up as a 'drunk and disorderly.'"

By this time some of Darrell's special associates had joined the crowd; and knowing that the constable bore him no good-will, and that a man in custody on one charge very often makes awkward disclosures as to others—particularly when he is not sober—they led him away, almost unable to articulate, and left him sleeping in his loft.

THE RIDING TO THE TOURNAMENT.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

OVER meadows purple flowered,
Through the dark lanes oak embowered,
Over commons dry and brown,
Through the silent red-roofed town,
Past the reapers and the sheaves,
Over white roads strewn with leaves,
Past the gipsies' ragged tent,
Rode we to the Tournament.

Over clover wet with dew,
Whence the skylark, startled, flew,
Through brown fallows where the hare
Leapt up from its subtle lair,
Past the mill-stream and the reeds
Where the stately heron feeds,
By the warren's sunny wall,
Where the dry leaves shake and fall,
By the hall's ancestral trees,
Bent and writhing in the breeze,
Rode we all with one intent,
Gaily to the Tournament.

Golden sparkles, flashing gem,
Lit the robes of each of them,
Cloak of velvet, robe of silk,
Mantles snowy white as milk,
Rings upon our bridle hand,
Jewels on our belt and band,
Bells upon the golden reins,
Tinkling spurs and shining chains—
In such merry train we went
Riding to the Tournament.

Laughing voices, scraps of song,
Lusty music loud and strong,
Rustling of the banners blowing,
Whispers as of rivers flowing,
Whistle of the hawks we bore
As they rise and as they soar,
Now and then a clash of drums
As the rabble louder hums,
Now and then a burst of horns
Sounding over brooks and bourns,
As in merry guise we went
Riding to the Tournament.

There were abbots fat and sleek,
Nuns in couples, pale and meek,
Jugglers tossing cups and knives,
Yeomen with their buxom wives,
Pages playing with the curls
Of the rosy village girls,
Grizzly knights with faces scarred,
Staring through their visors barred,
Huntsmen cheering with a shout
At the wild stag breaking out,
Harper, stately as a king,
Touching now and then a string,
As our revel laughing went
To the solemn Tournament.

Charger with the massy chest,
Foam-spots flecking mane and breast,
Pacing stately, pawing ground,
Fretting for the trumpet's sound,
White and sorrel, roan and bay,
Dappled, spotted, black, and grey,
Palfreys snowy as the dawn,
Ponies sallow as the fawn,
All together neighing went
Trampling to the Tournament.

Long hair scattered in the wind,
Curls that flew a yard behind,
Flags that struggled like a bird
Chained and restive, not a word
But half buried in a laugh;
And the lance's gilded staff
Shaking when the bearer shook
At the jester's merry look,

The Riding to the Tournament.

As he grins upon his mule,
 Like an urchin leaving school,
 Shaking bauble, tossing bells,
 At the merry jest he tells,—
 So in happy mood we went
 Laughing to the Tournament.

What a bustle at the inn,
 What a stir without—within;
 Filling flagons, brimming bowls
 For a hundred thirsty souls;
 Froth in snow-flakes flowing down
 From the pitcher big and brown,
 While the tankards brim and bubble
 With the balm for human trouble;
 How the maiden coyly sips,
 How the yeoman wipes his lips,
 How the old knight drains the cup
 Slowly and with calmness up,
 And the abbot, with a prayer,
 Fills the silver goblet rare,
 Praying to the saints for strength
 As he holds it at arm's length;
 How the jester spins the bowl
 On his thumb, then quaffs the whole;
 How the pompous steward bends,
 And bows to half a dozen friends,
 As in thirsty mood we went
 Dusty to the Tournament.

Then again the country over
 Through the stubble and the clover,
 By the crystal-dropping springs,
 Where the road-dust clogs and clings
 To the pearl-leaf of the rose,
 Where the tawdry nightshade blows,
 And the bramble twines its chains
 Through the sunny village lanes,
 Where the thistle sheds its seed,
 And the goldfinch loves to feed,
 By the milestone green with moss,
 By the broken wayside cross,
 In a merry band we went
 Shouting to the Tournament.

Pilgrims with their hood and cowl,
 Pursy burghers cheek by jowl,
 Archers with the peacock's wing
 Fitting to the waxen string,
 Pedlars with their pack and bags,
 Beggars with their coloured rags,
 Silent monks, whose stony eyes
 Rest trance-like upon the skies,
 Children sleeping at the breast,
 Merchants from the distant West,
 All in gay confusion went
 To the royal Tournament.

Players with the painted face
 And a drunken man's grimace,

Grooms who praise their raw-boned steeds,
Old wives telling maple beads,—
The blackbirds from the hedges broke,
The black crows from the beeches croak,
The glossy swallow in dismay
From the mill-stream fled away,
The angry swan, with ruffled breast,
Frowned upon her osier nest,
The wren hopped restless on the brake,
The otter made the sedges shake,
The butterfly before our rout
Flew like a blossom blown about,
The coloured leaves, a globe of life,
Spun round and scattered as in strife,
Sweeping down the narrow lane
Like the slant shower of the rain,
The lark in terror from the sod
Flew up and straight appealed to God,
As a noisy band we went
Trotting to the Tournament.

But when we saw the holy town,
With its river and its down,
Then the drums began to beat
To the cadence of our feet,
And the flutes piped mellow and sweet;
Then the deep and full bassoon
Murmured like a wood in June,
And the fifes, so sharp and bleak,
All at once began to speak;
Hear the trumpets clear and loud,
Full-tongued, eloquent, and proud,
And the dulcimer that ranges
Through such wild and plaintive changes;
Merry sounds the jester's shawm,
To our gladness giving form;
And the shepherd's chalumeau,
Rich and soft, and sad and low;
And the bagpipes squeak and groan—
Every herdsman has his own;
So in measured step we went
Pacing to the Tournament.

All at once the chimes broke out,
And we hear the townsmen shout,
While the harps with ringing chime
Keep measured harmony and time,
And the morris-dancers' bells
Tinkled in the grassy dells;
When the cymbal's stricken brass
Echoed down the mountain pass,
And the thunder from the tower
Adds its sound of doom and power,
As the cannon's loud salute
For a moment made us mute,
Then again the laugh and joke
On the startled silence broke;—
Thus in merry mood we went
Laughing to the Tournament.

MILLICENT AND PHILIP CRANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

THE day had been wet and dreary, fit emblem of its month, November; and as the evening postman splashed through the mud, on his rounds in a certain suburb of a manufacturing town in England, the family groups looked from their warm, cosy sitting-rooms, and said they would rather he had his walk than they, in the wintry weather.

He left letters at many of the houses, but not at all, as he would have done in the manufacturing districts of the town; and whilst he is knocking at one door, that of a well-kept, pretty house standing in a small garden, let us glance into its front parlour, preceding, by a minute, the letter that will soon be there.

The family are at dinner there. Two ladies only. One, young still, and handsome, sits at the head of the table, the other, much younger and equally well-looking, though in a different style, sits opposite to her, facing the window. Surely they cannot be mother and child! It is not only that there appears scarcely sufficient contrast in the age, but they are so totally unlike in face, form, and expression; the elder all fire and pride, the younger all grace and sweetness. No, they are only step-mother and daughter.

"Make haste, Nancy," said the young lady to the servant in waiting, "there's the postman coming here."

Her accent was gay and joyful: she expected, perhaps, some pleasant news, poor girl; and the maid left the room with alacrity.

"For me?" she questioned, as the girl returned with a letter.

"Not for you, miss," was the servant's answer. "For my mistress."

She put the letter on the tablecloth by the side of Mrs. Crane, and the latter laid down the spoon with which she was eating some ground-rice pudding, and took it up.

"Who is it from, mamma?"

"How can I tell, Millicent, before it is opened? It looks like some business letter; or a circular. A large-sized sheet of blue paper, and no envelope. It can wait. Will you take some more pudding?"

"Philip sometimes writes on those business sheets," cried Miss Crane, eagerly. "Is it his handwriting, mamma?"

"Philip! nothing but Philip! Your thoughts are for ever running upon him. I ask you about pudding, and you reply with Philip! Were I Mr. Crauford, I should be jealous."

"No more, thank you," was the rejoinder of the younger lady, while a smile and a bright blush rose to her candid face. "Mamma, you have never appreciated Philip," she proceeded to say. But the elder lady had opened her letter, and was deep in its contents.

"Nancy," cried out Mrs. Crane, in a sharp, hasty tone, as she folded the letter together, in what seemed a movement of anger, "take all away, and put the dessert on. No cheese for me to-day, and Miss Millicent does not care for it. Be quick: I want the room cleared. Ring for Harriet to help you."

In Mrs. Crane's impatient moods she brooked no dilatory serving, and the domestics knew it. So that her wish, in this instance, was executed with all despatch, and she and her step-daughter were left alone together.

"*I have never appreciated Philip, you say,*" she began, as the door closed. "Not as you do, I am aware. I have always told you, Millicent, that your exalted opinion of him, your exaggerated love, would some time receive a check. This letter is from his employers."

"Yes!" hesitated Millicent, for there was something hard and defiant and triumphant in her step-mother's accent and words, and it terrified her.

"He has been robbing them, and has now decamped. They warn me to give him up to justice if he should come hiding here."

In the first shock of this terrible assertion, Millicent Crane gasped for breath, so that the impassioned denial she sought to utter would not come. For her confidence in her brother was strong, and her heart whispered to her that the accusation was not true.

"There is some mistake," she said, recovering her agitation, and speaking quite calmly.

"Read the letter," returned Mrs. Crane, pushing it over the table towards her: and Millicent read, and her confidence and her hope died away.

When Millicent Crane had been ten and her brother eight, they were left motherless. Mr. Crane, after a short lapse of time, married again, a young wife. She did not take kindly to the two children, or they to her. She used to say to lookers-on that they were so wrapt up in each other they had no love to give to her. But the children, themselves, knew that their new mother disliked them, in her inmost heart; that had they loved her, with a true and entire love, she could never have returned it—for who so quick, as children, in detecting where their affections may securely be placed? To an open rupture with the children she never came, as she might have done had a family of her own been born to her. She encouraged herself in her antipathy to the children, and towards Philip it grew into a positive hatred. He was a generous, high-spirited, but tiresome boy, as boys, who are worth anything, are apt to be. He kept the house in commotion, and the drawing-room in a litter, spinning tops on its carpet, and breaking its windows with his india-rubber ball. Mrs. Crane was perpetually slipping upon marbles, and treacherous hooks and fishing-tackle were wont to entangle themselves in her stockings and feet. She invoked no end of storms on his head, and the boy would gather his playthings together and decamp with them; but, the next day, they, or others more troublesome, would be lying about again. What provoked Mrs. Crane worse than all was, that she could not put Philip out of temper. When she attacked him with passionate anger, he replied by a laugh and a merry word, sometimes an impertinent one, for, if the truth must be avowed, Philip was not always deferent towards his step-mother. She had the ear of their father, not they; and she got the children put to school. Millicent was eighteen and Philip sixteen before they returned home, and then Mr. Crane was dead, and the money, which ought to have been theirs, was left to the widow for her life, and to them afterwards—and she but twelve or fourteen years older than they were! Mrs. Crane was charged to pay

them 50*l.* a year each, during her life; an additional fifty to Philip till he attained the age of twenty-one, then to cease; and Millicent was to have her home with her step-mother, unless removed from it by marriage.

"It's a wicked will," burst forth Philip, in the height of his indignation; "my father must have lost his senses before he made such."

"We must make the best of it, Philip," whispered his gentle sister, soothingly; "it is done, and there is no remedy. You shall have my 50*l.* as well as your own. I shall not want it."

"Don't talk nonsense, Millicent," returned the boy. "You'll want your 50*l.* for clothes and pocket-money: do you flatter yourself that deceitful old crocodile will furnish them? And if she did, do you think I would take the paltry pittance from you?"

Philip said he would go to sea, but Millicent cried and sobbed, and entreated that he would not: for she possessed that dread of a sea-life, indigenous in many women; and Philip, who loved her dearly, yielded to her. Then he said he would go into the army; but where was his commission to come from? Mrs. Crane declined to furnish funds for it. At length an old friend of his father's obtained for him an admission into one of the London banking-houses. He was then seventeen; but he was not to expect a salary for ever so long a period after admission, and his 100*l.* a year was all he had to keep him, in every way. Enough, too! as Mrs. Crane said, and as many others may say. Yes, amply enough; when a young man has the moral strength to resist expensive temptations, but very little to encounter those which bubble up in the vortex of a London life. From five o'clock in the evening, about which hour he left business, was Philip Crane his own master, *without a home*, save his solitary lodgings, and without relatives. Friends (as they are so called) he made for himself, but they were friends that he had better have been without; for they were mostly young men of expensive habits, and of means superior to his. As the years went on, debt came; embarrassment came; despair came; and, in an evil hour, it was on his twenty-second birthday, Philip Crane took what did not belong to him, and detection followed. Hence the letter which the reader has seen addressed to Mrs. Crane by the firm, in which they gave vent to the fulness of their indignation.

Millicent sat with her eyes and thoughts concentrated on the letter; and a slow conviction of its truth came to her. "Oh Philip! Philip!" she wailed forth, "anything but this! I would have worked to save you from dishonour—I would have died to save you from crime. Mrs. Crane! mamma! what he has taken must be instantly replaced."

"Not by me," was the harsh reply. "You will never find me offering a premium for theft. He deserves punishment, and I trust he will meet it. If he attempts to come here, I shall assuredly give him up to justice."

Millicent did not answer, did not remonstrate, but sat with her head bowed in her clasped hands. She knew how resolute was Mrs. Crane, where her dislike was concerned, and she knew, now, that she hated Philip: she had long suspected it. A knock at the house door aroused Millicent.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, starting up, "that is Mr. Crauford. He

must be told this. Perhaps—when he knows—he will not—I am going up-stairs,” she added, more hurriedly, as she heard a servant advancing to admit the visitor. “Do you tell him.”

How many phases of thought pass through the mind in an instant of time! In the interval of Millicent’s escaping from the room, and Mr. Crauford’s entrance to it, Mrs. Crane had run over the matter with herself and taken her resolution. She would *not* tell Mr. Crauford. He was on the point (within a few months, for it was to be in spring) of marriage with Millicent: she desired the latter married with all her heart and wish, and certainly she would not give information, of any kind, which might tend to stop that marriage. Mrs. Crane was a vain woman, fond of admiration: her head had latterly been running on the possibility of a second marriage, and she wanted Millicent gone, that herself and her movements might be left without encumbrance.

Mr. Crauford entered, a gentlemanly man of about thirty. His manners were pleasing, and his countenance was handsome, but its chief expression was that of resolute pride. He was in business with his father, a flourishing manufacturer of the town, and was much attached to Millicent. People said how fortunate she had been, what a desirable man he was, and what a good match.

He sat with Mrs. Crane the whole evening, and took tea with her. Millicent never came down. Mrs. Crane told him Millicent was not well, and, she believed, had retired to rest. When he left the house, Millicent came shivering into the parlour, and crept close to the fire, for she was very cold.

“Mamma, how is it? What does he say?”

“Millicent,” said the elder lady, turning away her face, which was blushing hotly for her untruth, to tell which was not one of Mrs. Crane’s frequent faults, “it will make no difference in Mr. Crauford’s attentions towards you. He must feel the degradation Philip has brought, but he will not visit it on you—upon one condition.”

“What condition?” asked Millicent, raising her eyes to her step-mother.

“That you never speak of your brother to him; that you never, directly or indirectly, allude to him in his presence; and should Mr. Crauford, in a moment of forgetfulness, mention Philip’s name before you, that you will not notice it, but turn the conversation to another subject.”

“And is this restriction to continue after our marriage?” inquired Millicent.

“I know nothing about that. When people are married they soon find out what matters they may, or may not, enter upon with each other. It is enough, Millicent, that you observe it for the present.”

“It is no difficult restriction,” mused Millicent. “For what could I have to say *now* about Philip that I should wish to talk of to him?” She laid her head against the side marble of the mantelpiece as she spoke, and a sort of half-sigh, half-moan escaped her. Mrs. Crane looked at her troubled countenance, at her eyes closed in pain, at the silent tears trickling down. “And for an ungrateful rake!” she contemptuously uttered.

II.

THE weeks went on, several, and, with them, the preparations for Millicent Crane's marriage with Mr. Crauford. For once—rare occurrence!—it was a union of love, and Millicent's happiness would have been unclouded but for the agitating suspense she was in about her brother. His hiding-place had not been traced, but it was the opinion of the banking-firm that he had escaped to America. And there they quietly suffered him to remain, for his defalcation had not been great—not sufficient for them to go to the expense and trouble of tracking him out there. Millicent's days were anxious and her nights weary: she loved this brother with a lively, enduring love: like as a mother clings to her child, so did Millicent cling to him. She pictured him wandering the earth, homeless, friendless, destitute; overwhelmed with remorse, for *she* knew that an honourable nature, like Philip's, could not commit a crime and then forget it; or she pictured him revelling with dissolute companions, sinking deeper into sin, day by day. Before Mr. Crauford alone she strove to appear cheerful and happy, not wishing him, after his restriction, to think she dwelt too much on this erring brother.

One day, in the beginning of February, she was walking unaccompanied into the town, when a man, dressed loosely in the garb of a sailor, wearing a large, shabby pilot-jacket, and with huge black whiskers, stepped up to her and put a note into her hand without speaking, touched his hat, and disappeared down a side-street. Millicent, much surprised, stared after the man, and opened it.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Come to me this evening at dusk, if you can do so without suspicion at home. I have been days on the watch, and have not been able to get speech of you. I am now writing this, hoping to give it you, if not to-day, some other. Be very cautious: the police are no doubt on the look-out for me here, as they have been in London. I am at 24, Port-street: the house is mean and low, and you must come up to the top story, and enter the door on your right hand. Will you dare this for my sake?

"P. C."

Millicent had unconsciously stood still while she read the note, and her face was turning as white as death. So intent was she as not to perceive Mr. Crauford, who happened, by ill-luck, to be passing through the street—an unusual part of the town for him to be in, at that hour of the day. He crossed over the road, and touched her on the shoulder, and Millicent, whose head was full of officers of justice looking after Philip, positively screamed in alarm, and crumpled the note up in her hand, and thrust it into her bosom.

"What is the matter?" cried Mr. Crauford, looking at her in astonishment.

"I thought—I—is it only you?" stammered Millicent.

"Only me! Whom did you expect it was? What has happened, Millicent, to drive away your colour, like this? What is that letter you have just hidden, with as much terror as if it were a forged bank-note?"

"The letter's—nothing," she gasped, her teeth chattering with agitation and fright.

"It must be something," persisted Mr. Crauford. "I saw a sailor-fellow come up and give it you. Very strange!"

"Indeed it is nothing," repeated Millicent—"nothing that I can tell you."

"Do you want to make me jealous, Millicent?" he asked, in a tone that she might take for either jest or earnest.

"I will tell you all about it some time," she said, endeavouring to assume a careless, playful tone. "I promise it, Richard."

He left her as she spoke, for he was in pursuit of hasty business, but as he walked on he pondered over what he had seen, and Millicent's agitation; and repeated to himself that it was "very strange."

Evening came, and Millicent, arrayed in the plainest garb she could muster, a cloth cloak and dark winter bonnet, and making an excuse to Mrs. Crane that she was going to spend an hour with some friends who lived near, started forth to meet her brother. She knew perfectly well the locality of the street he had mentioned, Port-street, but never remembered to have been in it; for though not what might be considered a decidedly disreputable street, it was tenanted by the very poor, and partly let out in low lodging-houses. As she turned rapidly into it, she saw, by the light of the dim evening, that it was an unwholesome, dirty street, garbage and offal lying about, in company of half-naked children; squalid men were smoking pipes, and women with uncombed hair, tattered clothing, and loud, angry tongues, stood by them. Millicent drew her black veil tighter over her face as she peered out for No. 24.

To turn into the house and up the two flights of stairs, was the work of a moment. Peeping out of the door indicated, and holding a light in his hand, was the same man who had given her the note. He retreated into the room before Millicent, and held the door open for her. She stood in hesitation.

"Millicent, don't you know me?" he whispered, pulling her in and bolting the door behind her. And whilst she was thinking that it could not be Philip, she saw that it was. For one single instant he took off the black curls, like a sailor's, and the false black whiskers; and his own auburn hair, his fair face, with its open, gay expression and its fresh colour, appeared to view.

"Oh Philip! Philip!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "that it should come to this!"

He sat down beside her and told her all. How the temptations of his London life had overwhelmed him, its embarrassments had drowned his reason and his honour, and, in a fatal moment of despair, he had taken a bank-note which he could not replace. Not for an hour since had he known peace, and had it not been for the disgrace to *her* of having her only brother at the felon's bar, he should twenty times over have given himself up to justice. He had been in hiding ever since, in poverty, and was now in scanty clothing, for his clothes, what few he brought with him when he took flight, had gone, article after article, to procure food. He had made up his mind to leave the country for Australia,* if Millicent

* Not at that period proved to be the land of gold, which it has been since.

could help him with the passage-money, the lowest amount that the lowest passenger could be conveyed for, and clothe him with a few necessities for the voyage.

"I would not ask it, Millicent," he said, "for I do not deserve help from you; I would not, on my word of honour, but that that country holds out a hope of my redeeming what I have done; and for your sake, if not for my own, I would endeavour to redeem the past and atone for it, for I well know the severe trial this has been to you. Large fortunes are made there by the cultivation of land—don't look incredulous, and stop me, Millicent, they *are*. If I can gain money, my first step shall be to refund what I took, and perhaps in time, it may be—in time, Millicent—you may acknowledge a brother again. Should this luck not be mine, I can at least there work honestly for the bread I eat, work and rough it—and I have had enough of crime. Here work is denied me, for I may not show myself in the face of day."

Millicent, good, forgiving, and full of love, promised, with alacrity, all he wished. She had not the money at command, but determined to procure it. After her own wants were supplied out of her yearly 50*l.*, she had always forwarded the remainder to Philip, and latterly her spare cash had been spent in making preparations for her wedding.

"I will come here again to-morrow evening, Philip," she said, "and bring what I can with me that you may be getting some clothes together. I will get it you all in a few days. Is—is there nowhere else that we could meet instead of here?"

"Of course there's not," he answered. "It will not do for us to be seen meeting in the street, lest the officers catch the scent. Nothing will harm you here, my darling sister. If the house is poor, it is honest; and the way to it, though filthy with poverty, is not depraved."

"No, no, there's nothing to harm me," she pleasantly acquiesced. "I will be here again to-morrow night, Philip."

The next evening, circumstances seemed to favour Millicent. She was invited, without Mrs. Crane, to take tea at a friend's house, and nothing would be easier, she thought, than to go out ostensibly to pay the visit, and run first to Philip. So she attired herself in the same dark cloak and bonnet, and when ready, went in to say adieu to Mrs. Crane.

"You are going very early!" exclaimed the latter. "And what a dowdy you have made of yourself, Millicent! I thought that old coal-scuttle of a bonnet was discarded last winter."

"It is raining fast, mamma."

"Is it? I hope you have got your dress up. Where's Nancy?"

They went out together, Miss Crane and Nancy. Soon Millicent dismissed the latter, saying she wished to proceed alone, but that Nancy need not mention this to her mistress. The girl promised: she was pleased to have an hour for herself, and went gossiping off to some of her acquaintance, and she only thought her young lady was going to steal a walk with Mr. Crauford.

Millicent walked swiftly, heedless of the dirt and the rain. It was a windy night, and as she was turning the corner of the alley, which led from the broad, lighted street to Port-street, her umbrella, a light one, turned inside out. So Millicent had to make a stand there, and battle with it.

On the other side of the wide street, picking his way, that he might not soil, more than necessary, his evening boots, was advancing a gentleman, likewise under cover of an umbrella. He glanced at the figure opposite, struggling and fighting with hers, and a smile at her efforts came to his eyes and his lips: but it was speedily superseded by astonishment, for as the figure threw its face upwards, in the contest with this obstinate umbrella, the rays of a street gas-lamp fell on it, and disclosed the features of his own betrothed wife. It was Richard Crauford.

Millicent and the umbrella disappeared down the alley, and Mr. Crauford, after a short mental debate, strode after her. He traced her into Port-street, and he saw her enter the house No. 24. Mr. Crauford, his senses turned upside down with wonder and perplexity, took his standing within the entrance door of one opposite, and watched.

It was half an hour before she came out, and she went quickly up the street in the rain, without putting up her umbrella, fearful perhaps of another collision with the wind. Mr. Crauford came from his hiding-place, and kept her in view till she was knocking, heated and out of breath, at the house of their friends, where he had likewise an invitation. He went up, as she stood there waiting for admission, but he said nothing of what he had seen, not a word: he had resolved to watch her future movements and pursue the matter up. But he was pointedly cool to Millicent, and did not see her home in the evening. He was a proud, vain man, and to have any doubt or suspicion cast upon his future wife, was to his spirit bitter as wormwood. And yet, to doubt Millicent Crane!—open, honourable, right-minded Millicent Crane! Mr. Crauford was sorely perplexed, and worried himself on his sleepless bed that night.

Several days elapsed before Millicent got together the necessary money for her brother, borrowing, in secret, a few pounds from one and a few pounds from another; for Mrs. Crane she did not dare to ask or confide in, and nearly every evening she contrived to see him. But never did she enter that low street and its No. 24, but she was watched by Richard Crauford. He had made inquiries. A handsome young sailor, just come off a voyage, was lodging in the house, and the young woman came to see him. Richard Crauford could not fathom it, but his heart waxed wroth against Millicent.

One evening, when the time of Philip's departure was drawing near, as Millicent was returning through Port-street, from one of these stolen visits, she heard a haughty stride behind her, and the voice of one she well knew.

"Millicent! Miss Crane!"

She was obliged to turn, shaking all over with apprehension, and debating how she could account for her appearance in such a locality.

"What have you been doing here?" demanded Mr. Crauford. "Tell me."

"I—Richard—it was an errand. It is done now, and I am going home."

"You can have no legitimate errand in this part of the town," he retorted, "and your visits here, of late, have been pretty frequent. Will you impart to me the cause of your extraordinary conduct, Millicent?"

"Richard," she cried, with tears of agitation, "you have known me

for years; you have chosen me for your wife; you cannot suspect me of anything wrong!"

"My wife, yes. I did choose you. But do you think a wife, actual or promised, should hold a disgraceful secret, and keep it from her husband?"

"I trust—Richard—when I am your wife—that we shall have no concealments from each other," she panted forth. "I will not from you."

"Will you tell me what brings you to this place of an evening, and who it is you come to visit?"

"Later, I will tell you—if you will allow me," she answered. "I may not now."

"What do you call 'later?' When we are married?"

"Yes."

"And not before?"

"You would not hear me, Richard," she returned, her mind reverting to his interdiction, "and perhaps not forgive me."

"You must think my confidence in you will stretch to any limit," he haughtily rejoined. "A man does not usually marry with doubt on his mind. I must know what this mystery is; and without subterfuge."

"I may not tell you now," she answered, in a deprecating tone; "I do not know what the consequences would be. I will ask permission."

"Of your sailor friend at No. 24?" he returned, his lip curling with ineffable scorn. And Millicent could not suppress a cry of terror.

"Oh Richard, don't ask me! don't try to fathom this! On my word of honour, as your future wife, I am doing nothing wrong; nothing disgraceful; nothing of which I need be ashamed."

"If you wish me to believe this, you must tell me what it is, and let me judge what you call 'disgraceful.'"

"Indeed I cannot, to-night. But—perhaps to-morrow night—I will try. I will if I can."

"Very well," he replied; "I will afford you the opportunity to-morrow night." And he continued to walk by Millicent's side till she reached her home. But he did not offer her his arm, and observed a stern silence.

"You will come in?" she said to him, when the door was opened.

"No. Good night to you," he answered, and turned and strode away. It seemed as if he had but constrained himself to walk with her for her protection.

The next time Millicent saw her brother, she spoke of Mr. Crauford, and asked if she might impart the secret to him.

"You could not betray it to a worse man, lover of yours though he is," was Philip's rejoinder. "He is one of your cold, upright men, Millicent—who would deem it derogatory to his high mercantile character not to deliver me up to justice if he knew I was here. When I am quite gone, I and the good ship which will bear me out of danger, then tell him."

"That may not be for a week or fortnight," she observed.

"Before a fortnight, I hope. I shall go by the first that sails from Liverpool, and you shall have notice of my departure. But, Millicent, if you think the delay will cause serious unpleasantness between you and Richard Crauford, tell him at once. I will risk it. And better that a worthless vagabond, as I have proved myself, should be sacrificed, than that your peace should be endangered."

Millicent's heart sank within her: but she felt that her duty to her unfortunate brother must be paramount over all things. She reflected, too, that Richard Crauford *loved* her, and hoped she should find little difficulty in appeasing him when the time for declaring all should come. Besides, she believed that he could not help suspecting the mystery must have reference to Philip, though he would not hint at such in his high and haughty sense of honour.

He sought her that evening. He had watched her to the old haunt, and he watched her out again, and then strode after her and overtook her in the street, as he had done the preceding one.

"I said I would afford you an opportunity of speaking to me to-night," he began, without any previous salutation, and in a tone almost of repulsion. "I am here to do it."

"And I cannot yet, Richard. You must accord me a little while longer: a few days."

"Not a day, not another hour," he burst forth. "If we part to-night without full confidence between us, we part for the last time."

"Richard," she uttered, clasping her hands together and laying them on his arm in her agitation, "do not be so harsh with me, do not be so cruel! I assure you, as I would assert it in the hearing of Heaven, that my going as I have done to that house in Port-street, is no just cause for your breaking with me. You taught me to love you, Richard: if you desert me, you remove all I now have to live for."

"Fine words, flowery sentiments," he retorted, "but they possess more sophistry than reason. I do not desert you, or have wished to do so: I ask but for your confidence, Millicent. If you will not give it me, you drive me from you."

"I will give it you, Richard—after a little while. I would give much to be able to give it you now."

"What prevents you?"

"Have confidence in me," she implored, evading his question; "accord me yet a few days' delay. Do not see me before then, if you would so wish it. But cherish no harshness against me, for I do not deserve it."

"I am not a fool, Millicent," he bitterly said. "You ask to be freed from my company that you may pursue these iniquitous visits: it is impossible that they can be for any good. And it is equally impossible that you can be called upon to indulge in any line of conduct which may not be told to your future husband. I think a species of madness must have overtaken you."

"Sorrow has overtaken me," she murmured, "nothing else. Can you not understand, Richard? There is a secret in this matter which is not mine."

"What if I promise to keep it? What is entrusted to you may be entrusted to me."

"May I trust him?" she asked herself. "With perfect safety to Philip?"

"If it—involved criminality?" she hesitated, looking at him, and speaking timidly. "Criminality in another," she hastily added, "not in me. Would you promise to keep it then?"

"I am not in the habit of being made the confidant of crime," he imperiously rejoined. "I did not know that you were."

And Millicent felt that her momentary hope of telling him then must

not be indulged. She stood, looking the image of trouble and despair, her cheeks pale, and her eyes cast down. Mr. Crauford may be forgiven for mistaking the signs for those of deceit and guilt.

"Then you refuse to tell me, Millicent Crane?" he resumed.

"For the present: for a few days. I have no other resource. Indeed I will tell you later."

"No," he said, "I shall never give you another opportunity. We part now for ever."

"Oh Richard, you cannot mean it!" she uttered, her voice shaking with emotion. "Surely you will not cast me off, and we so near the time of being man and wife!"

"I will send you your letters back to-morrow," he coldly rejoined; "to-night it is too late; and I desire that you will return me mine. Adieu. Your way now lies one road and mine another."

"But it must not be," she sobbed, clasping his arm in her anguish. "I am to be your wife, Richard; you have said it."

"Yes," he answered, remaining quite still, and not seeking to push her hand away. "If you will explain your conduct, and I find you have done nothing unworthy the future wife of an honourable man. Can you do this, Millicent?"

She pressed both her hands upon her throbbing temples, and again debated the question with herself. Her brother's safety; and her own happiness and the good opinion of Richard Crauford: should she risk the former for the latter? Mr. Crauford watched her countenance and its signs of despair.

Slowly she removed her hands, and raised her eyes to his, and essayed twice to speak before she could get out the words.

"Were appearances against you, Richard," she said, "and you bid me wait and trust you, I would wait for any length of time, and trust you—I would wait for any length of time and trust you still: for years, if you so wished it. I only ask for a few days."

"Then you decline to explain," he answered. "That is your final answer?"

"It is so; against my will. It is obliged to be."

"Farewell to you," he sternly rejoined. "Henceforth we are strangers."

He strode away rapidly in the direction of his home—the new home he had prepared for Millicent, and she sought hers with a bursting heart. Two days after that, Philip quitted the town for Liverpool, and, in about ten more, Millicent received news of his departure for Melbourne. She then sent the following note to Mr. Crauford:

"The time is now come when I am released from my obligation of secrecy. Give me an opportunity of clearing myself in your mind, whatever you may then decide as to our future. I am ill and unhappy: do not continue to cherish resentment against me.

"MILlicENT CRANE."

To which the following answer came:

"DEAR MISS CRANE,—When my son left for New York (for which port he sailed three days since, with the view of transacting business for our firm), he empowered me to open any letters that might come for him. Hence your note has fallen into my hands, and as it is not upon business

matters, I take the liberty of returning it to you. I expect Richard will be home in about three months: but, if you wish, I will give you his address in New York. Will you forgive my saying that I sincerely regretted the rupture which my son informed me took place between you and himself (the nature of which he did not impart to me), for I know no young lady whom I would rather have seen his wife.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Crane,

"Your ever sincere friend,

"THOMAS CRAUFORD."

So there was nothing for poor Millicent but to wait, and alternate between despair and hope. But the present disappointment, combined with the anxiety of mind she had latterly endured, threw her into a dangerous illness, which brought her to the brink of the grave. She was ill for many weeks, and, when she recovered, was ordered away from home, for change of air. She went to Liverpool, where some relations of her own mother's lived, and with whom she had formerly once spent a few weeks. Here she stayed the summer, and recovered her bodily health. But not her spirits: for the non-return and the silence of Richard Crauford affected her much. It was the beginning of autumn before she proceeded home, which she did alone, her friends seeing her safely to the train in the morning, and into a first-class carriage. "Mind you don't get flirting and run away, Millicent, now you are to be left all alone to yourself for three or four hours," one of them, young like herself, laughingly observed; and Millicent laughed a response, in the same joking spirit: a hollow laugh, though, she felt it to be in her own heart. *She flirt, and run away!*

When the train arrived at a certain station on its route, the passengers were informed that they must there alight to wait for a branch train; so they crowded, grumblingly, into the waiting-rooms. Millicent, however, made her way to a seat she espied beyond the platform, a rude bench, placed underneath a bank; and here she sat, enjoying the fine fresh air of the autumn day, and occasionally reading. The near approach of a gentleman, an impatient fellow-passenger, who was strolling about, caused her to look up.

A sudden shock fell over her: she knew not what she did. The book was hastily dropped upon the bench, and she, trembling all over, took a step forward. For it was Richard Crauford.

"Richard!" she exclaimed, "is it really you? Do we meet here?"

He took her hand with a cool air: he could not avoid taking it, for she, in the impulse of the moment, had held it out to him, and the tone of his voice was very cold.

"You have returned from America, then?" she uttered.

"I am on my way home, now, from Liverpool," he replied; "we only made the port yesterday. You look ill, Miss Crane."

"I have been very ill since you left," she murmured, "and have been all the summer in Liverpool with my relations, for change of air. I am well now."

They stood facing each other, and there was a silence. He was the first to break it, by saying a few formal words of adieu, and was about to turn away.

"Oh, but, Richard, you must hear me," she exclaimed, a terror coming

over her lest they were to part again for an indefinite period without an explanation. "I have not yet had the opportunity of justifying myself to you."

"I would rather not hear it," he interrupted. "Let whatever may have passed between us be buried in silence. It is of no consequence now."

"But I *must* tell you," she feverishly exclaimed. "I cannot let you go through life suspecting me of imprudence, or, perhaps, wickedness. Are you aware who it was I went to see in that wretched street? I thought—knowing what you did know—that you must have suspected him at the time; and that was the cause of my terror."

"You are talking riddles to me," interposed Mr. Crauford. "But I have no wish, and now no right, to be made the confidant of your private affairs. It is too late."

"Oh yes, yes," she uttered, in agitation. "I am not alluding to—the relations between ourselves: I only ask to be justified. That sailor was my brother."

"Your brother, Millicent!" he ejaculated, staring at her.

"Yes," she said, bursting into tears, fruits of her misery, long pent up, and her present agitation. "He had disguised himself as you saw—if you did see him—in those wide, rough clothes, and the black curls and whiskers."

"Do you mean your brother Philip?" he asked, fully aroused from his displayed indifference.

"I have no other brother," she replied; "whom else should I mean? He had been in concealment ever since that dreadful affair in London, had been reduced to great straits, and had come down to ask my help to ship himself off to Australia. Whilst he was hiding in that room in Port-street, I was engaged collecting together sufficient money for him. You will say, perhaps, that I ought not to have visited him: but he had no other friend in the world to cling to him in his distress, and I believed that my duty—as my love—lay in going to see and comfort him."

"But, Millicent—though there is much that I do not yet understand—why did you not confide this to me?"

"First of all, your own prohibition, and secondly——"

"What prohibition?" interrupted Mr. Crauford. "What are you talking of?"

Millicent, thinking his memory extraordinarily oblivious, proceeded to recapitulate what passed the night they first received news of Philip's guilt. She repeated—for she remembered—the very words used by Mrs. Crane.

"Mrs. Crane purposely deceived you!" he exclaimed. "She never mentioned the subject to me. I assure you, Millicent, that, until this moment, I did not know but what your brother was still in his situation in London."

"Then what must you have thought of me?" groaned Millicent: "of my stolen visits to that undesirable street, and that strange sailor?"

"No matter, now, what I thought. You were deeply to blame, Millicent; you ought not to have deceived me."

"Oh Richard, if I might have told you! You do not know how I longed to do so: though I believed you could not have failed to have a

suspicion of the true secret. And Philip feared that you, in your high sense of probity and honour, might deem it incumbent on you to betray him to justice. Would you have done so, Richard?"

"No," said Mr. Crauford. "I would have helped him away—to get the disgrace of his conduct far from you."

"That day, when you came up, as I was reading the note in the street, which he, in his disguise, had just put into my hands, I should have told you all, Richard, for I was greatly in need of an adviser, but for the prohibition so falsely imposed upon me by Mrs. Crane."

"Mrs. Crane has much to answer for," he returned, a strange expression of bitter regret arising to his quivering lips. "She has parted us for ever, Millicent."

"You do not—you will never think well of me again?" she faltered.

"Yes I shall," he said. "I shall think of you again, and always, as the best woman who has ever crossed my path in life, and who was, and still ought to be, the dearest. But that must not be now. I am a married man, Millicent."

They had been standing close to the bench, neither having sat; but now Millicent sank down upon it. In spite of her efforts to retain calmness, in his presence, at this announcement, she felt the colour forsake her parted lips, and her frame begin to shake as if she had the ague.

"I thought you were irrevocably lost to me," proceeded Mr. Crauford, "and my feelings towards you were a compound of rage and bitterness. In New York I met with a young lady, the daughter of one of our correspondents there, who took my fancy—not my heart, Millicent, that had died out with you. Partly in the indulgence of my admiration, partly to gratify the exasperation I felt towards you, I married her, and have brought her home; to the home that was to have been yours. She is with me here to-day."

Millicent stood up again. She strove still for calmness, though she knew that life's sunshine was gone from her for ever. The bell was ringing for the passengers to take their places, and she offered her hand, in farewell, to Mr. Crauford.

"Am I justified in your heart?" she asked.

"Yes. Better, though, for that heart, that you had not been, for it has lodged a regret in it that will never pass away. God bless you, Millicent," he whispered, as he wrung her hand in both his—"God bless you, *my dearest*, and render your future destiny a happy one—happier than mine will be!"

He turned away to the platform, and Millicent slowly followed. She saw him bring out a lady, young and very handsome, from the waiting-room, place her in a carriage, and follow her in. Millicent found her way into another. As the train moved slowly past the station, Millicent saw her book lying on the bench. She had forgotten it, so it was lost. Lost! what mattered that, or any other loss, to a heart, sick as hers was, with its excess of anguish?

And so it is, in this world. That the commission of one crime will entail a wide field of consequences, more than, at the time, can be suspected will pertain to it. When Philip Crane lapsed into guilt, to stop up the fruit of his reckless extravagance, he little thought that he was involving the life's happiness of one who was dearer to him than even his folly—his sister Millicent.

A GOSSIP ABOUT MODERN SONG-WRITERS.

No portion of English literature is more deserving the attention of discerning critics than our ballad poetry. We do not refer to those interminable lyrics which were the great delight of our ancestors, and which chronicled the deeds of heroes, or the loves of gallant knights and ladies faire, but to the popular songs of our modern writers, which enter so largely into our recreations, and which engross, perhaps imperceptibly, so extended an influence on the public mind. At the present moment there are from thirty to forty trading establishments, known as the music-publishing trade, which employ a vast amount of capital, and devote a ceaseless energy, in the production of lyric compositions; they give employment to many hundred engravers, lithographers, artists, stampers, printers, paper-makers, &c., in addition to their own staff of clerks, warehousemen, travellers, shopmen, &c., &c. Indeed, since the progress of musical education, which has made rapid strides during the last few years, no branch of trade has been augmented more than the one to which we refer. The drawing-rooms of few of the middle classes are without their pianoforte, and to be able to sing is considered as indispensable an accomplishment as to be able to dance. Few will be found to deny that it is a more intellectual one. To meet this extended demand, the number of our song-writers has proportionately increased; and, although Barry Cornwall, in 1832, lamented that "England was singularly barren of song-writers," he would scarcely at this moment make the same complaint. That amid the thousands of songs that are annually published but few will survive the year that gave them birth, we are quite ready to admit; but this may be attributed in some measure to the slight notice which is taken of our song-writers by those who control the literary oracles of the day. There is no lash for the pretender or impostor, but little stimulus for the deserving. Thus any scribbler who has the facility of rhyming, and is fortunate enough to associate himself with some popular composer, creeps into a certain notoriety, which he mistakes for fame, and the very multiplication of his name obtains for him a repute with the public which he little deserves. A catching melody is the great desideratum with the music-publisher; the words, provided there is nothing in them that can shock the sensibility of fastidious mammas and prim schoolmistresses, are quite a secondary consideration. As long as this is the case we shall never considerably increase the number of our national song-writers; but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that, amid this mass, we have many lyrics of great beauty, and which deserve to be separated from the rubbish among which they are embedded.

We suppose we must name Mr. Bryan Waller Procter—"Barry Cornwall"—as the head of the living English song-writers, although it is somewhat singular that, shortly after he made the remark which we have quoted above, Mr. Thomas Davis, in his "Essay on Irish Songs," wrote of him: "Barry Cornwall has certainly produced a volume of poems not deficient in grace and vigour, but which are *scarcely songs*, though he calls them so, and are not in any sense *national songs*." To a certain extent this is true, although Barry Cornwall has written many lyrics which, in our opinion,

come strictly under the denomination of songs. We shall not select that much-bequizzed effusion, "The Sea, the Sea, the Open Sea!" as a specimen of his best style, although, thanks to the music of the Chevalier Neukomm, it obtained a world-wide popularity; but surely "The Blood-bound," "The Stormy Petrel," "When friends look dark and cold," and "Sing—who Sings," that fine bacchanalian strain, are equal to any songs in the language. The test that most of Barry Cornwall's songs are not lyrical, is to be found in the few that have obtained musical interpreters, compared to the many "songs" he has written. Perhaps the most popular modern song-writer is Dr. Charles Mackay, although there is too much class politics in many of his lyrics. His songs, "There is room enough for all," "There's a good time coming," appeal more to the passions than to the heart, and illustrate a certain phase of political economy, rather than portray any national sentiment. Most of his sweetest things are miniature poems, and not songs; for instance, his "Nine Bathers," and many other equally delightful verses scattered through his "voices" from the crowd and mountains. An opportunity has recently been afforded him of doing much for English lyric poetry—much by way of embellishment, and much that was calculated to retrieve it from its present neglect, and correct the public taste respecting it. He undertook to do for our English airs what Moore and Burns have done for Ireland and Scotland. The plan he has adopted is that chosen by Moore, to write entirely new verses to the old airs; but we question if Burns's plan would not have been the more congenial to public taste, and answered the purpose better. He improved and elaborated the words of the old poets—with what success will at once be seen by the following specimen. The old song of "Galla Water," as printed in Herd's collection, runs thus:

Braw, braw lads of Galla water,
O braw lads of Galla water,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mon',
I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

Burns modernised the song:

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow's braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.
But there is ane, a secret ane,
Above them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his if he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

We have only given one verse of each version, but it will be seen, although the rhymes in Burns's version are not a whit better than in the original, how easy it is to retain the sentiment of the old poet, while the song is purged from the vulgarity so offensive to modern taste. Burns's song of "John Anderson my Jo," "My love is like a red, red rose," "Talk not of love," "Green grow the rushes O," "My heart's in

the Highlands," and many others, were founded on older songs. We do not think we shall lose our old favourite, "Sally in our Alley," in Dr. Mackay's new song to the same melody, but we regret he has not adopted the wiser course of presenting her to us in more suitable attire.

It has been said that war, wine, and love, were the only subjects for song; but we cannot agree to this proposition. The stars, the streams, the flowers—any object that is redolent of beauty, any sentiment of feeling and affection, of joy and sorrow, may awake the minstrel strain, and find an echo in the human heart. It was left to Mrs. Hemans to originate a new school of lyric composition, and nobly has she accomplished her task. Selecting the home-affections for her themes, and still writing with melody floating in her mind, she produced a large number of lyrics, which, wedded to appropriate melodies, many by her sister, became at once and for ever incorporated among the best specimens of lyrical composition of which our country can boast. It would be difficult to name single specimens where all are so beautiful, but we may refer to the "Songs of a Guardian Spirit," "Songs for Summer Hours," the "Songs of Captivity," "Lays of Many Lands," &c., for the correctness of our assertion.

The best abused of our recent song-writers was Thomas Haynes Bayly, but how few have excelled him in flow of versification, pathos, and sentiment! It was Bayly's misfortune that many of his worst songs became the most popular; but this must be attributed more to the false taste of his audience than to himself. Bayly wrote in the latter part of his lifetime, as most of our writers of any note still write, for the trade, and for a living, and he could scarcely have obtained the latter if he had refused to succumb to the wishes of the former. "Oh no we never mention her," "We met," and other of his popular songs, were trashy enough we admit, but who will deny the sterling merit of "The Pilot," "Isle of beauty, fare thee well!" and many other songs now almost forgotten by the public? If we admit the fancy, tenderness, and expression of Moore to be essential qualifications for a song-writer, we must not refuse a high meed of praise to Bayly. It is matter of regret that the collected edition of his songs is published at a price which places them beyond the reach of the general reader; were it not so, he would still find admirers among the lovers of lyric poetry. Some future collector will yet do justice to the genius of Haynes Bayly.

There is another song-writer who has earned for herself an extended popularity, and whose lyrics, in the simple language of passion, often devoid of ornament, but never untrue to nature, come home to every heart. Addressed to the people, they have been sung and understood by them, and, as that which is true must inevitably be universal, they have found a cheerful welcome in higher places. Need we name Eliza Cook? We believe her writings have not been noticed in those quarters that could once crush or make an aspirant for poetic fame—for how few like Byron would have nerve enough to beard the lion in his den?—but she appealed directly to the public, and has obtained a verdict that no literary malice or unworthy cliquism can set aside. Her songs are essentially English—witness the "Song of the Haymakers," "The Englishman," though this is somewhat egotistical, "The Old Arm-Chair," "The Farm Gate," "Winter Tree," "Gipsy's Tent," "I'm Afloat," and a hundred others! Even Barry Cornwall must admit that we are

not barren of songs, if we are "barren of song-writers." There is another circumstance which operates strongly against those who are known as the song-writers of the day. The stage, the best medium of introducing songs to the public, is entirely denied them. The librettos of our operas are written by men entirely ignorant of lyric composition, and utterly devoid of poetic feeling, while none but the most talented musicians are employed in setting their horrible trash to music. Why should there not be a combination of the dramatist and the lyricist? We should then have fewer of such unmeaning lines as

When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
 'Twould break thine own to see,
 In such a moment I'll but ask
 That you'll remember me!

We could answer the question, but it is foreign to our present purpose. This we will say, that a union of poetry and music is a desideratum that has long been denied to the admirers of English opera, and that under the present system we see no chance of the wished-for consummation being accomplished. To return. Among our best song-writers must be mentioned Mr. Alaric Watts, although we hear him less frequently than we ought to do: his charming "Lyrics of the Heart" have revived an interest in his name, and we trust he has not hung his harp upon the willow. Mr. H. F. Chorley has written some charming songs; among others, "The Brave Old Oak;" and so has Charles Jefferys—a name familiar to the musical amateur of the day. His song, "Oh life is a river," is a noble strain, and worthy of a place in any collection. Nor must Mr. William Jones and his numberless melodious strains be forgotten. Mr. Charles Swain, of Manchester, has enriched our lyric stores with many songs of considerable merit, although chiefly known as a contributor to the annuals. He has recently published a volume entitled "English Melodies," the copyright of which has, we understand, been purchased by one of the leading music publishers, for the purpose of presenting its contents to the public in a musical garb. The most prolific song-writer of the day—it has been written of him in a popular periodical that he "supplies reams of songs to the music publishers weekly"—is unquestionably Mr. J. E. Carpenter. So many of his exquisite lyrics have graced the pages of the *New Monthly* during the last few years, that we need do no more than chronicle his name among the most tuneful of his brethren alluded to in this paper. His "Child and the Dewdrops," "The Worth of Time," and scores of others, are strains that the world will not willingly let die. His muse seems as vigorous as ever, and we are glad to find that a number of his best songs have recently been collected and published in a cheap form by those enterprising publishers Messrs. Routledge and Co., who have also issued, in a neat volume, the spirited ballads and other lyrics of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, a writer who, for the same obvious reasons, the author of this paper is precluded from saying more about in this place; though mention must be made of "Bonny Black Bess," "The Gitanilla," "Jolly Nose," and "My Old Complaint."

Among our female lyricists, Mrs. Crawford occupies no mean position. Mrs. Norton and her sister, Lady Dufferin, have contributed much, and worthily, to song-literature; and Mary Howitt, among much beautiful poetry, has given us a few snatches of song. A few of our modern authors, as if wishing to be inscribed on the roll, have occasionally thrown

off a song. We only remember one by Charles Dickens—the “Ivy Green,” but it is good enough to make us wish there were more. Some of Tennyson’s verses have been set to music, and so partake of the character of a song; for instance, his sweet lyric “The Queen of the May;” but he has not simplicity enough to become successful as a song-writer. We remember some sterling songs by Douglas Jerrold. No man was better qualified to make a song-writer; if he had turned his thoughts that way, he would have written those quaint compounds of sentiment and epigram which constitute the charm and completeness of the old English songs. We have not earlier mentioned the name of Thomas Moore in our random thoughts about modern song-writers, because he has long since occupied a niche in the Temple of Fame, and because his writings were even in his lifetime, the close of which was embittered by mental and bodily suffering, incorporated with the literature not of his own land only, but of every land where the English tongue is spoken or understood. We believe that, notwithstanding the beauty of his longer poems, he will live by his songs, and thus afford another instance of the importance and durability of this branch of literary composition. We are now necessarily reminded of another name rich in tuneful associations, and worthy of the bards with whom it will be handed down to posterity. Samuel Lover must ever take high rank among the writers of Green Erin; rich as the Emerald Isle is in song-treasures, she can boast of nothing finer, although they have been equalled, than the “Angels’ Whisper” and the “Four-leaved Shamrock.” In the comic vein, amongst modern song-writers, Lover is, perhaps, unequalled. What a fine boisterous lilt, yet full of heart-warm affection, is “Rory O’Moore!” How natural the quiet humour of “The Low-back’d Car!” Lover, however, has had full justice done him, and heartily does he deserve to wear his laurels, if, indeed, he would not prefer to wear a wreath of his own “green immortal shamrock.”

We doubt not it has frequently struck our readers as something surprising, that among the hundreds of poetical writers for magazines and other serials, many exhibiting great talent, they seldom meet with the same names on the title-pages of the published music of the day. Barry Cornwall has explained the reason very concisely. “A song,” he says (adopting the English model as the fit one), “may be considered as the expression of a sentiment, varying according to the humour of the poet. It should be fitted for music; and, in fact, should become *better* for the accompaniment of music; otherwise it cannot be deemed, *essentially*, a song.” Now, take ten out of every twelve lyrics that you meet with scattered over our periodical literature, and, if you have an ear for music, endeavour to sing them to some well-known melody which they will apparently fit; the words may come in, but the accent, the fall of the musical phrase, will occur in the wrong place; and even if the first verse should go smoothly, the probability is that the second or third will halt most lamely. The secret of successful song-writing is the happy combination of a fine musical ear with a poetic temperament. The song-writer need not be a practical musician, but it will assist him wonderfully if he be one.

The chief difficulty that a song-writer has to accomplish is the adaptation of words to melodies which are already written—a task which requires the nicest discrimination and the utmost taste and judgment, for not only

is the character of the words best suited to the air to be studied, but the number of lines, the formation of the couplets, the adoption of single or double rhymes, the musical phrases requiring repeats, and indeed the whole structure of the song must be discovered and decided upon. There are very few who excel in this, the mechanical department of song-writing, and it should never be attempted by those who have not acquired a proficiency in their art. It was in this that Moore excelled; but *he* was born a poet, and Apollo "from on high" beheld him at his birth.

We have necessarily omitted many familiar names from this brief sketch of our modern song-writers—some, probably, of sufficient repute to entitle them to honourable mention among the brethren of the gentle craft, and which are endeared to our readers by pleasing recollections; our only object has been to prove, as far as we were able, that the study of song-writing has a vitality in the land, and that some progress has been made in the art during the last few years. No one can be unmindful of its importance, for no class of literature more clearly reflects the habits, feelings, and mind of the community. If we have even partially succeeded in directing more attention to the subject than has been usually awarded to it, we have not written in vain; if not, we are content to leave to abler pens much that we are conscious of having omitted in support of it. We would remark, in conclusion, that it is somewhat singular that, amid all the cheap literature of the day, there is not one serial, respectably conducted, devoted to song-literature. There are scores of song-books defiled with all the slang ditties popular at the midnight tavern, but not one which we could safely leave upon our table. A few "sample volumes" occasionally appear, but they profess to be mere "specimens" of English, Irish, and Scotch songs; even their prefaces bespeak the disappointment they are sure to create. A work that would garner all the lyric treasures of the kingdom, edited by a competent person, and published so as to be within the reach of all, would surely find plenty of support from a public so thoroughly musical as the English.

THE STORY OF THE HEART.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Oh! ask it not, it is a theme
Too sacred to impart,
The memory of that fitful dream,
The story of the heart;
For who has never loved in vain,
Seen no fond hope decay,
Or breathed no sigh, or felt no pain,
In some far distant day?

Oh! ask it not—we dare not tell
The unbidden thought that flows,
As streams returning serve to swell
The tide from which they rose;
We could not if we would be free
From secret hopes and fears,
Nor be what we must *seem* to be
Through life's declining years.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY FLORENTIA.

IN the vast border country lying between Switzerland and Wirtemberg, stretching down from the mighty Alps, whose summits are capped with eternal snows, there is a great inland sea, towards whose shores the blue mountains come shadowing down in long, long misty lines, vague and undefined as the everlasting heavens above. The placid waters of that great lake, called the Bogen-See, ripple on low, undulating shores, darkened by immense forests of pine, which fringe the deep cliffs and ravines in the near-lying hills, and are visible from afar, like a sombre, sullen mantle cast over the distant mountains, lending a lonely, mysterious character, suggestive of all wild, unreal, and fantastic fancies, to the melancholy beauty lingering around the shores of that boundless lake. In the creeks and bays breaking the water's edge, little villages and hamlets peep out, each with its tall spire and picturesque wooden houses, whose galleried fronts project over the blue waters, or nestle under the overspreading trees, planted in walks and avenues round each friendly little spot. Close under the shadow of the sombre pine forest, in a place where the dark trees almost dipped in the lake, stands the little village of Bogenhafen, its clustered houses enveloped and surrounded by the deep woods, in which the spirits, and the Kobolds, and the lovely, soulless Undines dwell, who, in calm summer nights, when the moon is on the wane, love to sport and mirror themselves in the cool waters, and comb their long tangled locks of emerald green by the pale light falling on the lake.

In the village of Bogenhafen of which I spoke dwelt a poor labourer whose name was Franz, an excellent, industrious man, simple and pious withal as a young child. He was married to Gretchen, the poorest and the prettiest girl in the village, and although their house was bare, and they lived but by the labour of their hands, they were thankful and happy.

"It is but a thatched roof and an earthen floor," said Franz, as he looked round, "but the light of the poor man's life—his own pretty wife—brightens the walls, and we are happy as princes—are we not, Gretchen?"

Heaven blessed their union, and after a time a child was born under the low roof—a wonderfully beautiful child was their boy, at least so thought Franz, as he donned his Sunday coat, and went out into the village to tell the news, and ask the miller with whom he worked to be godfather.

Now the miller lived in a fine white house, overshadowed with willow-trees, beside a running stream, which turned his mill-wheels, that day and night keep up a perpetual whirr, to remind him what a wealthy and great man he was, with fields, and woods, and acres upon the mountain sides. The miller, too, was stingy as well as rich, so when Franz, beaming with happiness, made his request, he answered that he thanked him for the compliment, but that it cost money, and that he never spent a thaler he could help. "So," said he, "you must look elsewhere."

Franz turned sorrowfully away, no longer joyous.

"What!" said he to himself, "is it possible this rich man cares more about a miserable thaler than my beautiful boy, to whom he might have been a benefactor here and hereafter?"

Quite sad and crestfallen, he then betook himself to the landlord of the village inn, and earnestly begged him to undertake the office. But "mine host," a proud, redfaced man, only puffed his pipe in Franz's face, who stood before him as he lolled outside his door under the great linden-tree, where travellers sat round a table and ate in the warm summer-time. For some time he did not vouchsafe to answer. At last he spoke :

"What can possibly induce you to ask such a favour of a man like me? You, the lowest in the village, and I, next to the *guadiger graf* himself, whom I have the honour to serve! You never come and sit round my fire in winter-time and spend gold: you neither spend nor drink, miserable devil that you are. Begone, and henceforth learn to ask favours from your equals."

Franz turned away. "And so," said he to himself, "this hard-hearted, proud man will not accept a pious office, and honourable to a Christian, because he is vain, and worldly, and ambitious."

Then he turned to the cottage of a fellow-labourer like himself, who was neither proud, nor avaricious, nor ill-natured; but at this moment a horse stood saddled beside the door. When Franz called to him and told him what he had come for, the other answered :

"You see I am ready, and my horse is saddled, to start to the great fair at Brecenthal. There will be fine fun going, and the beer is excellent. Excuse me, for I must go, if I refuse to stand godfather; another time I shall be happy, but now——"

And he threw himself on his horse, and galloped so quickly away his last words were lost in the wind. Franz, nearly broken-hearted with the disappointments he had experienced, looked sorrowfully after him.

"All men seem alike to-day," groaned he, "and even my comrade, so good-natured and kind hitherto, cares for a fair and a jug of Bavarian beer more than my child."

Now Franz, after these three refusals, knew not where to go; he dared not return home without finding a godfather to his anxious wife, who would cry her eyes out when she heard how all had fallen out; so he went into a field near at hand, and, sitting down under a hedge, wept bitterly. "Blessed saints!" cried he, wringing his hands, "men have no feeling for me; they all drive me away; but ye turn from none who call on you in trouble. Oh! help and assist me, sweet Madonna, for the love of heaven." He rose, and made his way towards a little chapel, where he had often prayed. The walls were blackened by age, and overgrown with grey moss; it was a lone and solitary spot, opening towards the pine forest, which spread all around. Beside the door waved some magnificent linden-trees, overshadowing the whole building. As Franz put his foot on the door-sill, he started back at beholding a heavenly, beautiful angel standing on the steps of the altar. His wings shone like pure gold, his long robes were white as the driven snow, and a glory surrounded him more dazzling than lightning. He looked like the holy angel spirit that came down to guard the grave of the newly-risen

Saviour, as it is written in the blessed Gospel. Franz trembled. But the angel spoke with a soft loving voice: "Fear not; come hither. I will bear thy child at the holy baptism; but gold or presents have I none." Then Franz, bowing low, replied: "Ah, blessed angel, I am not worthy that thou shouldst leave the bright heavens to be godfather to my child. As to the gold, surely I do not think of it. Be thou then the guardian angel of my bright boy, and lead him up towards heaven under the shadow of thy wings, that is more blessed than gold or christening gifts." The angel smiled, and said: "God will point out to thee some other way. Go in peace." And then, shaking from his dazzling wings thousands of stars, he vanished into a golden mist, and the dim lamp burning before the blessed Virgin Mother on the altar was all the light remaining in the now gloomy chapel, before radiant as the courts of heaven.

Now Franz, overjoyed at the vision, desired to reach home by a shorter path than he had come, to tell the good news to his beauty-wife, who lay, with the little babe pressed to her bosom, anxiously awaiting his return. He plunged into a dark track leading through the thickest mazes of the fir woods, so gloomy, dark, and solemn in the deepening night, that, well as he knew the path, he dared scarcely to look around him for fear. As hurrying along, he was passing through the darkest portion of the wood, a hunter suddenly appeared in his path, emerging from the shadows of the trees, dressed in a dark suit of green, with a high-pointed hat and waving feathers. There was a mocking, grinning look in the hunter's face—strange and suspicious, as Franz thought, especially when he remarked that under the dark green robes a cloven foot peeped out. "Gracious Heavens!" thought Franz, "this is—yes, it must be the devil himself." The hunter, seeing him start back in affright, offered him his hand, drawing back, however, the sharp claws growing on the fingers, as a cunning cat before she seizes on her prey. "Give me your hand, good Franz," said he. "I will be your godfather. I have a heavy sack by me full of gold and silver, and it shall be thine. See how the gold pieces sparkle in the light, and how merrily they chink. The rich to whom you went have rejected you, what can you expect from the poor? Instead of a copper gift to the bright boy at home, I will give you all this treasure. Let us be friends. Come on."

But poor Franz, shuddering as he spoke, replied:

"No; never while I live. Before I would touch the gold and silver you offer, may hunger consume me."

Then Satan, knitting his wrinkled brows, darted a fierce look out of his fiery eyes, and menaced him savagely with his claws. But Franz said:

"He that died for us on the cruel cross, and rose from the grave that he might hear our prayers in heaven, has taken from thee all power of harming me. Rage on, foul fiend! I trust in Him who died to save me, and I fear thee not." Saying which he devoutly crossed himself.

Then the devil disappeared in a cloud of black sulphur-smoke, and the dark wood around looked gloomier than before, and the evening wind came sighing sadly through the trees in ominous murmurings. Night had closed in before Franz reached the outskirts of the village and the church, which lay in the midst of wooded fields at a little distance. "I will go in," said he to himself, "for a moment, and say a prayer over

the grave of my beloved parents, beside the two green mounds under which their bones lie. I will recal their pious precepts, and the early lessons of humility they taught me. Our heavenly Father, who promises to hear the prayers of all who address him with sincerity, will never forget the blessing that my good father and my dear mother invoked on me when they lay on their death-beds. Their prayers shall be fulfilled."

Just as Franz entered the dark arch, and was about to penetrate into the gloomy church, a figure holding an hour-glass and scythe in his bony hands advanced from within, and Franz knew that the white ghastly skeleton before him was Death himself. He was so despairing and miserable that he neither shrank back with fear nor rushed away, but looked calmly at him, wondering if he were come to fetch him away to the distant home above, when Death, stretching out his hand, thus addressed him:

"I," said he, "will be godfather to thy son."

Then Franz, seeing that Death looked kindly, and spoke such friendly words, replied with a sigh:

"Oh, Death! thy offer is kind; thou art the only friend of the poor. Through thee they become rich in the world beyond the tomb up there in the far-off fatherland, where the stars twinkle so brightly."

"Yet is not Death welcome to the happy?" answered the figure. "To thee I come as a friend, because thou art wretched."

"Yes," answered Franz, "thou art, indeed, welcome, for I am oppressed, and thou alone wilt bear my burdens, and relieve me from all my sorrows, and cares, and adversities. Thou art ever in my mind, thou gracious skeleton. But, for all that, Death cannot be godfather to my bright boy, for as soon as the priest, and the sexton, and the company saw thy face they would rush away from thee with fear and horror."

Then Death spoke again in a low, gentle voice, like the murmuring of the night wind over fallen, dried-up leaves. "Fear not," said he; "good men have no horror of me; to them I am welcome. They desire and long for my appearance, as the sick man for the dawn. I am to them a messenger calling them from a world of sin, and sorrow, and suffering, to the glorious realms above, where their souls shall live in eternal peace. The priest is a pious, Christian man: to him I should be as welcome as an angel of light. The sexton is scarcely so good as his master, and he very likely would be terrified and affrighted at my sight. And then the other persons who would be there might also be alarmed, for Death is not welcome to the multitude. But fear not, good Franz; I will clothe myself in the snowy grave-clothes that Christ our Redeemer left in the rocky tomb when the radiant angels awoke him and carried him up to heaven. Clothed in the robes of the blessed Arisen One, I cannot be dreadful to any man. Say thou, therefore, to the priest and the sexton that the ceremony is to take place; but tell no man the godfather thou hast got. To-morrow morning we will meet at the spot and at the hour beside the font."

When the church-bell sounded in the morning, and the priest, and the sexton, and Franz, and the nurse, with the bright boy in her arms, stood beside the font, only awaiting the coming of the sponsors to begin, a figure enveloped and robed in white linen appeared, and Franz knew that Death was come into the church. Even his arms and his feet were

completely covered, and a long white train swept on the ground as he passed up the aisle; his face was also concealed with the finest linen, which just showed a little of his hollow features. The priest and sexton were somewhat surprised, but the rest said, whispering to each other:

"See, see! what a noble lady is come to stand for Franz's child; she is not of our country, but some rich stranger, who will not show her face. The poorest man in the village has then got the grandest god-mother. Oh, that is wonderful!"

When the holy rite was over, Death whispered in Franz's ear, "Come with me!"

Then they left the church and the company and went to the quiet, lonely corner in the churchyard, where lay Franz's parents, and, standing beside their green graves, Death spoke:

"Although, according to the will of the great God who made heaven and earth, and gave me power over life and death, I take away all from every living man who is delivered over to me—houses and farms, gold and silver, pearls and jewels, whatever they possess—all, indeed, and everything save their good deeds, and their virtues, and their sins, written in the great books which lie before God's throne—still I keep nothing for myself. I cannot, therefore, give thy boy any christening gift, but I will show thee a way out of thy present poverty and distress, now that the good wife lies in bed, and thou must attend on her, and neither can work to gain their daily bread. Listen, therefore, to my words. The magistrate at Eichberg is very sick; already three doctors have been called in, and all have given him over, and, with many shoulder-shrugs and dismal looks, they have told his wife that he must die. But because he is a good man, who loves God, and has ever lived in his fear, the earnest prayers of his wife and children, as well as of all who had dealings with him, have been heard, and our merciful Father in heaven wills that he should be made whole and well; God, therefore, bade me spare him. Take thou healing herbs and simples, such as you peasants know, and dry them, and break and beat them into a powder, and put the powder into a paper, and set forth at sunrise to-morrow morning on the way to Eichberg, where thou wilt arrive as the sun goes down. Ask for the wife of the magistrate, and tell her you bring a wonderful medicine, which, if her husband will take, after three days he shall be perfectly cured. He will take these drugs, and he will recover, and all the people about him—his wife and their friends—will be astonished and delighted. Thou wilt be called hither to this rich man, and thither to another, and wilt have thy hands full. I will always be visible to thee standing by the sick bed, but no other living man shall see me save thou only. And mark what I say to thee. When I appear to thee standing at the *foot* of the bed, give thy powder freely and the patient shall recover; but if I am visible to thee standing at the *head* of the bed, stretching out my arms over the sick person lying beneath, let no prayers or entreaties prevail on thee to give a morsel of thy powder, or thou wilt lose all thy credit and reputation as a skilful physician, for whenever I so appear the sick person shall surely die. Hear also further my words. Take from the poor and the wretched who call on thee for help not so much as the value of a groschen, but from the wealthy and great, who freely offer thee of their abundance in gratitude for what thou hast done, take gold for thy necessities. Dress thyself

cleanly, but with common ordinary clothes like a working man, and build up thy old house, which will else soon fall down, and make a new, spacious, healthy home for thyself, and thy wife, and my godson; but let the building be suitable to thy station, such as are the other houses in the village. All that remains over and above of the gains give to the poor, remembering how great and pinching were thy wants until thou met me. Now promise me to keep all my words in thy heart."

Then Franz promised to do all he was told, and Death vanished from his sight.

Before sunrise on the following day Franz arose, and taking his way through the dark, gloomy forest of the thick firs, had already walked two miles towards Eichberg before the sun rose. He came in the evening to the magistrate's house, and the servant, whom he knew well, came out and asked him what he wanted. Then Franz told him his business. The servant showed him into a lower room, and went up-stairs to give the message to his mistress, who sat in the chamber with her dying husband. And with her were some country people, who had come from far to ask after the magistrate's health; two, indeed, had watched by his bedside all night, and sat there still beside her. All were weeping and very sad, for they feared his end was near. After a little space the magistrate's wife came down to Franz, and received him kindly, and led him up to where her husband lay. Franz trembled a little as he saw so many people, and thought on his strange errand; but to his great joy his friend Death was there standing at the *foot* of the bed. So Franz put his powder in a silver spoon, poured water on it, and gave it to the rich man. Death after that was seen no more, and the magistrate felt on the very instant better. The very next morning he was able to rise, and the following day he went into the garden, and on the third day he sat again before his desk in his own room, when he received the townsmen and people, and heard their causes. As the magistrate was a good man and much beloved, and had many friends and relations in all the villages in the mountains round the Bogen-See, the news that he was recovered spread far and wide, and with it the account of his miraculous cure from such a hopeless malady; and people could not wonder enough at the event.

In a few days Franz returned home, loaded with presents. So many messengers from all parts were sent to call him to different sick persons that he scarcely knew what way to turn; week after week he was perpetually walking from one village to another. And now that the fame of his miraculous cures spread all over the country lying on that side of the Bogen-See, many of the rich farmers condescended to bow and take off their hats to the poor labourer, who before they esteemed no more than the clods of earth in their broad fields; but there was one, the village apothecary, who hated Franz, and always when they met turned his back on him. And when the country folks collected round the linden-tree before the inn to drink their beer and smoke their pipes, and the wonderful cures which Franz performed were discussed, and this one had this tale to tell, and that another, the apothecary grew very angry, and declared that "the man knew nothing of medicine, and was an impudent impostor. Why the devil should people wonder," continued he, "that he never loses a patient? When he sees there is no hope, he never gives anything, and quietly walks away."

One morning, as Franz was returning home late through the pine wood, the proud miller rushed forward to meet him—proud no longer, but quite meek and humble now. The tears stood in his eyes, and he looked overwhelmed with sorrow.

"Good Dr. Franz," said he, "I once treated you scornfully and unkindly; and I did very wrong, as well as being a great fool, for who can say what people may become? I entreat you to forgive me, and bear me no ill-will for my behaviour. You are a Christian, and will, I hope, return good for evil. My only daughter is dangerously ill. Oh, come, I implore you, and help her with your skill. You will not refuse me when you remember what a good girl she is, and how handsome too."

Franz returned with him home, and on entering the room where the maiden lay on her bed, lo! to his great joy, Death stood at the foot of the bed. Then Franz joyfully exclaimed:

"Be comforted; your daughter shall not die!"

And when the maiden was recovered the miller was so grateful to Franz, that from that day he did not possess a kinder friend in the world, or one that more loudly sang his praises, than the man who used to treat him so contemptuously.

A dreadful fever raged in the village, and many of the people died, and there was great trouble and sorrow. Franz was called everywhere. At last mine host at the inn was taken ill. Now, the innkeeper was a rich man, and loved his money dearly; but when he felt he was sinking under the fever he sent for Franz. Death was there before him, but he stood at the bottom of the bed.

"Franz," cried the sick man, as he entered, "if you will only cure me, I will give you ten golden thalers."

"I will not take them," replied Franz; "I want not your money, although you are welcome to my help."

Then the old miser smiled and chuckled as he lay in his bed at the notion of getting cured for nothing. But Franz spoke further:

"Before I give you any of my drugs, I have a favour to ask of you. You say you are ready to give me ten golden thalers? I do not want them, but the poor sick in the village do, so send it to the priest for them, and I will cure you quickly."

When he heard this, the rich man scratched his ear and paused.

"This proposal of yours, friend Franz, requires consideration; perhaps—who knows but that I may recover without any medicine?"

So this avaricious man would rather have run the risk of dying than give his money to help the poor. But his wife, who was a discreet woman, took ten thalers out of a drawer and gave them privately to Franz, who then with his powder soon cured her husband, who never knew until he was well how dearly his sickness had cost him.

Now Franz had built himself a pretty cottage where his old hut stood, and there was a gallery of carved wood before the windows, and carvings on the roof under the yellow thatch, and a garden of bright flowers lay before the door, and the dark fir-trees overshadowed it at the back, and kept off the cold winds from the distant snow mountains. Here he lived happily and in the fear of God with his beautiful wife, now become a buxom matron, and the bright boy, who had grown and prospered, promising to become a strapping youth. Franz's heart overflowed with gratitude for all the blessings he enjoyed, as he looked on his smiling wife

knitting under the gallery with her boy standing before her. One spring morning, as they were admiring the apple-blossoms covering the young trees like a shower of snow, and listening to the birds warbling out in the sunshine that rested on the wood beyond, a horseman suddenly appeared covered with dust, and, riding up to the cottage-door, asked for Dr. Franz.

"I am he," answered Franz.

"Then," said the horseman, "I have important business with you, for his serene highness the prince is dangerously ill, and the princess his wife has commanded your immediate attendance. I was sent on first to give you time to prepare; the royal carriage follows, but as the roads through your woods are very bad, it could not travel fast. Now prepare yourself at once to go with me when it arrives."

Then Franz went into his room, and taking his best clothes out of the trunk, dressed himself, and made up a little parcel of linen, with his powders and the different herbs of which Death had taught him the use.

At the end of a couple of hours a magnificent equipage appeared at the skirts of the wood and drove up to Franz's door. Out of the carriage stepped a royal chamberlain, who, after paying his compliments to Franz with great politeness, begged him, without further loss of time, to return with him. As it was night, and the forest pitch dark, two outriders preceded the carriage with lighted torches, which threw such a strange and lurid light among the trees that Franz trembled, and remembered the evening when the foul fiend himself had tempted him with gold in this very forest. All night they travelled, for the courier who rode before had already ordered horses at every station, and although the road was rough and the rats deep, they went on and on, always at a gallop. As they proceeded, the chamberlain, who was a pleasant, friendly man, informed Franz how long the prince had been ill, and how many doctors had been called in, all in vain, to cure him. Besides the court physician, two other doctors had been sent for, and they all had a consultation together; but excepting dismal looks and long faces, and shrugging their shoulders, nothing came of it. Fresh medicines were ordered, which the prince took, but instead of better he became daily worse. In this extremity, one of the ladies in waiting told the poor princess, who was well-nigh broken-hearted, about the celebrated doctor of Bogenhafen, and of his miraculous cures.

"But at the mention of your name," said the chamberlain, "the three doctors, who had hitherto done nothing but dispute and quarrel, were instantly of one mind—that if you were fetched the prince would be sure to die—and they entreated her highness, as she valued her husband's life, to have nothing to do with such an audacious impostor, as—(pardon me for the expression)—they called you. But the princess, seeing no other hope, would not listen to them, but calling me to her, begged me to start immediately and fetch you to the court. May Heaven grant that my errand may be successful, and that you may cure our beloved sovereign! but I confess to you I have my doubts, after so many skilful doctors have failed, that you will cure him."

When the morning broke and the sun was just risen, they drove through the great portal, between two high turreted towers, into the spacious court-yard of the royal castle. A crowd of grand livery servants, covered with gold lace, ran up to Franz, to beg him to hasten in with-

out delay, as his arrival was expected most anxiously by the princess. One took his cloak, another his parcel, a third his hat, which so confused him, unused as he was to such state and pomp, that he quite lost his composure. Then his friend and companion, the chamberlain, taking him by the arm, led him up the broad marble staircase, which opened from the magnificent hall, glittering with gold and painting, and armour and beautiful statues arranged against the coloured marble columns supporting the arched roof, groined and corniced with gilding. Franz quite lost his breath as he looked round in astonishment at all these wonders. At the top of the great marble staircase stood the physician of the court, dressed all in black, with an immense powdered wig covered with hundreds of little stiff curls, his cocked-hat under his arm, and a sword by his side—for the princess, to his infinite mortification, had commanded him to receive the doctor of Bogenhafen with all possible honour. Franz made him a low bow as soon as they met. But no sooner did the court physician see a countryman, dressed in a brown coat, a red handkerchief round his neck, and green pantaloons, than he called out in a rage:

"Who brought this fellow here? What do you want? If you have a wife or child ill, and wish me to visit them, why do you not go to my house? I will speak to you there; but here, in the royal residence, it is against all etiquette to admit such people. Be off with you at once—be off, I say."

"Not so fast, good sir," replied Franz. "Don't be in too great haste to send people away. I am not here to ask for your medical help, but I am come to see what I can do for your prince, who is, I hear, dying."

"What! how!" cried the physician; "the man is mad. Hey! you servant fellows, send him away—drive him out—he must not stay here on the stairs of the royal residence—it is scandalous."

Then the chamberlain stepped forward, and explained to the physician that Franz was in reality the expected doctor.

"*He!*" exclaimed the physician. "I retract—I apologise. Great geniuses and most learned men are often subject to strange eccentricities. But allow me to observe, my good sir, that it is a foolish whim of the learned professor to disguise himself as a day-labourer—it causes confusion. The professor, however, will understand how the mistake arose. In the mean time, I beg pardon."

Franz, who was growing tired of the talking of the fat man in the great curled wig, scarcely listened to the end of his speech, and then begged the chamberlain to conduct him at once to the prince's room. But the physician interposed.

"Not so fast, learned sir," said he—"not so fast. It is always the custom among professional men, that the newly-arrived doctor consults with his brethren already in attendance before seeing the patient."

So he led Franz into a room which had been prepared for the purpose, where the other doctors were in waiting, whom he introduced. Then he went over all the symptoms of the case, and mentioned the medicines they had prescribed, with long Greek and Latin names, which sorely puzzled Franz. He shook his head, and said,

"I do not understand one word of all that gibberish."

"How!" exclaimed the physician, "you have never gone through

your humanities, and neither understand Greek nor Latin, and you dare presume to prescribe for his serene highness the sovereign prince!"

"What does the name of an illness signify?" replied Franz; "or what matters the names of the medicines? Long foreign names will cure no one."

"Certainly not," answered the physician; "but as all medical books were formerly written in Latin, and as a great many Greek words occur also, it is necessary for those who study medicine to comprehend well those languages. Therefore, if you are ignorant of them, it follows you cannot have studied medicine, and can be no doctor. It is therefore my duty, as body physician to his serene highness, carefully to examine what drugs you propose to administer, in order to assure myself that there is nothing among them that can injure him."

Then Franz opened his parcel and showed the powders which he had made of the herbs, as Death had directed him.

"Here we are," said the physician, contemptuously turning them over—"camomile, and dandelion, and mint—weeds that grow in the fields and hedgerows. And you seriously, with this trash, propose to cure his serene highness, after all our united learning has failed? Impossible! Vigorous and powerful remedies are necessary—remedies costly and precious, brought from foreign lands far over the sea."

"But, by your leave," replied Franz, "the learned physician must allow that it would be against all common sense and reason if sick people were only to be cured by medicines brought from over the seas, thousands of miles away. What would the poor do, who have no money nor means to get them? God is not so unjust towards his creatures, and with camomile, and mint, and other herbs, I have restored many and many that he has created, but who in this world's goods are poor and miserable."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the chamberlain to fetch Franz away and carry him to the princess.

"Her highness," said he, making a low bow before the physician, "desires that the new doctor shall proceed at once to the apartment of the sovereign. I shall have the honour, therefore, learned sir, to accompany and conduct you."

The poor princess, bathed in tears, and pale and worn with watching, stood at the door of the room, waiting for Franz. She had been already prepared for his appearance, and knew that the wonder-working doctor was a simple labouring man. She saluted him, however, with the utmost kindness, and led him into the prince's room. Who can paint the astonishment of Franz when he entered the apartment, which seemed to him higher and larger than even the church in his village, and saw the magnificent carpets into which his feet sank, among beds, as it were, of brilliant unknown flowers; the splendid bed, covered with gilding, surmounted with nodding plumes of feathers, and shaded with heavy draperies of purple satin stiff with gold and embroidery. In his wildest dreams he had never conceived such surpassing magnificence. "But," said he to himself, looking round, "it is clear, gold, and silk, and riches can help no man, either against sickness or death, else I should not be here." He drew near the great state bed, and on the right side, nearest the light, he saw, as plainly as his eyes could show him, the destroying angel ready to take the soul of the good prince, and carry it to heaven.

The bright seraph messenger looked heavenly kind and friendly upon Franz, but withal sad and solemn. On the left hand of the bed hovered a monster of hideous and fearful aspect—black, dim, and shadowy, with fiery red eyes—watching whether he might not catch the soul of the good prince before the angel could carry it away. As Franz advanced, he shot down looks of rage and defiance upon him out of his horrid eyes, and menaced him with his sharp claws, for he knew he was the man who had resisted his temptation and refused his proffered gold. But further, at the head of the bed, Franz saw, with terror and dismay, Death himself, with his scythe and hour-glass, leaning with his long outstretched arms over the prince, who lay in a deep sleep—that the court physician announced as the prelude to that eternal slumber he would never awake from until the day of judgment. Franz, who during his simple life had never learned the art of concealing his feelings, or not expressing at once all he felt, when he beheld this dismal sight wrung his hands and exclaimed,

“Alas! alas! my art, or any other man’s, is vain and useless here.”

The poor princess shrieked aloud. She and the royal children, their eyes streaming with tears, then surrounded him, imploring him with earnest prayers that he would at least endeavour to do something to save the beloved prince, who lay there hovering between life and death. The noble princess, sobbing and crying, and forgetting her royal dignity in her great sorrow, even knelt before the lowly peasant, and held up her hands to him in urgent supplication. Then Franz, who felt as if his heart would break at this melancholy sight, and unable to contain himself, burst out into a flood of tears. He approached Death, and clasping his hands, whispered softly in his ear:

“Oh, kind friend and benefactor, move, I implore you—I beg you, and go down to the feet of the sick man.”

But Death answered with a hollow, deep voice, yet so low that no one but Franz heard it:

“My son, I move not from the place where I stand.”

“Oh, joy!” exclaimed Franz, “then all shall be well. I take thee at thy word, thou awful man.”

And he cried with a loud voice to those standing around:

“Let us turn the bed, so that where the head now is the feet may be. This is all I can do to save the beloved prince.”

In a moment he had taken off his brown coat, and began to move the bed, and all the attendants, and the princess, and the young princes and princesses helped him. But Death menaced Franz with his outstretched bony arm, and spoke so solemnly and earnestly, that the poor man shuddered.

“Follow me,” were the words he said, in a sad, hollow voice, that echoed in the vast room. Then Franz, with trembling limbs and a beating heart, followed Death out of the room through a side-door opening in the tapestry.

But the prince, as soon as he was moved, sat up in his bed, and wiping the cool death-dews from his temples, spoke.

“Oh, how well is it now with me!” exclaimed he. “All the pain, and fear, and horror, and the heavy oppressive weight that lay upon me, dragging me down to the grave, is gone. Great God and father, I give thee hearty thanks!”

And he ordered the attendants to bring him his clothes, and called for some food ; and he rose up from his bed, and sat down to a table and ate with good appetite, the poor princess and her children, almost out of their senses for joy, looking on the while at this wonderful miracle. The whole castle, too, echoed with sounds of rejoicing and thankfulness when it was known that the beloved prince was out of danger.

After the first burst of joy and thankfulness was past, and when the royal family had a little recovered from their recent emotion, the princess looked all over the hall where the prince had lain after the countryman who had worked so miraculous a cure. The prince wished much also to see his deliverer, and sent some of the courtiers to seek him, but he was nowhere to be found. In vain the attendants searched the whole residence; and even the princes and princesses hastened from room to room in the general anxiety to find him, but all in vain. Franz had vanished. The soldiers that kept watch inside and outside the gates were questioned, but they had seen no one pass out.

"This is incomprehensible," cried the princess. "I must and will find him, and thank him myself."

"If he would only appear, that good doctor who saved our father," cried the children, "we would kiss his hands."

But he came not.

Whilst the prince and his wife, and the princes and princesses, their loving children, searched high and low over the residence in vain; while the attendants and the court physician shrugged their shoulders, and all the world echoed the same words, "Where can the strange doctor be?" Franz found himself in the royal mausoleum, a vast arched subterranean chamber, deep down below under the palace, lit up by many lamps burning around an altar which stood in the midst. Over this solemn altar, where masses for the death-souls of the departed princes, whose bones lay around, were daily said, instead of a picture was a beautiful sculpture, representing, in white marble, the resurrection of Lazarus. Along the walls on either side stood stately monuments, ornamented with statues, and angels, and all grave and death-like decorations, within which lay the bones of the ancestors of the beloved prince; on each monument were engraved words of Holy Writ, full of comfort and encouragement to those who read them. "The hour is coming when all that lie in the graves shall hear his voice and shall arise," was written on one; "Death is swallowed up in victory," appeared on another; "God will wipe away all tears from your eyes;" together with many other holy and comfortable words.

Into this sepulchral chamber was Franz conducted by Death, through a secret passage leading down from the palace. Then Death, standing on the altar, turned his hollow eyes upon his terrified and trembling companion, and thus spoke :

"Fear not : I have led thee hither that we may speak freely and without interruption, and that in this silent chamber of the dead my words may sink deeply into thy soul. For thou seest me now for the last time for a long while ; forget not, therefore, my parting admonitions. The prince, out of gratitude, will desire to make thee his physician ; refuse this offer, for thou knowest, after what thou hast done, all thy power of healing the sick has departed. But the prince, who is a gracious and a God-fearing man, will desire to keep thee about his court, and this offer

thou mayest accept. Send not for Margaret or thy boy, because soon a longing shall come over thee to see again the lake on whose shores thou wert born, and the great forest overshadowing thy home. When the prince hears that thou art weary of his court, he will give thee gold to buy the broad field which lies between the house and the forest, and much more gold, with which thou canst live in honour and comfort. All this will the beloved prince do out of gratitude for the service thou hast done him. Above all things, attend to have the bright boy, whose godfather I am, brought up an honest and religious man. God, who sent me to thee in thy distress, has given him as guardian angel the glorious spirit whom thou hast twice seen, to watch over him. Impress deeply in the heart of thy child that the holy angel is ever hovering invisible around, and that all he does, or thinks, or says, is known. Thus shall he himself become pure and good as the blessed spirits themselves, who sing before the eternal throne, and thou his father wilt be full of joy. The bad spirit, who appeared to thee as a hunter, and strove to drive thy soul into the nets of the destroyer, and to tempt thee with gold, he also will be beside thy child. He will ever watch to turn good into evil, and to tempt and ruin him. The Lord tells us, that while the people slept the enemy sowed tares among the wheat. Watch, therefore, over the bright boy, and teach him to guard against temptation. And now, good friend Franz, a word to thee concerning myself. Never forget Death, and as time wears on, teach thy son never to forget him either. I am the best instructor, for I it is who teach men practically, not in words but in deeds, that this world is nought but the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. In my presence, pomp, majesty, and worldly grandeur fade and vanish as a bundle of lighted tow. I will, on my part, always be a friend and protector to thee, for thou art a pious and an excellent man, and when the time comes for thy departure hence, thou shalt sink softly into my arms, and I will bear thee gently to a happier and a better world, into the presence of the great God."

Then Franz promised all that Death required, and he vanished from his sight.

No sooner had Franz left the subterraneous chamber and returned into the palace than he met the chamberlain, who was looking about everywhere to find him. "His highness," said he, "wishes to make you court physician, and in his joy at his recovery he has announced his gracious intention before all the court. So come instantly with me into the audience-chamber."

When the prince, who by reason of his illness had not noticed Franz, saw the simple countryman that stood before him, he was not a little astonished. He began first to speak to him of medicines and other scientific subjects connected with the study of physic—studies to which he was not a stranger—but Franz answered him :

"Of all that I know nothing ; I am not fit to be court physician."

This pleased the prince, for seeing what kind of man Franz was, he was glad not to be obliged to keep his word. Then he talked to him of agriculture and of the cultivation of land, subjects with which Franz was quite at home. So the prince laughed, and said :

"Well, well, I see, my honest friend, what will suit you ; you shall manage my private purse and my home farm, and live at court at the table of my suite."

At first, Franz was delighted with the court. In his own sphere of life he was no fool, but, on the contrary, a sensible, shrewd man, still he knew nothing of good breeding and manners, and all the court fashions were to him like Greek. He was always saying or doing something *mal à propos*, and getting himself laughed at. For instance, the first time he sat down to dinner with the chamberlain, and the equerries, and the pages, when the servant gave him a dish of soup he took up a handful of salt out of the salt-cellar with his fingers. The chamberlain, who sat next to him, whispered that the proper way to help himself to salt was with the spoon.

"Oh," replied Franz, "that is very easy. I will remember."

So, taking out the salt again with his fingers, he carefully laid it on a spoon, and then salted his soup. Every one at table was convulsed with laughter. The chamberlain was a droll man, who delighted in fun, and therefore took every opportunity to turn him into ridicule for the common amusement. Another time some crabs were served up at table.

"Have you ever tasted crabs, councillor?" said he to Franz.

"Never," replied he. "Such crabs as these I have never even seen; black crabs, indeed, are plentiful in the streams about our place, but we country folks are afraid of their claws, and the fishermen catch them and take them off to the town."

The chamberlain chose a small crab, with a soft new shell on it, and ate it up, shell and all, then laid a large one, with great claws and thick shell, on Franz's plate. He broke off a claw and put it in his mouth, but after turning it about, making the most fearful grimaces all the while, he could make nothing of it.

"These crabs," said he, "are baked too hard. They have hurt my mouth so, I believe the blood has come. A very dangerous food, I should say."

Upon which there was a general laugh.

Every day there was some fresh story invented about the mistakes of poor Franz, which served even to amuse their highnesses themselves. But his perfect simplicity and good-nature won all hearts, and the princess, whenever she saw him, always addressed him as *the good man*. Once, as she was carrying the youngest princess in her arms, they met in the court garden, and the child, stretching out her little arms, called after him, "*Good man, good man*;" so from that time all about the court gave him that name, which pleased Franz mightily—much more, indeed, than being called councillor.

But at last, after a time, he grew tired of being the laughing-stock of the company; the life at court lost all its charms for him; he was weary of it, and began to long after his home, and Margaret, and the bright boy. So he went to the prince and spoke to him.

"I cannot," said he, "stay any longer at court; at first, everything was new, and delighted me, and the grand dishes at the table where I dine tasted most delicious, but now, somehow or other, they seem all turned sour and nasty, and I relish them no longer; I would rather have a hunch of black bread and a horn of Bavarian beer than all those jellies and pastries. The wine, too, is excellent, but then one gets it in such little glasses, no bigger than thimbles, that there is no judging how it tastes; and, for my own part, I would rather have a deep drink out of a clear fresh spring, such as run among the grass in the forest down into the lake, than all the wine

that ever was made. But the worst of all to me is, that I have nothing to do; instead of getting up at five o'clock, I must lie like all the world in soft feather beds till near mid-day; there is no one to speak to, and the time seems very long and wearisome; then I cannot sleep at night for thinking of Margaret and the boy, so I beg you to let me go home to my cottage in our village and live among my own people."

The prince laughed at Franz's description of a court life, and told him he would willingly give him permission to go, but not empty-handed.

"Tell me," said he sincerely, "what I can do for you? Whatever it is it shall be done."

Franz replied:

"I have, indeed, a great favour to ask. At the back of my garden, between it and the forest, lie some fields and a large beautiful meadow. It would make me the happiest of men if I had those fields, and if his highness would be so good as to buy them for me."

"Say no more," answered the prince; "the fields shall be yours. I will send my secretary to your village; he shall buy them in my name and make them over to you; but that is not all—you must want more, surely, besides that?"

"Well," said Franz, scratching his head, "to be sure, a pair of oxen to work the land, and a cart——"

"To be sure," replied the prince; "you shall have two pairs of my best oxen and three carts, in case of accidents. But where will you put them, and the hay and corn from the fields?"

"Why, I should want a stable and barn for that; but I shall be able to manage without troubling your highness."

"I will build you," said the prince, "a stable and a fine large barn for your stock, and order, besides, all tools, and seeds, and utensils, you can require for your farm. The tools shall be made new, expressly for you."

Overcome with gratitude, Franz burst into tears, and could hardly find words to thank the prince for his goodness; he kissed his hand, and bathing it with his tears, took leave. Then he went to bid adieu to the princess and her children, and there again many tears were shed, for they all loved and esteemed *the good man*. Then he collected his clothes and made up his parcel, and took his stick, and was walking out of the palace, when he met the chamberlain, who brought him back, and said that his serene highness the prince had commanded him to conduct him back to his house with the same equipage that had fetched him to court.

So the prince's stately carriage, all painted and gilded, drawn by two splendid horses, with outriders and attendants in superb gold-embroidered liveries, stood beside the cottage-door on the following evening, and Margaret rushed out with the bright boy beside her, and embraced Franz with all her heart. Then the good-natured chamberlain drew out no end of packages and parcels from the carriage, containing valuable presents from the prince to Franz, from the princess to Margaret, and from the princes and princesses to the bright boy. After which, he took his departure back to the court.

Franz related all his court life to Margaret, who was greatly astonished at much that he told her. She had scarce patience to hear him out, and

always kept interrupting him with exclamations of joy, and many kisses and tender caresses.

"Only to think," cried she, "that the fields and the meadows are ours, and a new barn and a stable, and the beautiful oxen! Oh, the good prince; he is well called the beloved."

And in the morning Franz and Margaret walked out while the dew yet shone on the grass, and the morning mist lay heavy over the lake; and Franz said:

"How happy I am to be once more at home, far away from the great walls and buildings of the palace that shut out the light. How beautiful it is to see the rising sun, and the green fields full of flowers, and the great wood with its deep shade, and to hear the singing of the birds and the lowing of the cattle. How happy am I too, who was once so poor, to have a house and a farm of my own, and oxen, and stables, and barns, and all that a farmer can wish to possess. Oh, Gretchen! let us thank God for all his mercies towards us, his unworthy servants."

Then Margaret and he knelt down on the flowery meadows, now their own, and prayed that God would bless them, and bless also the bright boy, and that he might prosper under the charge of the blessed angel that guarded him.

When it was known that Franz had returned home, crowds came from all parts to ask his advice; but he replied to them that he was no longer a doctor. "A doctor, indeed, I never was," he said, "and all my cures were mercies from God. But what I did, and how I did it, is a secret taught me by the white stranger that stood godfather to my child, and who every one wondered at, and asked from whence he came. Therefore, good friends and neighbours all, as I tell you, my cures are over—seek me no more, but go to the doctors that are near you, for all my power to help you has fled."

The barn and the stables were built, and the fields cultivated; they bore abundant crops under the labour of Franz's hands, for a blessing was on all he touched—everything prospered under him. He lived in the fear of God, happy and contented, the pattern of an industrious, pious farmer.

The bright boy grew up into a comely youth, steady and obedient, promising to be as good a man as his father, whom he assisted in his work, ploughing and sowing the broad fields behind their house; he gave ear to all the blessed angel whispered, and never listened to the temptations of the dark hunter, but followed in all things his parents' example.

At last, after many happy years of love, and peace, and contentment, Death came again, first to the *good man*, Franz, gently folding him in his arms without pain or suffering, carrying him up far away beyond the blue heavens to the eternal mansions of the just; then he came a second time to fetch Margaret; and, at last, he came to bear away their son; but he came as a kind and loving friend to all. So after a happy, peaceful life, they slept in the quiet grave—a soft and blessed sleep, calm and undisturbed, for they departed full of hope and trust in the uprisen Saviour, whose death has given us life; and they were buried in the village church by the side of the two green mounds where lay Franz's parents, the very spot where he had knelt down in his trouble, and where Death had first appeared to him in the church-door at twilight. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

MR. KNIGHT has called the London of the Eighteenth Century "the City of the Gallows,"—and it is scarcely a misnomer. Enter it at any point, and you would have to pass under a line of gibbets. Pass up the Thames, there were the gibbets along its banks, with the rotting remains of mutineers or persons who had committed murders on the high seas, hanging from them in chains. Land at Execution Dock, and a gallows was being erected for the punishment of some offender of the same class. Enter from the west by Oxford-street, and there was the gallows-tree at Tyburn (the site of which is now, we believe, by the way, occupied by the house No. 45, Connaught-square). Cross any of the heaths, commons, or forests near London, and you would be startled by the creaking of the chains from which some gibbeted highwayman was dropping piecemeal. Nay, the gallows was set up before your own door in every part of the town. Thus, on August the 21st, 1735, Macrae, James, Emerson, and Sellon, and, in 1758, one James White and his brother, were executed on Kennington-common; in 1760, Patrick M'Carthy was hanged at the foot of Bow-street, in Covent-garden; in 1767, Williamson was hanged in Chiswell-street, Finsbury; Theodore Gardelle, for murdering his landlady, was hanged opposite the end of Panton-street, in the Haymarket; and another murderer, in Old-street, St. Luke's. After the riots of '80, the gallows was carried about, and suspected parties hanged on the spots where (in many instances on perjured evidence) they were charged with having committed acts of riot; and, after the rebellion of 1745, the heads of the rebel lords were set up on Temple Bar, and a few enterprising men earned a mass of coppers for some weeks by letting out telescopes for the passengers to see the row of gory heads more clearly.

If you came to the junction of four roads in the suburbs, you might be sure there was at least one murderer and suicide buried beneath your feet, with a stake through his body; and turn into Hicks's Hall, and you would see a criminal's body being publicly dissected before a crowd of spectators.

In short, the law-makers contrived, in the hopes of checking crime, to invest its punishment with as many appalling features as possible. In 1752, murders had become so frequent that an act was passed providing for the execution of every criminal one day after the passing of the sentence, and ordering his body to be handed over for dissection at the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, Old Bailey. And those who were entrusted with the administration of the law likewise strove to make it terrible. The very sentence of death was pronounced in as imposing a form as could be conceived—"To be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck until you be dead!—dead!!—dead!!!

But, notwithstanding all this, crime increased. In the mayoralty of Sir Francis Child, in 1732, five hundred and two persons were indicted at the Old Bailey, of whom seventy received sentence of death; and from the *Annual Register* of August 24th, 1763, we learn, that "since the middle of July, near one hundred and fifty persons have been committed to New Prison and Clerkenwell for robberies and other capital offences." It must be remembered that the term "capital offences" embraced murder, highway robbery, burglary, forgery, returning from transportation before the expiration of the term to which sentenced, arson, incendiarism, horse and sheep-stealing, falsifying certificates of marriage, Mint, and a host of other offences.

The following are the statistics of crime for the two years of 1786 and 1787 :

"1786.—Convicts executed in London, 44. Results of the Old Bailey sessions :—Capitally convicted, 133; convicted of felonies, 582; acquitted, 430.

"1787.—Convicts executed in London, 101. Results of the Old Bailey sessions :—Capitally convicted, 123; convicted of felonies, 506; acquitted, 430."

The law, stepping forth in all its majesty and terror, clothed in its sable garments, and exhibiting the red towel of the dissecting-room and the white coffin-cloths of the prison grave—the law, holding the halter over guilty heads, and assuming all sorts of hideous guises as it came forward to vindicate outraged society, became at last an image so familiar as to be looked upon with contempt—at all events, with indifference. To strangle a dozen culprits who had offended it was only one morning's task—nay, it has banished twenty culprits at once into the unknown worlds of eternity! But here are two specimens of rather a lazy morning's work of vengeance :

"*Monday, 4th.*—Twelve malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz., Denis Neale, John Mason, John Welsh, Robert Keys, Grace Grannett, and Joshua Kidden, for divers highway robberies; John Smith and William Ford, for horse-stealing; Richard Hutton, for returning from transportation; Daniel Wood, for sheep-stealing; Thomas Barnard and William Jenks, for burglaries."—*Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1754.

"Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, the following malefactors were brought out of Newgate, and carried to Tyburn in three carts, where they were executed according to their sentences, viz., Henry Berthand, for feloniously personating one Mark Groves, the proprietor of one hundred pounds three per cent. annuities, and transferring the same as if he was the real owner thereof; William Jones, *alias* Filch, *alias* Parker, for stealing in a warehouse in the Castle and Falcon, in Aldersgate-street, a deal box containing a quantity of haberdashery goods; Peter Verrier, accomplice with Charles Kelly, executed for burglary in the house of Mrs. Pollard, in Great Queen-street; William Odern, for robbing Elizabeth Burrell and Martha Crowten, in Spawfields; Charles Woollett, for robbing Bernard John Cheale, on the highway, of a metal watch; John Graham, for feloniously altering the principal sum of a bank-note of fifteen pounds, so as to make the same appear to be a bank-note of fifty pounds, with intent to defraud Christopher Alderson; Charlotte Goodall and John Edmonds, for stealing in the dwelling-house of Mrs.

Fortesque, at Tottenham, where she lived as servant, a great quantity of plate, linen, &c. ; Thomas Cladenboul, for assaulting Robert Chilton on the highway, and robbing him of a gold watch ; John Weatherley and John Lafee, for feloniously and treasonably coining and counterfeiting the silver moneys of the realm called shillings and sixpences. They all behaved very penitent."—*London Evening Post*, October the 9th, 1782.

This list only contained eleven names—it was quite a slack morning for Tyburn—but it will be observed, that not one of these criminals would have been executed at the present time for such offences as they are charged with : which weighed with us in selecting the above two extracts, and quoting them *in extenso*. We may also note the incidental mention made of another curiosity by the way, in the second of them, of a "fifteen pounds bank-note."

These Tyburn processions must have been tolerably frequent in the streets, yet they were viewed with indifference, and the awful cavalcade passed on without eliciting a second thought from the spectators. Strange sights they were, too ; two or three carts moving slowly along, containing the criminals, manacled and seated upon their own coffins, while the chaplain was solemnly exhorting them to repentance, surrounded by the sheriffs' officials, and constables, and even a military guard (for it was not until January, 1765, that Stephen Theodore Jansen, one of the sheriffs, ventured to conduct an execution without the protection of a military force), some of the criminals perhaps wearing the white cockade as an emblem of their innocence.

The hurdle was used also for dragging the condemned to the place of execution ; but here is another and more primitive march of justice in bringing an offender up to trial :

"*May 18th, Tuesday.*—The notorious Samuel Gregory, who robbed Farmer Lawrence, and had committed several robberies on the highway, was brought by a *habeas corpus* to Newgate from Winchester Gaol, being handcuffed, and chained under a horse's belly, with seven or eight persons, well armed, to guard him."—*London Magazine* for May, 1735.

In like state, Burnworth's three accomplices were carried from Newgate for trial at Kingston :

"On the approach of the ensuing assizes for the county of Surrey, they were handcuffed, put into a waggon, and, in this manner, a party of dragoons conducted them to Kingston."

These fellows had been arrested in Holland, and, "on the arrival of the vessel which brought them, they were put into another boat opposite the Tower, which was guarded by three other boats, in each of which was a corporal and several soldiers. In this manner they were conducted to Westminster, where they were examined by two magistrates, who committed them to Newgate, to which they were escorted by a party of the foot guards."

But to return to the Tyburn scene. The execution was not always a mere tame affair of hanging a dozen or two of penitent sinners ; occasionally a little performance would be got up on the very scaffold, such as we find described in the *London Magazine* of July, 1735 :

"*Monday, 21st.*—Five of the condemned malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz., Kiffe and Wilson, for footpadding, in the first cart ; MacDonald and Martin, *alias* 'Pup's Nose,' for horse-stealing, in the second

cart; and Morperth, for footpadding, in a coach. The two in the second cart behaved very audaciously, calling out to the populace, and laughing aloud several times, though it cannot be now said they were in liquor, the orders of the lord mayor and aldermen having been strictly observed by the keepers."

And again, in the same magazine of September, 1735:

"*Monday, 22nd.*—Ten malefactors were executed at Tyburn, namely, William Lewis, Patrick Gaffney, Edward Togwell, Peter Matthews, Isaac Dennis, and William Phillips, *alias* Clark. They all behaved decently, and with seeming penitence, except Lewis and Hooper, who tossed up their shoes among the populace as soon as they got into the cart, and used several idle expressions."

Sometimes the spectators themselves were the actors, as in the case of Mrs. Brownrigg, when the mob called out to the ordinary to "pray for her damnation, as such a fiend ought not to be saved;" and of Williamson, who was hanged in Moorfields for starving his wife to death, and who "seemed apprehensive of being torn to pieces, and hastened the executioner to perform his office."

But, when their appetite for horrors was disappointed, they were positively furious. Here is an instance, from the *London Magazine* of September, 1735:

A mariner had been condemned at Bristol for the murder of his wife, but on the night preceding the execution he found means to poison himself in his cell, whereupon "the people about Bristol," says the chronicler, "were so incensed at his hardened wickedness, that they dug up his body after it had been buried in a cross-road near that city, dragged his viscera about the highway, picked his eyes out, and broke almost all his bones; after which it was taken and buried in a very deep grave near the gallows."

The tiger had scented the blood, but was cheated out of a taste of it!

The scene of a Tyburn execution is well portrayed in Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness;" and there are some features in it peculiar to the time, such as the guards attending the procession—the chaplain or ordinary seated in the cart—and the coffin placed across it. The criminals were also brought in the same manner from Newgate to Execution Dock when the peculiar nature of their crime—piracy, or offences on the high seas—made that the place of execution; and both these places were regularly attended by a class which now would turn with horror from such a sight, or would even, to avoid it, go out of their way if it lay upon their road—men in independent circumstances, who, having nothing better to employ their time, were stirring early on execution mornings, and would sooner have lost their night's rest than missed seeing the criminals turned off! and, if there were no more than six or seven of them, would come, grumbling and disappointed, home to breakfast, complaining that "there were hardly any fellows hanged this morning."

The hangings at Execution Dock were conducted in a peculiar form. The criminal was carried in a hired town-car from Newgate, and came rattling along over the stones, in company with the ordinary, the coffin, and a silver oar as an emblem of authority. The scaffold was placed so that the criminal's feet would reach to about high-water mark, and the

body being suspended when the tide was down, was allowed to hang till the river rose and washed the feet of the corpse. It was then cut down and removed to the gibbets along the banks of the Thames, as represented in Hogarth's "Idle 'Prentice sent to Sea," and on them hung in chains.

But there were other horrors besides hangings to be witnessed by the regular frequenters of executions. Women who were found guilty of petit treason, or murdering their husbands, were then sentenced to be burnt alive, although it was understood they were first strangled, thus affording a variation of spectacle now and then, that drew greater crowds together than when even some twenty malefactors were seen hanging upon one scaffold in a row. The following paragraphs will show in what a laconic style these horrible legal brutalities were related. A fearful sign of the times—familiarity had indeed bred indifference!

"At the assizes at Northampton, Mary Fasson was condemned to be burnt for poisoning her husband; and Elizabeth Wilson to be hanged for picking a farmer's pocket of thirty shillings."—"Among the persons capitally convicted at the assizes at Chelmsford, are Herbert Hayns, one of Gregory's gang, who is to be hung in chains, and a woman, for poisoning her husband, to be burnt."—From the *London Magazine* for July, 1735.

And thus are the executions of these wretched women reported in the next number:

"Margaret Onion was burnt at a stake at Chelmsford for poisoning her husband. She was a poor ignorant creature, and confessed the fact."—"Mrs. Fawson was burnt at Northampton for poisoning her husband. Her behaviour in prison was with the utmost signs of contrition. She would not, to gratify people's curiosity, be unveiled to any. She confessed the justice of her sentence, and died with great composure of mind."—*London Magazine*, August, 1735.

"On Saturday, two prisoners were capitally convicted at the Old Bailey for high treason, namely, Isabella Condon, for coining shillings in Colbath-fields, and John Field, for coining shillings in Nag's Head-yard, Bishopsgate-street. They will receive sentence to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, the woman to be burnt, and the man to be hanged."—*Harrison's Derby and Nottingham Journal, or Midland Advertiser*, September 23rd, 1779.

Among the latest cases of this kind are those of Susannah Lott, burnt at Canterbury in 1769, for the murder of her husband; the above case in 1779; a woman at Exeter, July the 29th, 1782, for poisoning her master; Phœbe Harris, in June, 1786, for counterfeiting shillings; and Christian Murphy, at the Debtors' Door, Newgate, March the 18th, 1789, for coining.

Blackstone gives the following reason for this fearful punishment being applied to women in cases of high or petit treason, from which it would seem to have been adopted in deference to the delicacy of public feeling: (!)

"For as the decency due to the sex forbids the exposing and publicly mangling their bodies, their sentence (which is to the full as terrible to sensation as the other) is, to be drawn to the gallows, and there to be burnt alive." But, he adds, "The humanity of the English nation has authorised, by a tacit consent, an almost general mitigation of such part

of these judgments as savours of torture and cruelty, a sledge or hurdle being usually allowed to such traitors as are condemned to be drawn, and there being very few instances (and those accidental or by negligence) of any persons being embowelled or burnt till previously deprived of sensation by strangling."

One of these "accidents" occurred at the execution of Katharine Hayes, at Tyburn, for the murder of her husband, November the 3rd, 1726. The fire scorching the hands of the executioner, he slackened the rope before he had strangled her, and, although fresh fagots were piled around her, it was some time before she died, in fearful agonies.

This barbarous law was not repealed until the 30th George III., cap. 48 (1790).

On glancing casually through a number of the *London Magazine* (in which, of course, the *whole* of the executions and capital convictions may not have been reported), we may sum up three weeks' work thus:

March 5th, 1735.—A man and woman capitally convicted at Aylesbury; and a man at Hertford, for returning from transportation.

March 6th.—A man condemned for horse-stealing at Northampton.

March 8th.—Two men sentenced to death at Oxford, and six at Chelmsford.

March 10th.—Thirteen persons executed at Tyburn, of whom three were women. (*Note.*—Another man "was to have been executed with them, but died in Newgate about three the same morning, and was ordered to be hanged in chains with the others.")

March 12th.—Two men condemned at Gloucester.

March 14th.—Eight men condemned at Rochester. Same day, "Thomas Williams, the pirate, was executed at Execution Dock, and afterwards hung in chains near Blackwall."

March 15th.—One man and one woman condemned at York; and one man at Hereford, "for destroying a turnpike."

March 18th.—One man and one woman capitally convicted at East Grinstead.

March 20th.—Four men and one woman condemned at Bury St. Edmunds; and one woman at Nottingham.

March 26th.—Eight men sentenced to death at Kingston, one of whom was convicted of "cutting a man's tongue out, and robbing him of six shillings."

This shows a total of forty-one persons sentenced to death at the assizes in the country, and fifteen hanged in London—in all, fifty-six in three weeks!

Now let us see what offences so many persons were capitally convicted of at every assize.

We will take another number of the same magazine at random. Of eleven so convicted at the Old Bailey on December the 15th, 1735, one is for housebreaking, one for horse-stealing, one "for stealing two pieces of sarcenet out of a shop" (now called by the mild term of "shoplifting"), one for a street robbery, one "for robbing Mr. Bardin of 4s. 6d.," one "for stealing a guinea," and five for highway robbery; not one of which offences would now subject the perpetrator to the punishment of death.

The hangman had in those days a much greater latitude allowed him: forgery, burglary, horse-stealing, shoplifting, all were "capital" offences; nay, the executions themselves were pronounced "capital" sights by the

taste of the age, and even the refined George Selwyn was disappointed if he were prevented from being present at Tyburn in time for the morning's spectacle.

The unhappy wretches, when the passing of the capital sentence had abandoned them to the tender mercies of the gaolers, were subjected to the indignity of being publicly exhibited in the press-room previously to their execution, thus distracting their attention from the thoughts which the ordinary was endeavouring to instil into their minds. The *Public Ledger* of the morning after the execution of the celebrated Doctor Dodd, for forgery, states that "the turnkeys levied a fee of a shilling a head for admittance into the press-room, and the exhibition lasting two hours, they gained a considerable emolument from it."

But they were not even done with when life was gone. Their heads were severed from their bodies, their intestines torn out and burnt, and their bodies quartered, if convicted of high treason; and, although the judgment is still the same in such cases, it has not been of late years carried into execution with all the horrors which attended the death of Mr. De la Motte, convicted of high treason in carrying on a secret correspondence with the enemy, and who, on July the 27th, 1781, suffered at Tyburn the punishment expressed in the judgment of the court "with great fortitude"—"That he should be drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle, and there be hanged by the neck, but not until he was dead; that his bowels should be taken out and burned before his face; that his head should then be severed from his body, and his body divided into four parts, to be at his Majesty's disposal." This appalling spectacle was performed where Connaught-square now stands, without any abatement of its most revolting features, only seventy years ago!

In cases of murder, the bodies were given up for dissection, as we have before stated, originally at Barber-Surgeons' Hall, but afterwards at Hicks's Hall (except when the condemned murderer committed suicide in his cell, when his body was at once buried in a "four want way," or at the meeting of four roads, with a stake driven through it), and there are some still living whose curiosity drew them to Hicks's Hall to see the public dissection of criminals, and whom the horrid scene, with the additional effect of the skeletons of some noted criminals hanging on the walls, drove out again, sick and faint, as we have heard some of them relate, and with pale and terrified features, "to get a breath of air." Hogarth has depicted one of these dissection scenes in "The Four Stages of Cruelty" ("The Reward of Cruelty") with all its attendant horrors.

In aggravated cases the bodies were hung in chains on public spots—generally as contiguous as convenient to the scene of their crime,—and that they were numerous we may infer from the following passage in the *Annual Register* of 1763:—"All the gibbets in the Edgeware-road, on which many malefactors were hung in chains, were cut down by persons unknown." Verily this road, with its many gibbets, must have formed a picturesque avenue through which to enter London, pregnant with sad forebodings of rapine and midnight murder!

The manner in which the burning of women for petit treason was effected at a period near the close of the century, is fully described in the *Chelmsford Chronicle* of June the 28rd, 1786, and then savoured more of a means of insulting their remains. After detailing the execution of six men for various offences, the report proceeds:

"About a quarter of an hour after the platform had dropped, the female convicted" (Phoebe Harris, convicted of counterfeiting the coin called shillings) "was led by two officers of justice from Newgate to a stake fixed in the ground about the midway between the scaffold and the pump. The stake was about eleven feet high, and, near the top of it, was inserted a curved piece of iron, to which the end of the halter was tied. The prisoner stood on a low stool, which, after the ordinary had prayed with her a short time, being taken away, she was suspended by the neck (her feet being scarcely more than twelve or fourteen inches from the pavement). Soon after the signs of life had ceased, two cart-loads of fagots were placed round her and set on fire; the flames presently burning the halter, the convict fell a few inches, and was then sustained by an iron chain passed over her chest and affixed to the stake. Some scattered remains of the body were perceptible in the fire at half-past ten o'clock. The fire had not completely burnt out at twelve o'clock."

And this was Blackstone's "humanity of the English nation," and "decency due to the sex!"

Still greater barbarity was practised in the application of torture to untried prisoners, under the old law of "*Peine forte et dure*," better known as "pressing to death," in the hope of squeezing out, with the agonised screams of the sufferer, a plea of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty." This dreadful torture or punishment of contumacy, in whichever light it may be considered, is thus described in Chamberlayne's "Present State of Great Britain :—"

"The criminal" (refusing to plead to a charge of petit treason, felony, or any capital crime) "to be sent back to the prison from whence he came, and there laid in some dark room upon the bare ground on his back, all naked, his arms and legs drawn with cords fastened to the several quarters of the room; and then shall be laid upon his body iron and stone, so much as he can bear, *or more*; the next day he shall have three morrels of barley bread, *without drink*, and the third day he shall have drink of the water next to the prison-door, *except it be running water*, without bread; and this shall be his diet till he die. Which grievous kind of death some stout fellows have sometimes chosen, and so, not being tried and convicted of their crimes, their estates may not be forfeited to the king, but descend to their children, nor their blood stained."

So writes John Chamberlayne; but, in the edition of his book published in 1741, the editor adds: "But though the law continues, yet we so abhor cruelty" (here the "humanity" of the Eighteenth Century is again vaunted!), "that, of late, they are suffered to be overcharged with weight laid upon them, that they expire presently."

In other words, refusing to plead to a charge was, in 1741, a capital offence, and the punishment pressing to death!

Instances of this torture being applied were perhaps rare, but they were not unknown. In 1721, one Nathaniel Hawes bore the pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds' weight in the press-yard of the Old Bailey before he could be brought to plead; and here are two more cases which we have met with—in the first, the threat was sufficient:

"One How was indicted for a street robbery, but refused to plead to the indictment, whereupon the court told him the fatal consequence of such refusal, namely, that he must be miserably pressed to death, and

indulged him with time to consider of it till this morning. When again brought up he pleaded guilty, and was condemned to death."—*Whitehall Evening Post*, August 29th, 1728.

The next was more obdurate :

"At the assizes at Lewes, in Sussex, a man who pretended to be dumb and lame was indicted for a barbarous murder and robbery. He had been taken up on suspicion, several spots of blood and part of the goods being found upon him. When he was brought to the bar he would not speak or plead, though often urged to it, and the sentence to be inflicted on such as stand mute read to him. Four or five persons in the court swore they had heard him speak, and the boy who was his accomplice and apprehended, was there to be a witness against him; yet he continued mute. Whereupon he was carried back to Horsham Gaol, to be pressed to death if he would not plead. They laid on him, first, a hundred-weight, then added a hundred-weight more, and he still continued obstinate. They then added a hundred-weight more, and then made it three hundred and fifty pounds; yet he would not speak. Then, adding fifty pounds more, he was just dead, having all the agonies of death upon him; then the executioner, who weighs about sixteen or seventeen stone, lay down upon the board which was over him, and, adding to the weight, killed him in an instant."—*London Magazine*, August 21st, 1735.

Now is it not quite possible that this poor man was really dumb? Is it not also possible that, not having been tried, he might have been innocent? And yet this cruel scene is thus tamely and in this matter-of-course way related, without a single comment on the barbarity, or one suggestion for the repeal of this savage law!

Another mode of torture for the purpose of extorting a plea from the party indicted was the tying of the thumbs with whipcord so tightly, that, the cord cutting into the flesh, gave excruciating pain, in which the party arraigned was kept until he pleaded. The last instance in which it was resorted to at the Old Bailey was in 1734, but it was practised at Cambridge assizes in 1742. In April, 1721, Mary Andrews was thus tortured at the Old Bailey, but was so resolute, that three cords were broken before the plea was extorted from her.

Domestic bondage was another punishment which seems to have been becoming obsolete: we have only met with one case of it, and that was in Scotland, and as early as December the 5th, 1701, when one Alexander Stewart, found guilty of theft, "was gifted by the justice as a perpetual servant to Mr. John Areskine, of Alva."

We have yet another act of vengeance which is only upon record as being in force—we have no instances of its being carried into effect during the century. This was "civil death," incurred by petty jurors giving corrupt verdicts, or conspiring to convict an innocent party or felony. "They are," says the "*Present State of Great Britain*" (edition 1741), "to lose the franchise or freedom of the law—that is, to become infamous, of no credit, incapable of being witnesses or of a jury: their houses, lands, and goods are seized into the king's hands: their houses pulled down: their meadows ploughed up, their trees rooted up, and all their lands laid waste, and their bodies imprisoned. But indeed," adds the editor, "there are no late instances of such punishment."

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ZOUAVES AT SEBASTOPOL.*

THE fall of Sebastopol permits the mind to rest for a time from the perpetual excitement of terrific sorties, night struggles in the trenches, and sanguinary assaults, which came with each mail, to absorb every faculty upon the hazardous progress of one of the greatest sieges on record, and to turn to the lesser episodes which characterised the life of every day, the less generally known but not less really interesting incidents which constituted the individual romance of the epoch, and which in their aggregate formed that laborious and gigantic whole—the siege of Sebastopol.

Ever since the Zouaves have been designated by a marshal of France “the first soldiers in the world,” they have not failed to claim a lion’s share in the history of the exploits of the war. France has indeed a just right to be proud of these heroic children, who have so bravely sustained her military reputation, and defended their flag and their honour, at the price of long watching, wearying and exhausting toil, and their best life’s blood.

Dr. Félix Maynard has gathered together no small number of the feats of gallantry performed by these brave fellows, and of those remarkable traits of character which are so peculiar to them as a body. He professes to have derived them mainly from one source—a wounded bugler of the Zouaves, who was attached to the house called Clocheton, the only abode left by the French soldiery in the Chersonesus, near to the Garden Battery and Quarantine Harbour, the residence of the major commanding in the trenches, and also chiefly so of the Baron de Bazancourt, the author of the second work upon our list. But it is also evident that he drew his materials from various other sources, weaving them together as the narrative of one man, and the experiences of a group of conversationalists on board the same vessel, bearing its cargo of invalids and mutilated back to their own country.

Of all the Zouaves, according to our bugler, Corporal Genty was the most intelligent and the bravest. He was known to the whole army, and his feats have become traditional in the camp. An old African, known and esteemed by Canrobert ever since Zaatcha, Genty enjoyed a special liberty of action. He was attached to the 2nd Regiment of Zouaves as corporal, but corporal out of the ranks, belonging to the *francs tireurs d’élite*, and enjoying the perfect confidence of the lieutenant commanding

* Souvenirs d’un Zouave devant Sébastopol, recueillis par le Docteur Félix Maynard, ex-médecin sanitaire. 2 vols.

Cinq Mois au Camp devant Sébastopol, par le Baron de Bazancourt, chargé d’une mission en Crimée.

that select body. He was always rambling beyond the limits of the trenches, to ascertain the existence of breaches or determine the position of the weak points in the fortifications of the city, the *enfants perdus* directed their night attacks from information obtained by him, and the guns were also pointed upon spots which he had indicated.

Genty is said to have rendered great services to the army from the first landing of the troops in the Crimea. Marshal St. Arnaud, upon the recommendation of Canrobert, sent him to recognise the position of the Russians the evening of the battle of Alma. Genty ascertained on that occasion that the report carefully disseminated by the Russians, that the bridge was mined, was a falsehood, and he brought in with him from his recognisance a Polish colonel who had deserted from the Russians.

The Zouave bugler relates as follows an occurrence that took place the first day of the flank march :

We had just halted, at about mid-day, by the side of a forest with thick underwood ; General Bosquet had allowed two hours to make coffee. The fire of Genty's men was not far from ours ; the men around the two bowls smoked and conversed together. Genty alone did not talk ; he appeared thoughtful and anxious, and leaning against a tree, kept his eyes fixed upon a group of English officers, who, not far from us, surrounded the *lord man-chot*.

Suddenly seizing his rifle, he moved off at a *pas gymnastique* towards a Tartar, who coming from the head-quarters of the English, was making for the shrubbery and endeavouring to conceal himself within it. He indeed disappeared before Genty, who had transformed his gymnastic pace into tremendous racing speed, could catch him.

We could not understand what all this meant, till some minutes later the Zouave and the Tartar reappeared. The Zouave had made a noose of his turban round the Tartar's neck, and was dragging him towards the English staff ; the Tartar all the time shouting with pain and protesting his innocence.

"What is he accused of?" every one asked his neighbour.

"Accused of being the bearer to Menchikoff of a detailed account of the deliberations of the council of war of the Allied army, that's all !"

Genty had remarked certain suspicious movements in this man, who roved through the camp, calling us liberators, and sometimes selling poultry and fruit at a low price.

He was searched, and a copy of the order of march which was to be followed by the Anglo-French armies was found within the lining of his clothes !

I leave you to imagine if this discovery was important. Our two hours of rest was prolonged. The grand council of war was reassembled, and each division received new orders.

There only remained to punish the false Tartar, who turned out to be a Greek in disguise, and to discover the traitor who had delivered up to him the secrets of the council. This was effected at once by examination of the handwriting. He was a mere youth, a *Levantin*, one of those creatures who are born in the East of European parents, and serve as dragomans and interpreters. Lord Raglan had not received him into his service more than a month back.

It is said that Lord Raglan had these two unfortunate men shot in front of the English lines, the same day, before his troops resumed their march.

During the siege of Sebastopol, Genty having penetrated into one of the suburbs at the head of a dozen comrades, he got away from them, and, deceived by the darkness, came in contact with a Russian sentinel.

Thinking that he had to do with a Frenchman, he gave the signal agreed upon, by striking two blows on the stock of his rifle, and saying "Jackal." The Russian repeated the signal. Genty, taken by surprise, hesitated; he did not know whether to advance or to retreat, when in a moment he found himself surrounded by twenty Russians, commanded by a sergeant. His coolness returned to him in the face of his peril: he fired, and then charged the enemy, shouting out, "*A moi, les Zouaves!*" The Russians never dreaming that a single man would make head against a host, made sure that a numerous body of French were in the rear, and took to their heels.

The sergeant alone, braver than his men, threw himself upon Genty with fixed bayonet, but the weapon missed him, and broke upon a rock that Genty had retreated to the better to defend himself against his numerous assailants.

Genty got hold of the barrel of the Russian's musket, and then of the Russian himself, and nearly strangling him in his embrace, he carried him away in double-quick time to the trenches, where he found his comrades already in a state of great anxiety as to his fate.

Another time Genty caught a Russian, disguised as a Zouave, in the trenches, and once he himself only escaped from the enemy, who had surrounded him, by one of them cutting his cape in two, when aiming at his neck, and thus liberating him from a second, who held him fast by this portion of his dress. Poor Genty was at last made a prisoner of within Sebastopol itself. General Canrobert is said to have offered a Russian colonel in exchange for him, but he died of the wounds he had received before he could be taken. His comrades comfort themselves with the tradition that the Russians raised a monument to his memory, upon which was inscribed:

Au plus braves des Français,
Ses ennemis,
Admirateurs de son courage!

To procure, by means in which intelligence and cunning require to be backed by courage and audacity, an object that is coveted, is not called by the Zouaves a theft—it is a *fourbi*, and the Zouave's cape and hood are his *cache-fourbi*. On the march from Gallipoli to Varna, *fourbis* were practised upon a large scale; the dispositions of the peasants, whether Greek, Turk, or Bulgarian, were found to be much more characterised by malevolence than sympathy, and they were made to pay for it accordingly. The Zouave, however, yields precedence in the art of carrying out "individual razzias" to the Zéphir. He is also of African origin—a corps of military pariahs who for the most part have suffered degrading punishments, and some of whom never mend—happy indeed if they meet the death they so often covet. Some of these brave, but thoughtless, and too often criminal soldiers, wear under their buttons of tarnished zinc, a star that takes the place of their number, for they have sold their uniforms for an evening's debauch. An individual thus decorated is stigmatised as an *étoile de bazar*. A battalion of Zéphirs is said to have cheated an English regiment out of a cellar full of wine, on the occasion of the flank march, by spreading the report that the wine was poisoned. The story of the corporal who used to go and gather salads in the interior of the Garden Battery has been the round of the papers, but it is not so generally known how he dressed the

salads—he got the vinegar intended for gargles, and the oil set apart for the manufacture of cerates!

Our friend the Zouave bugler assures us that, without boasting, all that has been said of the inventive and industrial spirit of his comrades, when in campaign, is underrated rather than overrated. The *tente-abri*, or marabut, as he calls it, from its likeness to the little tomb of holy men in Algeria, was invented by the 17th Light Infantry, but the Zouave improved upon it vastly. In the Crimean war, where such great difficulties of transport occurred, the *tente-abri* was of infinite use, and our Zouave justly remarks that in consequence of not possessing such, the English suffered a thousand times more than the French. Our bugler, and his friend Fritcher, paved the bottom of their *tente-abri* with little round stones, so that it was always clean, and laying upon this a carpet captured from Sebastopol itself, it became known as the bugler's boudoir. A black dog, called by way of antithesis *Blanc-blanc*, shared with our Zouave and Fritcher this pleasant boudoir. At first *Blanc-blanc* used to go to the trenches with the Zouaves, according to whose turn it was for duty, but after dogs, cats, and monkeys were proscribed from the post of honour, he used to mount guard at the entrance of the boudoir, and never failed to express, by a hundred little antics, how pleased he was when either of his masters returned safe from trench duty.

Some English officers had with them high-bred dogs—"splendid dogs," our Zouave calls them, in a parenthesis. Unfortunately for these fine but "stupid animals," it was discovered that their skins were admirably adapted to replace the dilapidated skins of drums. The drumsticks rebounded upon them magically, as if beating on elastic and sonorous marble. This explains the disappearance of several of the before-mentioned quadrupeds, which the English generals had publicly cried throughout the camp by beat of drum. General Catkart (?) offered ten pounds sterling to whosoever would bring back his greyhound, missing ten days past.

"If I had heard of the two hundred and fifty francs reward," said the *tambour du régiment* to our friend the Zouave, "I would have soon found the skin of a dog to take to the lord, and would have returned it with a rat-tat-too upon that of the missing pet."

These revelations are bad enough, but nothing to compare with what follows:

The most interesting member of the whole Anglo-French menagerie was not a dog, it was a great old goat presented by her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

When we left the camp of Bulair to reach Bulgaria by land, I saw this venerable goat make twenty-one days' journey without the least apparent fatigue. Always about twenty paces in advance of the regiment, he marched with a proud, majestic air, as if, in his quality of representative of a crowned head, he wished to command the respect of all.

The first embarked at Kalamita, he was the first to land at Old Fort (our Zouave preserves the English designation of the place); he was noticed in the order of the day of the English for his gallantry at Alma, where he sustained without flinching the reiterated charges of a Russian division, at the head of the Royal Fusiliers; and, according to the *Morning Advertiser*, a London newspaper, Lord Raglan asked for him from the Minister of War, Lord Panmure, or rather Lord *Pain-dur*, as we called him when chaffing the English, the medal of Alma.

Whilst our allies, in the worst days of winter, had neither huts, nor tents, nor shelter of any kind to protect them from wind, rain, cold, and snow, the royal goat had a comfortable house, where he slept upon a warm bed of golden straw, drank warm melted snow, and supped off the best English hay.

The noble animal fattened, but the sentry at the gate of his stable got thinner and thinner.

Vanity of human things! One morning the goat was found asleep, under the manger still full of hay, and sleeping the sleep of eternity.

The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers were much affected by the death of their white-bearded pet. Military honours were conferred upon him when he was committed to the earth at the *abattoir*—that plain of sinister memory, where perished on the day of Inkerman the *élite* of the English cavalry!

But what did the venerable goat die of? Cold? That was impossible, he was too luxuriously sheltered.

Of hunger? Why, he had more hay than he could consume—his rick, filled over evening, was still half full the morning of his decease.

Of sickness? That could not be, for the veterinary surgeon, going his rounds the previous evening, had pulled his beard as he felicitated him upon his robust health.

Of what then did he die? Of apoplexy or by poison? No, not by any sudden stroke of apoplexy, but by poison. Yea, by poison! And no one suspected the crime, for the motive remained for a long time unknown.

We will spare our readers the details of this abominable transaction. They are given at exceeding length, are repulsive in their nature, and besides, may, with the history of the drums of English greyhound skins, be fairly set down among the licensed *blagues* of a Zouave. The chief performer in this imaginary tragedy is represented to have been a soldier of the Foreign Legion. He sought the friendship of the guardian of the royal goat by means of French milk, for so he tells us the English designated their *fil en quatre*. Gaining at the same time the intimacy of the noble animal, he succeeded in poisoning it by means we shall refrain from describing. The expedient was cruel in the highest degree. "But," says the heartless criminal, "may God pardon us on account of extenuating circumstances. The goat was English—and it was so cold!"

The Welshmen were then allowed to bury their regimental pet, in order that suspicions of foul play should not be awakened, and the animal was dug up the same night, and his skin was transformed into a magnificent white paletot!

In the camp the legionary wore this valuable covering with the hair inside, but once on board the *Lady Jocelyn*, on his way to Constantinople, he turned the fur outside, and allowed the sea breeze to play in its fine, long, white, silky hair. One day, a major of the 23rd Royal Fusiliers came up to the soldier, and looked attentively at the paletot:

"Very fine! very fine!" he ejaculated.

"Smoked," thought I to myself (the legionary is relating his own story): "I am smoked! He recognises the fur!" But resolved upon lying to all extremities, I merely replied, as I continued my walk, "Yes, milord."

"Aho! beautiful vestment!"

"Yes, milord."

And I kept on moving, but he continued to follow me, saying:

"It is just like *la couverture de John Bouc du régiment à moi*."

"Yes, milord."

"Ah! the thing is beginning to spoil; how shall I get out of it?" thought I to myself.

"Vous voulez vendre à moi (it is a pity to spoil the major's French) le vestiment vingt livres sterling?"

"Yes, milord," I answered, almost without thinking what I said.

But when I saw him take a portfolio from his pocket, open it, and select a paper, upon which were inscribed in large letters the magic words "Twenty Pounds!" all my presence of mind returned to me. I saw that the major really did not detect my victim, but that, interested by the likeness to his old pet, he wished to purchase the reminiscence of her gracious majesty Queen Victoria's gift.

Spring had returned, and I was now much less in dread of cold than of want of funds, so I obeyed the decrees of Providence, which thus ordained that the relics of the white goat should return into the hands of its first masters.

Zouaves, zéphirs, gendarmes, and *enfants perdus*, are not exactly the kind of personages, especially when engaged in one of the most desperate sieges on record, among whom one would expect to find a susceptibility to the supernatural. When we consider, however, the circumstances of the case in a more contemplative mood, the long duration of the struggle, the fearful conflicts by which it was characterised, the constant contact of the soldier with death in its most hideous forms, and the unending repetition of dark nights, silent watches, and sudden destruction, we shall almost feel surprised that more stories partaking of the wonderful have not oozed out from among the reminiscences of this remarkable siege. It is simply that there has not as yet been time. We have no doubt that the caves of Inkerman, the dark valley of the Tchernaya, Cathcart's Hill, the *abattoir*, the Valley of Death, the English ravine, and many other places, have each their legend, that still remains to be told.

The French particularly attach themselves to the memory of Clocheton. It was, as we have before said, the only house left on the extreme left among the numerous cottages and villas that lay scattered in the direction of Quarantine Harbour among the gardens and vineyards of the Chersonesus. It was spared because it was absolutely necessary that the engineering staff should have shelter for their papers; and this cottage happened to be so screened by its position in a hollow, that it best answered the desired purposes. Our Zouave relates as follows of this now immortal hut:

A Protestant clergyman inhabited Clocheton before the war, and lived there with his daughter and her cat. Father and daughter decamped on our arrival, and took with them part of their furniture. The cat remained. The daughter is described as being young, tall, and very beautiful, although no one had seen her; the cat was black. The noise of cannon, the red trousers, the multitude of people, and the unceasing noise, did not trouble her; she slept in the sun on the threshold of the door, hunted mice amongst the gabions, and purred in the evening upon the major's knees. At the first sound of my bugle she came and beat my white gaiters with her long black tail, or looked at the open end of the instrument with curious eyes. She was altogether so amiable and caressing, that it soon became received as an accepted fact, that she was neither more nor less than the young lady of the house, who, in order not to quit the spot of her birth, and perhaps detained there by the seductions of the major, thus clothed herself in the robe of a black cat! You may believe it or not, just as you like; as for me, I used to caress it as one would a heap of velvet, and without another thought.

How many dreams, how many conversations, how many romances have run the gauntlet upon the subject of the invisible princess of Clocheton! A

fusilier of the line recognised her walking one dark night in the neighbourhood of the house; she spoke to him and said:

"Handsome sentry! give me your hand?"

But he merely replied,

"Keep your distance!"

So much for the version of the Clocheton story given by the Zouave. We must now turn to another given by a one-eyed *brigadier de gendarmerie*:

"Shall I be believed or not," said the gendarme, "if I say that I also saw a lady wandering in the dark in the neighbourhood of Clocheton?"

"I suppose you had both your binnacle lights at that time, brigadier?" interrupted one of the sailors.

"I had all that was necessary to see clearly—and what I saw, I saw it distinctly, and the sentry the bugler speaks about has no more told a story than I have."

"As you like, brigadier!" replied the sailor; "from the moment that you took the lady's bearings with your compass, why the lady must have been alive."

"I do not say that it is the same, do you see, the more so, as she showed herself much less amiable to me than she did to the sentry."

The auditory smiled maliciously at this avowal on the part of the *coquard*—for that is the epithet by which the soldiers distinguished the gendarme.

"And you informed against the unknown, did you not, brigadier?" remarked one of the auditors.

"I did what I ought to do," the brigadier replied, haughtily; and in a manner much at variance with the usual urbanity of a good gendarme, he assumed the aspect of a person offended by a contradiction.

"No one pretends to the contrary," interposed one of the curious.

"And they are right," said the Zouave. "You remarked, then, brigadier, that like the sentry I was speaking about, you was questioned by an unknown?"

"No, it was I that questioned her."

"He asked her for her papers," interrupted another.

"I asked her by whose authority she was thus allowed to roam within our lines. She did not answer me, but went and sat down upon a large stone at the entrance of a cave, or silos (granaries hewn out of the solid rock, common in the Crimea and the East generally), at about a hundred and fifty yards from Clocheton. I left her in charge of one of my men, with strict orders not to let her out of his sight, whilst I ran to inform the major in command of the trenches.

"The major, who knew that nothing must be neglected in time of war, and the eye of vigilance must never be closed in countries where the Greeks, who swarm at Kamiesch and Balaklava, carry on a perpetual system of espionage for the benefit of the Russians, and daily invent some new treacherous expedients,—the major, full of confidence in my intelligence and experience, answered me:

"'Right, quite right, brigadier; go back to the silos, ascertain correctly the sex of this suspicious personage, and make your report accordingly.'

"I accordingly repaired to the said cavern, reinforced by a corporal's guard of four men.

"The unknown was still there, and the observations made by the gendarme I had left to watch her movements amounted to nothing.

"'Madame,' I said, in a very respectful tone—for the idea had just struck me that she might be the wife of some English grenadier in the neighbourhood taking an evening walk—'madame, are you unwell?'

"Her only answer was a heavy sigh.

"I was disarmed, quite affected; I became more and more convinced that

she was the wife, perhaps the widow, of one of our allies, and I could not be so hard upon her as to ask for her papers.

"She was very pale, the poor lady, as pale as death, or as the white cambric that enveloped her face.

"Madame," I ventured to insinuate, 'do you want anything?'

"Another sigh, but no answer.

"Does the bashfulness natural to her sex prevent her explaining herself to me?" I thought. 'Is she afraid of compromising herself in asking anything of a man? Or is it, perhaps, the presence of my escort that intimidates her so much as to deprive her of speech?'

"I bade the soldiers withdraw by an expressive signal, and in order to inspire confidence and to establish an understanding, I put the very simple question:

"Madame, are you hungry, perhaps?'

"Oh! yes, I am hungry, she exclaimed, in the voice of a dying person; I have not eat anything for these five days!'

"Gratify me, then, by accepting a biscuit.'

"And running to the escort, I took a biscuit from one of the soldiers' haversacks, and quick as lightning returned to offer it to the unknown.

"But instead of thanking me civilly, did she not get up weeping with indignation, and casting looks at once of offended pride and contempt at me, she made a turn to the left, and most unpolitely disappeared in the cave!

"Ah! madame! madame! what base ingratitude!' I exclaimed. And I precipitated myself, followed by the corporal and his men, into the cavern, in pursuit of so impertinent a personage.

"The deepest obscurity prevailed there; the vault, the walls, the very soil, all were alike invisible.

"Stop there, comrades!' I said, 'and let us wait for a lantern to throw a little light upon this adventure.'

"I accordingly sent off my gendarme to Clocheton to fetch a lantern; and while he was gone we placed ourselves so that no one could enter or go out of the cavern without being apprehended at the passage.

"The lantern soon illuminated the place. It consisted of a kind of little room, cut in the rock, a few yards in depth and width only, and not larger than the places for shelter which the repairers of roads build for themselves by the sides of the highways in France. The solitude was complete—there was not a trace of a living being, still less of a fugitive woman.

"What then is this mysterious creature? We all saw her enter there, but there she no longer was. I explored the walls of the cavern with the butt-end of my pistol, the soldiers did the same thing; but the sound emitted by the stone nowhere indicated the presence of a secret asylum. The same thing of the floor when we struck it with our feet.

"I felt uncommonly annoyed at having allowed myself to be thus fooled by my feelings of compassion for this suspicious personage, instead of having consigned her at once to the station at Clocheton in her quality of unknown, accused of vagabondage.

"Nevertheless, I did not give up all hopes of discovering the secret passage by which the dove had flown away. I did not like to admit that she had really done me, and I sought with the greater intelligence and activity, as the corporal reminded me, of what I was before aware of, that clothes appertaining to a female, the white bonnet of a young lady, articles of furniture, and some engravings, had been found only a week previously in the same cavern.

"At length, by dint of pushing the point of my sword in the angle formed by the floor and the walls, I succeeded in detecting, by a slight movement, a flat stone which covered a hole sufficiently large to admit of the passage of a human body.

"Bravo!' I exclaimed—'bravo, comrades! the weasel has gone this way, and we are going to catch it by the tail. Attention, corporal, and watch well outside.'

"Taking off my coat, the slave of my duty, I slid insidiously, and on the flat of my stomach, into this subterranean passage. I got along by a kind of a natatory motion, pushing with my knees and pulling with one hand, while I held the lamp with the other.

"Ah! madame! madame!" I muttered, 'your want of politeness will cost you dear, and you are going to learn at your expense if the sensibilities of a brigadier of gendarmes are to be trifled with with impunity!'

"But just as in imagination I was about to clench the delinquent, I bumped my head hard upon the rock that terminated the passage. To the right and to the left, above and below, it was all the same thing, solid rock. I was in a regular sack, a jug of rock, and could only extricate myself by getting out in a reverse manner to what I got in.

"I accordingly executed this manœuvre, but not till after I had made a plan of the locality. It became evident to me that the lady had vanished by an opening practised in the first compartment of the cavern; my researches ought to confine themselves to that quarter; so, sending away the escort and the lantern, I kept my gendarme with me alone, and we placed ourselves on guard at the entrance of the cave.

"The night passed over without anything making its appearance.

"In the morning, when I made my report to the major, he laughed at the idea of the apparition of this fantastic lady, and called it a fable; but I did not let the thing pass by the more for that. My comrade and myself watched without interruption at the mouth of the cave for a whole week, relieving one another every four hours.

"Nothing appeared—nothing—neither woman, nor young lady, nor, indeed, any one. No matter. I think I should be watching there yet, if, one morning, the major having sent me to the trenches to bring in some insubordinates, a bit of stone, set at liberty by a cannon-ball, had not knocked my eye out."

We must now turn to the Baron de Bazancourt's version of the Clocheton story. It must be premised that the baron filled in the camp of the French the important situation of accredited and official historian of the war. His "*Cinq Mois au Camp devant Sebastopol*" consists only of a few letters introductory to the great work which he has on hand.

During my absence from dear Clocheton, which I love as if it were a living thing (the baron relates), there occurred there a very curious scene, which I shall relate to you exactly as it was told to me.

It was breakfast-time. There were one or two guests present (for invitations were given at Sebastopol), and upon such occasions the table was covered with preserves, a fowl was disposed of, and a bottle of Bordeaux emptied to the health of those who were alive, and to the memory of friends who would never be met again.

Breakfast was half over, and all present were as gay as those always are whose life holds by a thread, which may momentarily be snapped, when the door opened, and a young man walked in. He was fair, beardless, without uniform. He scarcely raised his eyes; his whole expression was that of profound grief. Nevertheless, he saluted the company civilly as he entered.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, with the accent of a foreigner; "do not disturb yourselves."

And he went and sat down upon a trunk in the corner of the room.

"Do you want anybody?"

"Do not disturb yourselves," said the young man, once more. And he cast a furtive glance at the room, and then lowered his eyes.

"Come now, what do you want?" exclaimed one of the officers, with a certain roughness which was excusable, when we consider the strange manner in which the young man had intruded himself upon the company.

"Presently, presently," said the mild voice of the young man.

"Presently, not at all. Will you tell us what you want?"

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but—this is the house which I dwelt in with my father!"

"Ah! why did you not say so, then? Well! you must find it a good deal altered?"

"Oh yes, greatly altered. It was a sweet pretty place."

And as he spoke, his voice was so sorrowful in its expression that every one was moved.

"Come, young man," said one of the guests, "come and take a glass of wine with us, and think no more of these things."

After much pressing the ex-proprietor allowed himself to be persuaded.

He told us that his father's name was Hildenhagen, and that he was the Protestant pastor of the army of Sebastopol. He had been made prisoner, and was then interpreter to the wounded Russians at Balaklava.

"If you only knew," he added, "how pleasant this little house was! My father often said 'It is here that I wish to die.' Poor father! it is not here that he will die! We had a pretty garden—flowers everywhere; my sister cultivated them with her own hands. In the greenhouse, what beautiful plants! I still see them climbing up the walls, and forming a leafy arbour over the head."

"It is true that the greenhouse is effaced," remarked one of the officers.

"Instead of plants there are casks of brandy for the workmen."

The young man shook his head mournfully.

"Bah, everything has its time! Flowers grow up again. Drink another glass of Bordeaux."

He smiled and said, "Gentlemen, you are very kind." And he related their habits of daily life when he lived with his family in the little house of Clocheton. He described the position even of the different articles of furniture.

If any one among those present had entertained any doubts as to the identity of the young stranger, a little incident brought about by chance would have dissipated them. Our dog came in. (I say our dog, by right of conquest.) Poor beast! it lived no one knew where, and had been exposed to many a gun-shot; it had the marks on its back of a ball that had grazed it. It was always roving about the house; but at the least movement that was made to approach it, it ran away terrified. We had succeeded, however, in ultimately making it understand that we were friends and meant no harm to it, so it had gradually gained confidence, and, like the black cat, had become a regular guest.

The soldiers knew it well, and called it "the dog of Clocheton."

When the dog came in the young man made a movement of pleasure, opened both his arms, and called it by a name that was unknown to us. The poor beast lifted up its ears, looked at the person who called him, and with one bound jumping on his knees, covered him with caresses. It was a scene of affecting simplicity. The young man spoke to the dog as if it could understand all that he said. He embraced bygone days as he embraced its brown head marked with a white star.

The tears trickled down his face.

He did not remain with us much longer. But before he went, pointing to a portrait which was suspended by a nail to the wall, he said,

"It is the portrait of my youngest sister; will you permit me to take it away with me?"

"Certainly," was the answer, "everything that is here is yours; take what you like."

He unhooked the portrait, as also a small engraving of the Lord's Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci; then thanking us most civilly, he went to join an English soldier who had accompanied him.

He was seen to go away in the direction of Balaklava, but every ten paces

or so he turned round to look at the house which he was probably never destined to see again.

Some of the details which concern Clocheton in this interesting little episode do not precisely tally with a minute description of the same place given at an earlier period by the Baron de Bazancourt.

"Clocheton," he writes, "which is the residence of the major of the trenches, where I received hospitality, belonged to a Protestant priest. There was a greenhouse full of all kinds of plants; it was kept in that careful manner that denoted the presence of a female who took care of flowers because she loved them—women and flowers have always had an understanding together.

"In fact, the priest had a daughter; the house was found empty, and a cat was upon the threshold. There was too much neatness in certain parts of this house, which was as yet unfinished, not to see that the furniture had been hid, if not carried away. Our soldiers sought and found. Sundry articles of furniture, clothes belonging to a young girl, a *rose-coloured* bonnet, some papers, a few lithographs in frames, of which several represented religious subjects, were found in a silos. Of all these things there only remains the table that I am writing upon, a chest of drawers which the soldiers brought in to Colonel Raoult, major of the trenches, a chair, two or three lithographs, and the black cat, which is sleeping on my knees at the moment I am writing, and mingles its musical purr with the cannons, that throw their shells almost every minute into the air. It is the only living being that remains among us in testimony of the past; it is the guest of the house and not of those who dwell in it; it is the faithful friend of this poor little habitation, which is falling into ruins, and has already been traversed through and through by three different cannon-balls: it loves us because we are here; let us go away and it will no longer know us, and perchance our cat will be seen one day upon the ruins of Clocheton as we found it upon the threshold. It is for us a society that amuses us and diverts our thoughts; its absence would grieve us all."

Quite enough material in all this for any number of stories among the imaginative Frenchmen. The pastor and his son and daughter are historical. So is also the cat, and so also apparently the cave and its relics. The visit of the son must also be accepted as a fact. The dog only comes in afterwards, which may be accounted for by its not having been so easily reconciled to the strangers as the cat. Neither the Zouave bugler nor the gendarme of Clocheton make mention of it. The portrait of the daughter finds no place in the first inventory of goods—its history is apocryphal. The young lady's mysterious wanderings are manifestly inventions to amuse gendarmes and Zouaves in their weary hours of watch. Let us hope that when dread war shall have ceased in the old Tauric Chersonesus, and peace shall restore the villas of Sebastopol to their rightful owners, the pastor will return to his beloved cottage, a stone undetected by the prying eyes of Cyclopean brigadiers of gendarmes will open a silos full of unbroken furniture, and young female hands will again rear a bower for the old pastor to seat himself beneath, grateful, after all his trials, to the Giver of all good.

Among the traditions current in the camp, none were more universally accredited than that the monastery of St. George communicated by sub-

terranean passages with Sebastopol, and that the monks used to report at the head-quarters of the Russians whatever was occurring in the camp of the Allies.

The fact that the English held possession upon the occasion of the assault of the 18th of June, for a whole day, of the suburb of the port and Garden Battery, did not fail to captivate the applause of their gallant allies. The struggle is said to have been fertile in terrible episodes. We must let our Zouave relate one in his own peculiar way :

"There's for you, d——d Englishman!" shouted out Prince Strégnoff, who, finding himself at the turning of a street face to face with Lord O'Newil, (?) dug his sword into his abdomen up to the hilt.

"Thank you!" replied the Irishman, who had time to discharge his revolver right into the mouth still open of the Russian.

And they both fell dead, both having no doubt their last thoughts directed to the friendship which once united them. This prince and this lord were on such intimate terms at London and Paris before the war, that they were spoken of as the inseparables!

Our Zouave admits, notwithstanding several years' experience in Africa, that the combats of the Jurgura, the struggles with Kabyles and Flittas, surprises, ambushes, marches and countermarches, tried the courage of the men less, and were less fertile in events, than a single turn at the trenches; yet that duty only lasted twenty-four hours, and a campaign in Algeria lasted for days, sometimes for weeks. Of all the horrors, those of the wounded took precedence. The experiences of Berthier, a Zouave who was engaged in the assault on the 18th of June, would alone suffice to attest this fact. Struck down by one of Jacobi's infernal machines, he lay till night came on senseless among the dead and the wounded. When he revived from his long swoon, he found only one of the hundred bodies that lay around him that gave signs of life. When he attempted to speak, the latter only said "Chut! chut!" The Russians were busy carrying away all who gave the least signs of existence. Yet the agony of thirst was so great, that a hundred times the wounded men were on the point of betraying themselves by calling out for drink. The Zouave's head was as big as two, but his arms and feet were uninjured, and he proposed, in the darkness of the night, to carry off his neighbour, who had lost one of his legs.

"If we did get to the lines," objected the legless soldier, "the sentries would run away from us."

"Why so?" asked the Zouave.

"Because your head and face, my dear fellow, look like a mass of crude flesh that has the gift of language."

What a consoling remark, amidst the anguish of scalds, and the provocation of thirst! But the Zouave was not to be disheartened. Placing his hands upon the corpse of a fat sapper and miner, and resting his feet against a heap of dead bodies in the rear, he made a back for his legless friend to climb up upon. It was, however, in vain; the Zouave fell fainting into his former position, while the poor fellow who had been attempting to mount upon his back fell with his mutilated limb beneath, in a position that entailed agonising tortures. The Zouave lay in a senseless state till morning, his head blackened with voracious flies. When he at length recovered his senses, he found strength to speak to his neighbour.

"When will it be daylight," he said, "oh, when will it be daylight?"

"Daylight! Why it has been day for an hour past."

"Come, you are humbugging me."

"Not at all. The sky is blue, and the sun shines brilliantly."

"Ah, poor fellow," said the Zouave to himself, "he has lost his senses!"

"Unfortunate man," muttered his legless companion, "he has gone blind!"

Blind he was, but the armistice was sounded, the wounded were carried away, and Berthier recovered his sight, and, indeed, his physiognomy, so far as, to use his own words, "*à faire encore des malheureuses!*"

The experiences of the Zouave bugler were little less painful. He was engaged in carrying some ambuscades of the Russians with a party of *jackals*, when they were outnumbered by the enemy. The order was given to sound the charge. Our bugler and his friend Fritcher put their bugles to their mouths, when the former received so hard a blow upon the top of his shoulder, that it tumbled him over on his back. When on the ground, he felt sensible of a deep-seated, throbbing pain, and rising furious, he put his bugle once more to his mouth; but, alas! the aperture had got choked with mud, and he had only one arm to hold it and cleanse it. Soon he felt the hot blood trickling down his chest, his head began to turn, and he sank to the ground. His natural gay spirit did not, however, abandon him in this extremity. When he came to himself, "Thank you, *messieurs les Russes*," he said, "you send me away a convalescent. Thanks to your cylindrical ball, I shall once more revisit my country, my old mother, and my friends!"

When night came on, although weakened by loss of blood, he started for the trenches, his left arm in his waistband, and carrying his rifle and bugle in his right. At first he proceeded slowly, but a shower of balls suddenly imparted to him energy sufficient to adopt the well-known gymnastic pace of the Zouaves, and he luckily, when nearly exhausted, fell in with a sentry on the outposts, who led him, half-fainting, to the ravine of the English, where he obtained what a wounded man who has lost blood covets above all things in the world—water.

Ultimately the ball was removed at Constantinople, whither our Zouave was taken on the deck of the *Lady Jocelyn*, cursing the overcrowding, want of accommodation, and absence of all resources on board of an English transport. M. Méry, surgeon in chief to the hospital of Pera, saved the arm by sawing off the upper portion of the fractured bone, and leaving the remainder—dangling by his side!

Often and often, during his long detention in the hospital of Pera, does our Zouave recur to the incessant kindness—the devotedness of Sister Prudence; and this gave rise to the following characteristic conversation:

"The Sister of Charity, the woman, the consoling angel of the hospital, is only possible in Catholicism," remarked one of the conversationalists.

"But the Protestant English, have they not also their Sisters of Charity?" retorted another.

"No, no; our religion alone can inspire such acts of devotedness!"

"What then is Miss Nightingale and the ladies who accompany her?"

"Mere copies of our Sisters."

"Be it so; but the copies resemble so perfectly the models, that except for the difference of costume the one could not be distinguished from the

other: English or French, Catholics or Protestants, religious or secular, all are alike praiseworthy, equally to be admired."

"Error!" resumed the first speaker—"error! Not only do I associate our Sisters of Charity exclusively with Catholicism, but I should look upon their mission as impossible and inefficacious if they were not subjected to the rules of a religious order."

"Ah! that is too much! What! a woman shall make no proof of self-denial and devotedness in virtue of her own good-will, and guided by the dictates of her heart? She must attach herself to a congregation, in order to be able to practise charity? Religious communities are really a great deal too ambitious."

"Go and ask the English who come out of the hospitals what they think of their holy nurses (*saintes infirmières*), now that the medical service is organised among them as it is with us, and you will see if those who have just escaped from the clutches of death do not bless the straw-hat and green veil of Miss Nightingale, just as we bless the white head-dress and stomacher of Sister Prudence."

"I," interpolated another, "am of Béranger's opinion. I believe that

On peut sécher les pleurs
Sous la couronne du martyr
Ou sous la couronne de fleurs."

The champion of Catholicism replied to the quotation of the song-writer by a more lengthy extract from a pamphlet which was circulated on board—"L'Histoire Populaire de la Guerre d'Orient," par l'Abbé Mullois.

The abbé, speaking of the English ladies who came to the East to tend and nurse their wounded countrymen, acknowledges that they are animated by the desire of rivalling the Catholic Sisters, but he assures us that they never will be able to equal them. "Never," writes the abbé—"never will Protestant, England, with its gold, its science, its institutions, its industry, be able to create a humble daughter of Saint Vincent de Paul, and may this union in charity make Protestant England re-enter into union in the same faith!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the opponent of Catholicism, "what, then, is charity, if charity is possible to the adepts of one community only!"

It is truly grievous to find such narrow-mindedness among professors of religion, but it is so, from China and Thibet to the extremity of Connaught.

Relieved from the discipline of the hospital, our bugler Zouave affords no small amusement by the manner in which he extemporises a boudoir on the deck of the transport. On the French transport the soldiers had the deck, non-commissioned officers ranked as passengers of the third class, while officers up to the rank of captain were strictly limited to the second saloon. Field-officers and English, who paid for it with their gold, alone enjoyed the comforts of the saloon. When our Zouave crossed the Black Sea on the *Lady Jocelyn*, he observed certain *boxes*, as Dr. F. Maynard designates them, destined for horses on the deck, but at that time filled with blankets and counterpanes, which were to be distributed among the wounded and the sick on deck. Associating another jackal with himself, our Zouave watched the moment of distribution, and as the last blanket went out they went in, and, fairly ensconced, defied all the authorities of the ship to remove them.

On board the *Nil* there were also *boxes*, but a difficulty presented itself; they were full of ropes and sails. It would not do to turn them out upon a deck already covered with human beings, so the consent of the captain was necessary in order to transform the *boxe* into a boudoir. Our Zouave began by accosting a sailor as a *pays*—countryman. The

thing did not tell at first—sailors are not very amenable personages—but perseverance succeeded in winning the ear of the obdurate mariner.

"Pays," one day ventured the Zouave, "we want a billet for a lodging."

And he showed him the *boite* heaped up full of ropes and cordage, but the mariner shook his head.

"Pays," insisted the Zouave, "if you was to slip two words into the captain's ear?"

Another day the attack was carried on still more closely.

"Come, Pays!" said the Zouave, addressing the sailor, "are you going to let us sleep in the open air?"

The captain happened to pass by at the moment, and the sailor, profiting by the occasion, observed :

"Père Méry, here are two soldiers who have seen your son at Sebastopol."

It is necessary to observe, that the bugler had, as usual, associated a comrade with himself, in this instance a *chasseur à pied*, labouring under the Dobrutscha fever. When the mariner made this remark to the captain, he winked his eye at the same time, and made his tobacco turn two or three times significantly in his cheek, by which he meant to intimate that paternal love was the great point by which to attack Père Méry.

"Have I seen him!" exclaimed the Zouave, "and was he not a real soldier, *monsieur votre fils*! We have devoured many a Russian together, and he had a famous appetite. When I left the camp, 'Bugler,' he said, 'if you ever meet Père Méry, my father, tell him that his son is a *brave*.' He would have written to you by the same opportunity, but at the very moment that he was putting pen to paper, General Canrobert sent to ask him to dinner. Obedience to one's chief takes precedence, you know, over even filial piety."

As the Zouave was speaking, the face of the jolly old captain glowed with pride and pleasure.

"So long as he does not ask me the number of his son's regiment," thought the Zouave to himself.

But Father Méry, an honest sailor, knew nothing of the duplicity of Zouaves and Zéphirs. It was sufficient to say you knew his son to be his friend.

"Is he not a handsome fellow?" he asked, his pride at length exploding in syllables.

"As for that, I should think so; so handsome that Princess Gortschakof, the wife of the commander-in-chief of the Russians, being one day on the top of the Malakhof Tower, spied him out as he was on duty in the trenches, and exclaimed, 'Corbleu! what a handsome man!' and she promised a hundred roubles sterling as a reward for any one who would bring him to her alive and a prisoner!"

Alas! even the tower of Malakhof has passed into the domain of romance. Needless to add, that with such a battery, fired in such indiscriminating salvos at the mariner's weak point, the Zouave soon obtained the object of his wishes, and he and his fevered friend were comfortably installed in the horse-box during the remainder of the journey to Marseilles.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

It is a singular circumstance, characteristic of the present time, that when a distinguished individual dies, no two statements regarding him alive should tally with each other. Some account of him must be given in the papers when public expectation is to be gratified. Research is troublesome; fancy is called in to fill the sheet, and a public which assumes to be more enlightened and discriminating than any which preceded it, is quite satisfied with discrepancies which would not have passed unnoticed a little time ago.

This has been particularly the case in relation to Sir William Molesworth, who had been a public character above twenty years. His habits were not obtrusive. He was not found cozening popularity at opportune public meetings at the outset of his career, as the custom is with the mass of incipient politicians. He was possessed of distinguished abilities, of considerable learning, of ample fortune, and of political integrity. He was content to let the harlot Fame follow him as she might, scorning to play at the tables round which political gamblers in general meet to try the same luck in the same coarse and vulgar track to fortune or disappointment. He did not avert his eyes from the objects which he really had in view in order to beguile observers, nor, turning aside after speculative good, suffer himself to wander in the maze, the exit of which is where it began. Sir William Molesworth was the antagonist of chicane, the intrepid asserter of what he conscientiously believed to be truth, and consequently he could always be relied upon and comprehended. But to proceed in order. Sir William, though a native of the county that in recent times produced Davy, Gilbert, and many distinguished men, was not of early Cornish descent. His family was originally settled in Lightstone hundred, in the county of Huntingdon, and in that county and Northamptonshire the family had long resided. Walter de Molesworth, sheriff of Bedford in the reign of Edward I., was one of them, and from him descended John Molesworth of Tretane, in Cornwall, who was an attorney-at-law there in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was made auditor of the duchy. This John Molesworth obtained the estate of Pencarrow, once the property of the Walkers of Exeter, and from the time of Elizabeth it has been the residence of the family. The name of the estate is Cornish, and as it once belonged to the Peveril family, some say it is derived from Pen-caer-ou, the deer-head, it having been part of the Peverils' deer-park. Others, more correctly, derive the name from Pen, the Cornish for head, and caer-ou, a castle or city on a head or hill, because Pencarrow stands on a hill crowned by a very large Roman encampment—at least it is supposed to be Roman. The present house was built by Sir John Molesworth. It is a residence such as a baronet of good family and moderate fortune might be expected to make his residence. The estate is delightfully placed, noted for wood, water, and stone in abundance. A portion of the land lies both sides a sweet wooded valley, the image of rural beauty and repose. The valleys, indeed, are the most beautiful portions of Cornwall. The hills

are bare and craggy. The Atlantic gales sweep over them with inconceivable fury. The writer of this passed Pencarrow the last time some years ago, and was struck with the scenery which time had then nearly obliterated from recollection. Pencarrow is in the parish of Egloshayle (Eglos, a church, and hayle, a river, in old Cornish). The scenery of the entire parish is particularly pleasing. One of the Molesworths was made a baronet by James II., Hender Molesworth, who had a large property in Jamaica. St. Breock, a living belonging to the family, came into it by the marriage of Sir John Molesworth with Barbara Morice, the daughter of Sir William Morice,* the friend of the notorious General Monk. In 1816 this living was occupied by the Rev. William Molesworth, on the presentation of Sir William. One of the family married into that of the Arcots, in Devonshire, and an uncle of the deceased Sir William into that of the Trebys, of Godamoor and Plympton, near Plymouth.

This much may suffice for a matter comparatively of small moment. To return, therefore, to the deceased baronet. He was only a little over age when he took his seat in parliament for the eastern part of the county of Cornwall. At that time he was full of the generous feelings of youth. He had been carefully educated, and besides the classical languages, in which he was an eminent proficient, he had acquired a knowledge of the German. He read much, and reflected deeply on a limited space in regard to subject, rather than over a wide field. It is not, therefore, wonderful he should take the real and just view of things in place of that which custom alone makes current. Hence he became a decided Liberal—in those days “Radical” was the term—a term with which the present Lord Broughton, then Mr. Hobhouse, we well remember, shocked the over-sensitive ears of the House of Commons by applying to himself. To be a solitary step in advance of the hackneyed opinions sanctioned by our grandmothers, and consecrated and hallowed by all sorts of anomalies and abuses, was then deemed horridly “low.” In Cornwall the Whigs, in the strictest sense, were what would now be called the Liberal party; but an enlightened mind that then judged of things as they actually were, and called them by their real, not customary, names, was looked upon with much shyness by the old unprogressives of that party. It is doubtful whether the late Mr. Stackhouse Pendarvis, or Sir Coleman, then Mr., Rashleigh, or the Rev. Mr. Walker, noted Whigs in Cornwall, went much beyond the limits thus defined. Sir William Molesworth, entering parliament with his advantages of family and connexion, was not opposed for East Cornwall. The Whigs, though the Liberal party in the country, became astounded at the boldness of his parliamentary conduct. They only dreamed, as if still under the pressure of the days of Lord Castlereagh. Sir William, on the other hand, was wide awake to those principles which since the triumph of Reform have emancipated the minds of men of all parties,

* Sir William Morice had a considerable property on the Devon side of the Tamar. It came by marriage to the Cornish family of St. Aubyn, of Clowance, Cornwall, and was then mere pasture. On this William III. began Plymouth Dockyard; and except a very small portion of the yard, the whole of Devonport, the Public Works (on a renewing lease), and Stoke Damarel—an immense property since sprung up—belong to the St. Aubyns. The Molesworth living was then, perhaps, the best thing of the two.

more or less, from their ancient bondage. Tories became Conservatives, the Whigs Liberals—all felt the soft impeachment. Sir William, in the advance of that time, could see what were the political necessities of the country, and dare their advocacy. In the House, to which he was first returned in 1832, he was fearless and uncompromising. He defended liberal measures and opinions. He was an advocate for following out all those changes which were to a certain degree dependent upon the great measure of national progress—such as free-trade and the abolition of the corn-laws. He became, in consequence, the rejected of East Cornwall. Leeds was better informed as to the spirit of the time; he was returned for that town, and then began his career as a colonial reformer. He was not alone or unprompted here; and it is a curious fact, showing how little political integrity is valued in this country, that his early intimacy with Mr. Roebuck, and the part they bore in common on the Canada question, have not been noticed in the sketches of his career. The meed of political consistency and integrity belonged to the one as much as the other; but unless political honesty is gilded, like everything else where venality is the current coin, it passes as waste. It was about the end of 1834 that Sir William and Mr. Roebuck conferred together. In April, 1835, the *London Review* was established, and in this they both laboured. When Lord John Russell, with his wonted precipitancy, was for coercing the Canadian Legislature without a due consideration of the popular interests, Sir William resisted the measure, and the event bore him out. Mr. Roebuck was also an advocate for justice being done to the colony, but not after the mode which had been followed on former occasions. We well remember how they were vituperated for the stand they took. Time has shown that the views of Sir William and his friend were sound; and it is not too much to say that we owe to the wisdom of the measures effected in placing the Canadians under self-government, the secure affection of the entire population to the mother country. The latest mails have shown how they sympathised with all true Englishmen on the fall of Sebastopol. The notion that men in these times, well-informed and numerous, dwelling in distant colonies, can be governed by one individual, four, five, or ten thousand miles away, continually changed, and grossly ignorant of the necessities and feelings of the colonists, would seem ridiculous were it not a truth too serious in its consequences for ridicule. The country owes the dissipation of this idea to Sir William.

Sir William announced as mischievous the transportation system. He believed that criminals may be reclaimed in a large proportion, and that human nature is not so bad as the past practices of barbarous laws and precedent-ridden lawyers remorselessly exhibited it. The difficulty, we know, that Sir William felt, was not so much about the certainty of the result as the means of attaining it, for on this all would depend. On this point he was anxious, and not unjustifiably so, seeing that his best expectations might be thwarted by the choice of bad instruments. Time will alone test the measure, the plan of which is so generous and philanthropical, and on which the government, to its honour, has experimented.

Whether in parliament or out he was constantly employed in writing or editing. He wrote clearly and logically, and thus he had a great

advantage over most of his opponents. There was nothing remarkable in his style; it was clear and plain, well adapted to those topics on which he was more earnestly employed. He edited the works of Hobbes during his absence from parliament, between 1841 and 1845. For this he was censured during the Southwark election by one of the candidates, as well as because he supported the Maynooth grant. Such attacks, where individuals in their self-conceit set up their own opinions as a standard of right and wrong in others, belong to the spirits of a departed day. They mark the *animus* for mischief, and no more—the desire to be despotic over mind, without the power—the wish to serve self by arousing the passions of bigotry and intolerance—but without meeting success. Sir William was returned triumphantly, the unworthy attempt, as to motive, being well understood. He resumed his efforts to promote colonial reform, and he was now making great way. He was doing good on a large scale, and could well afford to sustain a little vituperation. Lord Aberdeen, in a spirit of party conciliation, offered him the Woods and Forests. His desire to promote the objects he had most at heart induced him to accept a post in which his efforts were, to a certain extent, neutralised. He was a lover of peace, too, and appreciated his lordship's efforts to preserve it, which, if an error, was one on the right side. It is evident that Lord Aberdeen did not comprehend Sir William's particular studies in public affairs; or, perhaps, was actuated by the wish to form a strong administration rather than to make use of the particular branches of political knowledge by which he might have been more serviceable. Still it was a tribute to one who had voted on all occasions in the most liberal spirit; both the offer and acceptance were honourable to the parties concerned.

On the accession of Lord Palmerston to the premiership, Sir William was offered the situation of colonial minister. The offer was not only creditable to the premier as a concession to talent, but it marks his lordship as being one who, if left unrestricted by the interests of powerful families, could not fail to put the right men in the right places. No one is more aware than Lord Palmerston that it is his interest to do this as the real foundation of ministerial power. Lord Palmerston has won golden opinions by his conduct on this occasion. A second appointment more recently, in the nomination of the new minister, Sir H. St. John, to Vienna, seems to show that the arduous vicarage is well aware of the advantage of doing, in this respect, all he can dare do; and the country should be grateful to him for a line of conduct in general so very wisely observed. It was one of the objects of ridicule among the *lions* *Hell*, just before the French revolution, that the titled individuals placed at the heads of the public departments were utterly ignorant of their duties. The successes of Napoleon were owing to putting qualified men in fitting places, and such was the conduct of the great Earl of Chatham here. Neither would credit that the post conferred the ability.

It must not be imagined that Sir William Molesworth met with no obstacles in his career on the path of colonial reform. They were of less moment to him than to many others, because his convictions were strongly fixed in a confidence of their justice, and there can be no stronger stimulus to a well-constituted mind. He had none of those miserable political prejudices which mark the half-fledged, half-reasoning

politician. His early testimony in behalf of an extensive system of national education was a proof of his attention to the subject when youth in general scarcely thinks at all. There is something exceedingly well-promising when young men of talent and fortune are perceived to study early the great questions upon which so much of the public welfare depends. Such are the men to partake legitimately in the active government of the nation, because they are directed by correct views, while their motives cannot be sordid and selfish, but are rather honourably ambitious of distinction as a reward. Heaven keep us from a country ruled upon commercial principles; commerce, as the vulgar say of fire, being "a good servant but a bad master," it may help the exchequer, but its venality destroys that loftiness of spirit and principle which alone should guide the policy of great and powerful nations, never to be worthily ruled by mean motives of pecuniary profit.

Beginning his education early, Sir William, as it was, ran a longer career than many public characters have done. He had the advantage of being naturally practical in his tendencies, and at college was looked upon as a radical, a reproach which he could well brave without concern. We can scarcely think such a mind as his was at all adapted for celebrity in what is styled "learning" at such places. He wanted a wider scope of action, a regulating of things, not words, even at an age when longs and shorts alone occupy collegiate attention. He was evidently of and for the political world. He observed much, and in his early continental tour, where he made profitable observations, he directed his attention particularly to the public institutions.

There was no vacillation exhibited in his conduct; he took his ground and kept it. He had the pleasure, and it is not a small one, of finding all he had supported in early life, the very measures he had found in youth calumniated and denounced, become the admissions of the parties that had once opposed them, and finally the laws of the land. Is this no triumph—no reward? The most gifted can do but little individually, under even prolonged existence, in lessening the political as well as other evils which afflict humanity. It is only a succession of such men that can subdue the waywardness of obliquitous customs, and soften mortal destinies. Yet is the little effected by the power of one individual a just source of satisfaction. Singleness of purpose, too, distinguished Sir William while seeking to lessen such evils. He possessed firmness in pursuing his object against obstacles that would daunt common minds, and yet he did all in the quietest manner.

He succeeded at last in his measures for emancipating the colonies from those mischievous cliques, called colonial councils, which were the tools at one time of officials in the mother country, and at another of their own pleasure, without regard to the welfare of the governed. This mockery he denounced as incompatible with the interests of the colonists, and pregnant with the elements of that discontent which would else sooner or later have led to disseverance. Sir William would have no sham infusion of the popular element with which it had been too long the custom to mask the conduct of colonial affairs. He would have the reality, not the semblance. He had, therefore, to contend against the murmurs of ruined patronage, and officials heartbroken that they had no longer the power of doing the mischief to which they had become

naturalised—sometimes quarrelling with the colonial office at home, as well as with those whose more immediate servants they should have been if they had kept the object in view for which they exercised their functions. In fact, they fully exemplified (we believe his own quotation about the social state) the creation of the colonists into a duality of classes: “Ceux qui pillent—et ceux qui sont pillés.”

His contributions to his Review were not wholly on colonial subjects. Among others, the “State of the Nation” and “Church Reform,” we believe, were his. Of those of Mr. Roebuck we remember but two, namely, on Municipal Reform and on the Canadian Grievances. Reviews of works on colonial subjects, and, singular enough, a paper on our military abuses, strikingly exemplified in recent events in the East, were of those articles of which we do not recollect hearing of the authorship. Sir William early advocated the rule of reason in government in opposition to those who supported usage, tradition, and the “wisdom of our ancestors,” as superlatively preferable. He was in the matter of utility a Benthamite. The notions once current can hardly be conceived in 1855, so great have been the concessions to common sense within the last twenty or thirty years. Some may think the same now, but will not openly avow their obsolete opinions. Sir William well observed upon this, referring to parties opposed to advance in that time, “Whenever a body of men are found to be steadily and tenaciously against reason, we may safely conclude they have interests to the exercise of which reason would be fatal.”

It is unfortunate that death cut short the career of the individual who might have unostentatiously worked out by lengthened years yet greater benefits for his country. He had, it is true, before his departure from life, worked out his destined mission—he was to do no more. He might have consolidated the work he had terminated as far as the superstructure went; he might have closed minor points in the relations of the mother country and the colonists, which yet remain open, and closed them as no one merely an official without a heart in the matter ever will do. He might have lived to see the magnificent machinery run smoothly towards its important destiny of covering remote islands and continents with free-born men of British race, institution, and language, to hand down to the unnumbered generations of the future the memory of those by whose wisdom they received the legacy of well-regulated government, and to the fruits of whose energy and activity they are heirs. It is unfortunate that our craving after gain, and our indomitable pursuit of it, obscure from the vision of the many the sumless value of our magnificent foreign establishments in relation to the future, or even how necessary to that craving itself the preservation of their attachment is to the mother country. Were it otherwise, the value of such a colonial minister as Sir William would be better understood. As it is, the colonies themselves cannot but affix the true value to his services as the advocate of their self-government, as well as being one destined so far to aid the fulfilment of the prophetic words of a contemporary of his youth, in the prospective decay of the shackles that hamper the human intellect. “The cloud of mind is discharging its collected lightnings, and the equilibrium of institutions and opinions is restoring or about to be restored.”

One of Sir William’s early observations, from its plain good sense, we

remember: "It has been frequently said, but the evidence of it has not been sufficiently displayed and enforced, that no colony is other than hurtful to the mother country which does not repay its own expenses. The proposition, indeed, is self-evident, for what does a country get by a colony for which it is obliged to pay, and from which it receives nothing? How many times more valuable the free trade of the United States, than the forced trade was of the North American colonies. They say, also, that we have sunk capital in the colonies. Sunk it is, indeed! Then let us follow the approved maxim of common life, not to throw good money after bad!" How strange that Sir William's reasoning did not operate long ago. Lord Waldegrave hinted that George III., his pupil, was the creature of prejudice, and the last reason of kings, set to work by that prejudice, lost England what the common-sense reason of Sir William would have preserved for his country's crown unto this day.

Sir William was not an accomplished public speaker. He laboured not for show but utility, not to startle "the ears of the groundlings" by the coruscations of his eloquence or the poignancy of his wit; and therefore this deficiency was of the less moment, especially as his speeches were always to the point. His mission had a more exalted aim. He pushed on towards truth, but in his advance was content to proceed after the rule of the practicable, step by step. The good to be produced was uppermost in his view—over all ideas of fame or selfish reward; all was bravely done, all was honestly laboured, all was achieved with the most perfect moral rectitude, duty and the public good being in his mind ever present. It need not be added that his religious principles were tolerant in the fullest sense of the word. He deemed the belief of every individual to be a question between man and his Creator alone. His love of truth and contempt of shuffling we remember he exemplified in written remarks upon Copleston (afterwards bishop), who presumed to deal with Locke in the old-fashioned mode of argument. "'His (Locke's) opinions,' said Copleston, 'would have been entitled to greater respect' (*observe for what*) 'if he had himself treated with respect the opinions of those who had gone before him'—(*opinions, you see, are entitled to respect, not on account of the truth of them, but something else*)—'and the practice of the sensible men of his own time, whose judgment was worth more as it was confirmed by experience.'—*Locke then misbehaved by seeking for evidence and yielding to it when found!*"

But though inclined, we must proceed no further. Sir William was favoured after all. Who knows but advanced years might have shaken his love of truth, his ardour for the public weal? Many thinking men who would pursue abstract truth for social advantage never realise the slightest advance from their first position, and leave it till time fortuitously carries it out in a day of better fortune. Little is the share of good any single individual can perform for his fellow-creatures before he rests from his labours for ever. It was Sir William's lot to see his aims realised, and to quit the scene under an unclouded sky, before reverses could sicken the heart, or any new efforts undertaken for the benefit of his kind result in disappointment. Considering the uncertainty of life, and its rapid progress to its termination when most protracted, it is no small advantage, after all, to go off the scene unblemished, and regretted in the fruition of an honest ambition. Such was Sir William Molesworth's leave-taking of life.

SEVEN YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

SMOOTHLY and swiftly the great steamer glided through the waters. A noble vessel she was, yielding the palm to none she met or passed, on the broad Atlantic. A handsome, well-built American clipper, bearing a full freight, both of passengers and cargo, from the port of Liverpool to her own shores. The hour was evening, and the vault of heaven—where do we see it, in its full expanse of majesty, as on the broad, wide seas?—was studded with constellations: brighter shone the stars than they seem to do on land.

In a remote corner of the deck, where few could see or hear her, was one of the passengers. Pleasant sounds, as of music and dancing, came from the cabin, yet she remained there alone. Her hands clasped the outer railing of the deck, and her head rested sideways on them, as she looked out to sea with a dreamy, abstracted gaze. There was something in the gaze, and in the attitude, which told of deep sorrow. In years she could not have numbered thirty, and her countenance was gentle and pleasant to look upon, notwithstanding its expression of anxious care.

"How long? how long?" she murmured, raising her head as if in sudden pain, and pressing her hands together, "O God, how long?"

The words seemed to be wrung from her by a crushing weight of anguish. Yet the sacred appeal was not spoken in lightness, but reverently, as one would utter a prayer.

She, Millicent Crane, was reviewing her past life. It had been to her not as the calm waters they were now sailing on, but as a sea of trouble, each wave buffeting more ruthlessly than its predecessor. Its many miseries rose before her, as in a mirror. The early loss of her own mother; the cruel step-mother brought home to supply her place; the separation from one whom she loved better than life, her young brother Philip, for Millicent and the lad were sent to school far and wide apart; their being recalled home, years afterwards, to find their father dead, and *their* rightful fortune left to the step-mother; Millicent's future home with this step-parent, and Philip's departure for London to be a clerk, boiling over with wrath and indignation. So again sped by a few years, and Millicent paused here as she looked back on them: they were to her the calm period, the green spot of her existence, for she had revelled in Philip's letters, always long and affectionate to her, and indulged in visions of future prosperity for him. But now came on a vision, not of peaceful green, but of full golden sunshine, for one, every way worthy, sought her hand, and Millicent grew to love him with a deep and enduring love. But before the time came for the wedding-day, Philip had lost himself and his fair fame: he had done what many another has done before him, when heavily pressed by debt and temptation—taken money which was not his own. He went into hiding: but he was by nature honourable and truthful, and though he had been found weak and criminal in a moment of temptation, he could not live a life of shame. He came in disguise to

his native town, and sought stealthily for his sister, who responded eagerly. She aided him with money to emigrate to a distant land, she spoke words of hope and comfort to him, she visited him, in secret, in his hiding-place. But Mr. Crauford, Millicent's future husband, became aware of these stolen interviews: *he did not know that it was her brother whom she went to meet*, and he promptly and haughtily broke off all relations with her. Before Millicent could explain, which was not till Philip Crane had quitted the shores of England, Mr. Crauford had left for America, on business for the firm of which his father was the head, and Millicent never saw or heard from him again, till they met accidentally on his return: and then he was not alone, his young-married wife was with him. In their interview, which lasted but a few minutes, Richard Crauford became aware how the Millicent before him was, and always had been, the pure, truthful, right-minded Millicent of other days, and as he bowed his head over her in remorse, a few words of anguish escaped his lips—that *she was still his first and only love*. “My cup of sorrow is full,” Millicent had wailed forth, as she returned that day to her desolate home.

Her cup of sorrow was *not* full: and the world's cares, real cares, were then about to fall upon her in earnest. Her later sorrows had been those of the heart: the hardly less bitter ones of poverty and disgrace were now to be added to them. Mrs. Crane, partly through her own imprudence, partly through the treachery of a trustee, lost her income, and debt and difficulties loomed in the distance. They came. Their house was wrested from them, their furniture and personal possessions were taken and sold, and they had to turn out in the world and seek another shelter. Mrs. Crane found it with a relative, and Millicent went to Liverpool and sought it as a governess. Ever since, and it was now some years, had she been tossed about from pillar to post, now in a situation, now without one, now with a considerate family, now with those who treated her less well than they did their servants. She had just entered upon a new situation, with an American family, the Patricksons, who were going home to New York. Hence her presence on board the steamer that night.

“I say, Bill,” called out a sailor, who, in pursuance of his occupation, had come close to Millicent, “look yonder at them clouds a rising. If we don't get a storm to-morrow, I'm a Dutchman.”

“Let it come,” growled the man addressed. “Calm one day, storm the next. It's the way o' this life.”

“Not for me,” murmured Millicent, as the words struck upon her ear. “Mine has been all storm. What is there left for me in it? Nothing, nothing, but my hope of a better.”

The steamer arrived in its course at New York, and Miss Crane found she did not like it. Neither did she like her situation. The mode of living at a boarding-hotel was uncomfortable, her charges, five in number, two of them boys, were indulged, turbulent children, and Millicent could not often control them.

“You have not sufficient energy, Miss Crane,” said Mrs. Patrickson to her, one day.

“Indeed I think I exert a great deal,” answered Millicent.

“I fear you won't get along in my place at all. I'm so sorry I brought you out. And such a treasure of a governess applied to me this morning.

I've been wanting to get her for ever so long: only she was always fixed."

A flush rose to Millicent's face. "Did Mrs. Patrickson wish to imply that she was not satisfied with her—that she wished her to leave?"

"Well, it's not downright that," answered the lady, conscious that she had no real fault to find with Millicent, "but I calculate you'd be better off in a more easy place."

"I think I should," returned Millicent.

"I'll look out for you," hastily proposed Mrs. Patrickson, jumping at the admission; "I know I could fix you. The families here are glad to get an English governess."

"Turned out again like a hunted hare," mentally uttered Millicent. "When is this to end?"

The next day Mrs. Patrickson burst into the room.

"I've got you a place! I knew I should fix you! There's a gentleman in the eating-room who's talking business with my husband, and he says his mother wants a governess dreadfully. It's for two little girls, and you'll be the very thing. He says he reckons she'll give 30l."

"Do you know the family? Is it one I ought to enter?" inquired Millicent, whom this brusque announcement a little overset.

"One you ought to enter! How suspicious the British are! My husband has done business with the house for years. It's amongst the best in New York, I can tell you. Simon Pride and Sons. The old man is dead now, and the three sons carry it on. I saw the mother once, but she don't live here, she lives over at Malta. And that's where she'll want you."

"Malta!" ejaculated Millicent. "It will be impossible for me to undertake so long a journey as that."

"My gracious, Miss Crane! But you English are dreadful ignorant! As if I should pack you off from here all the way to the Mediterranean! This Malta's an estate about six miles from New York. Simon Pride bought it when he was getting rich, and a pretty place he made of it; spared no dollars. I'm going to write to Mrs. Pride now, right away, and recommend you."

"Are the children Mrs. Pride's?"

"Mrs. Pride's! Well, you have got notions! Why she's sixty. They are the children of one of her daughters."

The conclusion was, that Millicent was engaged, and went up to "Malta" to enter on the new situation. She was pleased at the appearance of the house, not so much that it was large and handsome, as at the air of comfort which pervaded it. It was more like an English home than any she had seen in America; but then her experience was limited to those noisy, crowded hotels.

Mrs. Pride, a pleasant, talkative old lady, quick and active, stepped forward to greet her when she entered. "My dear, I'm glad to see you; I hope we shall get along well together. My daughter," she continued, indicating with her hand another lady, who rose and bowed to Millicent.

She was young and handsome: where had Millicent seen her face before? While she was puzzling her memory, the eldest child claimed her attention. A pale, delicate little thing, not five years old, with a heavy eye.

"This child has fits," whispered old Mrs. Pride. "The medical men in England recommended change of air, and my daughter brought them over here."

"Then they have been to England!" uttered Millicent, a gleam of pleasure lighting her eye, as she thought of her native land.

"It is their home," said the old lady. "My daughter married an Englishman. He came over to America on business with our firm, and fell in love with her. We—her father was alive then—were not for the match, because we knew he would take her away from us to his own home. And she was too young besides. Otherwise we had no objection to Mr. Richard Crauford."

Richard Crauford! A film rose before the eyes of Millicent. She knew she was in the presence of *his* wife and children: her own once destined husband, her early love. How could she have failed to recognise that face? Its lineaments, though seen but once, had been engraved on her heart and remembered night and day. But it was changed: not less beautiful, but its girlishness had gone.

"You will be careful to eradicate any Americanisms the children may have picked up," remarked Mrs. Crauford, the first words she had addressed to Millicent. "Their papa has a great horror of them. When I first went to England I was continually popping out some expression or other that offended my husband's fastidious English ears."

Millicent did not hear: a contest had been going on within her. *Ought* she to proclaim that she and Richard Crauford were not strangers? Would it be perfectly consistent with honourable open-mindedness to conceal the fact? Perhaps not: and an abhorrence of all deceit was implanted in her by instinct. She nerved herself to the task.

"I believe I know Mr. Crauford. That is, I knew him years ago. His family and mine were on friendly terms," she faltered.

"How singular!" exclaimed Mrs. Crauford. "Crane, Crane? I have no recollection that he ever mentioned the name. But Mr. Crauford is a reserved man, even to me. I tell him sometimes that he is a model of cold politeness."

Cold! reserved! Millicent could not help thinking that had *she* been his wife he would not have been cold or reserved to her.

A month drew near to its close, and Millicent thought that she must once more seek another home. Not because she was uncomfortable in this, but because she could not bear, and ought not to encourage, the continued bias her mind received to dwell on Richard Crauford. She knew she had not forgotten him; she felt he was still dearer to her than any other was, or ever would be. She had striven, during these last few bitter years, to drive him from her thoughts, and had succeeded. But Mrs. Crauford, who appeared to be a fond wife, was always talking to Millicent of her husband. The old pain, the old anguish of disappointment was returning to Millicent; and, school herself as she would, she could not look on Mrs. Crauford, his young and happy wife, without a pang of jealous envy. She believed it lay in her line of duty to leave. "When shall I find an asylum that I can stop in?" she murmured; "when, oh when?"

The day which completed her first month in the house, she went into

Mrs. Crauford's chamber, to give notice. The latter, ill with a cold, had not quitted it for some days.

"To speak to me, you say?" cried Mrs. Crauford. "Oh, wait a bit: it's nothing particular, I suppose. The English mail is just in, and here are papers and letters. Such a long one from my husband. Here is one for you, Miss Crane, forwarded on from Mrs. Patrickson's."

As Mrs. Crauford spoke, she laid down her husband's open letter close by Millicent. The latter's eyes fell on it; she recognised the well-remembered characters, and her heart beat quicker. Millicent pressed her hand upon her bosom as if to still it. What business had it to do so now, and he the husband of another?

She took the letter held out to her, and broke the outer envelope with little interest, for it was her step-mother's handwriting. But when she came to the letter it enclosed, a suppressed cry of joy escaped her lips. It was from Philip. And she had never heard from him but twice all these years! She knew afterwards that he had repeatedly written, though the letters never reached her. She ran into her own room to read it, forgetting her notice-giving and everything else.

Oh what joy! oh what mercy! Philip was again in England. He had made ample restitution, in a pecuniary point of view, for his infatuated error; he had acquired wealth; one of the first at the amazing and newly-discovered gold-fields, he had reaped some of their rich harvest; and he was coming over to America. "My poor Millicent," he wrote, "you have been shamefully buffeted by the world, but I will see if I can make it up to you. You and I will part no more."

Mr. Crane arrived at New York. He had speedily followed his letter, and Millicent went there to meet him. He was much changed, so much older in appearance, and very brown, whilst his manners had acquired a spice of Australian roughness. No matter; he was still her darling brother, whom she had so doted on in youth.

How many things they had to say to each other! Philip spoke of his adventures, the hardships he first of all endured, the ups and downs of his life in the service of various Australian settlers, his hearing of the extraordinary gold mines, his trial at them and success. And Millicent had to tell him of her chances and changes in the cold world. In the midst of their conversation, Philip rose.

"Come along with me, Millicent," he exclaimed; "you have got a fresh acquaintance to make. I did not come to America alone."

"You cannot have brought Mrs. Crane!" uttered Millicent, stopping still as her brother was bounding across the landing.

"Not Mrs. Crane our step-dame," he laughed; "I'd as soon have brought a viper. Another Mrs. Crane, Millicent."

Millicent did not understand him, and he opened the door of a bedroom.

"Florence," said he, "this is my dear sister. Millicent, do you guess? Need I go on?"

A dim suspicion of the truth dawned into Millicent's mind, for a pretty girl, who had been standing outside the window, on a sort of balcony which overlooked the gardens, came forward, blushing deeply.

"Mrs. Philip Crane," said her brother, throwing his arm round the

young girl, and leading her up to Millicent, who was perfectly confounded with surprise.

"I knew I should astonish you, Millicent," he went on. "We were only married to come here. I came over with her from Australia, and made her acquaintance on the voyage. She was with her father, Captain Tenby. We were not to have been married till just before we embarked to return to Australia, but when I found you were in America, and that I should come, I thought I might as well bring her with me."

"You intend to return to Australia, then?" inquired Millicent of her brother, as they all sat together, talking, that afternoon.

"To be sure I do. Florence made me promise that before we married. Her family are there. Besides, though I have made money tolerably, for a poor devil like me, who had nothing to start with, and no chums to help him on, I have not made enough, and must go back and do it. I was in a hurry to come home and score up old matters: that one unfortunate act of my life, Millicent, was to me a very nightmare."

She raised her eyes to his with a look of caution, half glancing at his young wife.

"Florence knows all," said Philip, understanding the look. "I would not have married her, or any one else, without first telling what a black sheep I had been."

"True, true," observed Millicent; "I am forgetting. Of course you would not. Philip, what are the diggings like?"

He burst out laughing. "A regular Bartlemy Fair; an Irish row turned upside down. That's what they are like, Millicent: but then we pick up gold."

"And yet you mean to go back to them?"

"I did not say that," said Mr. Crane. "There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him. A married man has little business at the diggings, for he can't take his wife to them. But there's the finest opening possible in Melbourne. A fellow with tin, which I have got, may start in no end of ways, and make a fortune in a few months. Fact, Millicent."

"It will be *cruel* to lose you again," she exclaimed, with almost passionate fervour. "To go through one's years without friends, without sympathy, without hope! Philip, you do not know the monotony of my lonely life."

"Lose me," repeated Mr. Crane, "why I have come to America to fetch you. Of course you are going back with us to Australia, and our home will be yours. You have as much right to it as I, Millicent: what should I have done without you, through life?"

"I don't know about going," hesitated Millicent, bewildered and half lost in the new prospect opening to her. "It is a fearfully long voyage."

Philip Crane drew his chair nearer his sister, and set himself to the task of subduing her prejudices, should she have any. He painted Australia as being a most desirable country to live in—and, indeed, it was not then the bear-garden that it has since become. His young wife helped him. Her father, Captain Tenby, held an appointment at Melbourne, locally official, she had known no other home, and when she told Millicent it was the fairest spot of all spots on this fair earth, that its inhabitants

were warm-hearted and generous beyond most, she believed what she said. So that before Millicent went to rest that night she pictured herself as going to a second Paradise, and fondly thought her wanderings were over, that her home in the new land would be such as to compensate for her trials in the old one. "She is a very pretty girl, and has evidently been well brought up," was Millicent's last thought, referring to her brother's wife; "Philip might have done much worse. But I am sure she is a spoilt child, and Philip appears to pet and indulge her unreasonably. When I live with them, my efforts shall be spent in trying to render them both happy."

A wayward young bride was indeed Mrs. Philip Crane. Full of whims, full of wants, which must be gratified, no matter at what inconvenience, she seemed to take pleasure in displaying, before Millicent, her power over her husband. Once she broke into a flood of tears, and accused Philip of unkindness, with just as much truth, or reason, as she might have accused the President himself. Millicent, wonderingly astonished, gently took Philip's part, after he had gone out, and then the young lady turned round upon Millicent, became sulky, and would not speak to her for the rest of the day.

At the end of the week, Millicent went up to Malta, to fetch away her clothes; or rattletaps, as Mr. Philip expressed it. There were contemplated changes there. She found Mrs. Crauford lying in bed.

"Is it not tiresome that I should be kept a prisoner here?" she exclaimed.

"Very," answered Millicent.

"Yes, you will say so when you know all. My husband finds it impossible to leave his business and fetch me, and I am going home alone. I had fixed to sail by the next packet, for I am anxious to be at home, and now this obstinate cold is worse! Four months is a long while to be away from one's husband—as you'll no doubt think, Miss Crane, if ever you get one."

"Do you take the children?" asked Millicent.

"Why you know all that was settled before. There's no change. Kate has been so much better here than she was in England, that it would be wrong not to give her a chance of entire recovery. I shall let them stay the twelvemonth with my mother. And not please Richard, I daresay. He expects the children are going home with me. He is so fond of them!"

"Is he," murmured Millicent.

"It was the greatest trial to him, losing our boy, baby though he was. You and mamma must take great care of these two, Miss Crane. If anything were to happen to either of them, Mr. Crauford would never forgive me for having left them, though I am doing it for the best."

"But I cannot remain," interrupted Millicent; "I wrote you word, to that effect, from New York."

"Oh, I set that down to caprice," said Mrs. Crauford, as well as she could for a fit of coughing. "You must stop. If you were not here, I could not leave them so contentedly. I will raise your salary, Miss Crane."

"It is not that, indeed," Millicent hastened to assure her. "I said to you I was going away very far. It is to Australia."

"Australia!" echoed Mrs. Crauford.

"To Melbourne, in Australia, with my brother and his wife."

"Then you'll find it a regular wild-goose dance," retorted Mrs. Crauford. "The people are flocking out there in mobs: my brother was here, this week, and speaking of it. They go up to those gold creeks, or what they call them, and they only go to get ruined, or die. There's not one in ten will ever come back."

"My brother has already been, and made money, and he is now going to trade with it in Melbourne. Their home will be mine. His wife's family are residents there, and hold a good position."

"I declare it is always the same," uttered Mrs. Crauford, in a peevish tone. "If I do get anybody about me that's useful, they are sure to leave. I had such a good nurse: she had lived with me ever since Kate was born. The most valuable servant! knew how to manage Katie in her attacks: there was nothing I could not trust to her. Well, just before my boy fell ill and died, she gave me warning—it was to get married—and *would* leave. I was so provoked with her obstinacy. As if she could ever be so well off as in a good place! Mr. Crauford could not see it in the same light. He said if the girl had an opportunity of getting well settled, she was in the right to do it. I know that I have not been settled since with a nurse. And now you are going!"

"I have been here so very short a period," urged Millicent, "that I should think it could be of little moment to you, my leaving."

"Then you are mistaken, Miss Crane. I have seen, in this short time, that you are the very person a mother might leave her children with. You are considerate and gentle with them, much more so than I am, and you endeavour, I see, to *train* them well, while your manners are thoroughly English and lady-like—a great point with me. I don't know any one to whom I would so soon confide my children as to you, to supply the place of a mother."

These words of Mrs. Crauford's are often now in Millicent's heart: she never dwells on them but with a feeling of thankfulness.

The old lady received her in a kinder spirit, and congratulated her on her new prospects.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Pride," Millicent exclaimed, "I shall be so happy! Think what a life mine has been: nothing but crosses and cares; and disappointments, one upon another. Scarcely knowing, one month, where I should be the next; uncertain if I might long have health and strength to work for a living; whether, in my old age, I should not be without a shelter. And now, to have my dear brother back with me, to be going with him to his own home, to know that we shall spend our lives together! I feel that God has at length dealt very mercifully with me."

"As He does by all who trust in Him," was the rejoinder of Mrs. Pride.

Millicent returned to New York the next day, Tuesday. The steamer, by which they purposed to sail, was advertised for departure on that day week. A busy time it was with them; seeing sights, going to theatres, and making preparations for the voyage. Millicent had much to procure, and Philip was liberal with his money. His wife often had a sulky fit, and did not seem to get on very well with Millicent.

On the Saturday evening Millicent was at her bed-chamber window. It was over the one occupied by her brother and sister-in-law. As she sat there, thinking, she heard Philip step out on the balcony, strike a match, and light his cigar. Millicent leaned forward and looked down. Mrs. Crane had followed him. He threw his arm round her waist, and they stood together against the iron railings, he puffing away.

"Florence, my darling," he began, when his cigar was thoroughly alight, "what makes you so cool to my sister? That unkind remark of yours drove her away from us just now." Millicent drew in her head very hastily, and sat down again. But she could not avoid hearing.

Florence burst into tears. "It is very cruel of you, Philip, to have her here to be a spy upon me. I can't bear it. I won't bear it long."

"A spy!"

"Yes, she's nothing else. I know she's not. And she is so grave, and does everything so *right*. When she is by, I feel that all I say, or do, is wrong. And she'll make you think so."

"Whew!" whistled Philip in astonishment, "you are entirely mistaken, Florence. Millicent is quiet and subdued, for she has gone through much sorrow, but you little know her kind and loving heart. A spy!"

"I can see how it is," grumbled Mrs. Philip, reproachfully. "You love her better than you do me."

"My dear, don't be childish. I love Millicent very dearly, as a sister, but I love you, *as a wife*. How in the world can you have taken this prejudice against her?"

Mrs. Philip went on, sobbing. "What made you ask her to go home and live with us?"

"She has no other home. It is as much my duty—almost—to provide one for her as for you: you never would believe the sacrifices she has made for me. Besides, it will be delightful to have her with us. And you'll think so, when you come to know more of her, Florence."

An unlucky speech, in all its bearings, this of Mr. Philip's. His wife jerked her waist and herself away from him.

"Then I tell you what, Mr. Philip Crane, you and she shall have the house to yourselves, and I'll go back home again and live with mamma."

"What do you say, Florence?"

"Only what I mean. I made up my mind to it, days ago. I never yet heard of sisters-in-law living together, but they quarrelled. So if you and I are not to remain by ourselves I shall go home again. I know you care twice as much for her as you do for me."

"Florence, my dear, you are growing absurd," uttered the dismayed young man, heartily wishing he had not shown his deep, brotherly love for Millicent, before his jealous little wife. "By the time we reach Melbourne you will have learned to love Millicent, even more than I do."

"If she persists in going with us, I won't go in the same vessel," retorted Mrs. Crane. "You can do as you please, but I will go in another one with papa. And she shall *never* live in our house. If you have her, you shall not have me: so you must take your choice between us."

Millicent softly closed the window, and threw herself on her bed in a paroxysm of agony, sobbing as if her heart would break. All her bright

hopes were dashed from her. Even he, her cherished brother, for whom she had so suffered and sacrificed, must be lost to her now. She was aroused by some one pulling her sleeve, and, looking up, who should be standing by the bed but old Mrs. Pride.

She had come that day to New York, with her daughter, to the same hotel where the Cranes were stopping. Mrs. Crauford, somewhat better, and able to rise from her bed, persisted in sailing, as she had originally intended, and had come to New York, in pursuance of her preparations. "Quite unfit to undertake the voyage," lamented Mrs. Pride; but her daughter assured her the sea-air would restore her, and she should be well and strong again by the time she reached Liverpool. "Nothing has ever done me so much good, mother, as my sea voyages."

"Now, my dear, what is all this?" questioned Mrs. Pride, aghast at witnessing Millicent's storm of grief.

"Oh that I could die! that I could die!" uttered Millicent, after a confused, brief word of explanation. "Why was there this joyous break to my cares and sorrows—why should they, for a moment, have appeared at an end, only to return with redoubled intensity?"

"You told me once, Miss Crane," said the old lady, sitting down on the bed, beside her, "that your heart fully trusted in your Saviour's care."

"So it has, or I could not have lived," sobbed Millicent. "At the darkest period, there has ever been a faint voice, a gleam of light, whispering that He was looking down, and watching over me."

"Then wherefore your mistrust now?"

Heavy sobs were the only answer.

"All things work together for good, to them that love God," whispered Mrs. Pride. "I have found that truth, ever through my life, Miss Crane. And so will you."

"It has been dark with me so long," murmured Millicent, "so long!"

"Only to prove you. Let not your perfect faith in God fall from you in this hour, because it may seem darker than you looked for. Look, child," she continued, drawing forth an old pocket-book, "here is a promise that has comforted many a heart in worse affliction than yours: let it comfort you." And Millicent read, as well as she could for her blinded eyes—"Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee." "So will it be with you, child, but never cease to put your entire trust in Him; never for a moment, though it may be to you one of overwhelming sadness."

"I *will* trust in Him," whispered her heart. "He has helped me to pass through afflictions before, may He help me now!"

II.

PHILIP CRANE and his wife sailed for England, Mrs. Crauford going in the same packet. Millicent returned with Mrs. Pride to Malta, to be the governess and temporary mother of Kate and Agnes Crauford. A great change came over her heart: she perhaps thought it had come before, but she knew, now, it had not, at least fully. She resigned herself into the hands of God, striving to do her duty in this world, without

murmuring, without repining, and PEACE entered into it. Had death suddenly come to Millicent in the night, it would neither have shocked her nor found her unprepared. Death, however, did come to another.

One day, not six weeks after Mrs. Crauford's departure, the old lady entered the room where Millicent was sitting, an open letter in her hand.

"I strove to impress resignation on you," she said, the tears coursing down her face: "I have need of it myself, now. My child is no more."

"Which child?" exclaimed the startled Millicent.

"Katherine, Mrs. Crauford; my youngest and dearest. I was sure that cold had settled on her lungs, but she *would* brave it, and departed. It may be, that she felt her illness was to be serious, and yearned to be with her husband. That was natural. But she grew worse on the passage, and died in a week after reaching home."

Millicent read the letter, which Mrs. Pride put into her hands, the old, familiar handwriting. He appeared to mourn his wife sincerely. Millicent prayed for resignation for him, and redoubled her care of the little motherless children.

The time went on, twelve or fifteen months, and Millicent's days were gliding on, calmly and peacefully. She heard from Melbourne, from Philip, and also from his wife. Her brother informed her that he was succeeding beyond his expectations, and they should soon come home to England to settle, for his wife's family were returning thither. And she wrote that a little stranger had arrived to bless them, whom they had named "Millicent," and she hoped that when they met again, instead of her fearing her sister Millicent, she should have learnt to love her. Millicent felt very thankful.

There were to be more changes. Mr. Crauford wrote that he was coming to New York on business, and should take home his children: and Mrs. Pride regretted that she should have no further occasion for the services of Millicent. "Do you know what I wish?" she suddenly exclaimed to her, one day.

"No," answered Millicent.

"That Mr. Crauford would learn to appreciate your excellences, and make you their legal mother. He is sure to marry again: all widowers, of his age, do: and he'll most likely pick up some grand lady, fine and selfish, who will dislike or neglect the children. There's no hope that he'll find such a treasure as you."

Millicent's heart beat painfully, and she answered some confused words about "impossibilities."

It beat higher, however, the evening that Richard Crauford arrived. Millicent would have left beforehand; she did not wish to meet him, conscious that his presence would renew feelings nearly buried. But she could find no reasonable excuse to make to Mrs. Pride, and had to stay on.

He was much altered, getting to look a middle-aged man. His hair was tinged with grey, and scanty on the temples, showing forth his fine, expansive forehead, and on his face there was a graver look than formerly. It was seven years since they had met; and Millicent thought that he looked fourteen older. She wondered if she was equally changed. He fondly picked up and embraced, over and over again, his children; and

not till then did he advance to Millicent, who had risen to receive him. There was not the slightest colour in her cheeks or lips.

"Miss Crane, the governess," said Mrs. Pride. "I have mentioned in my letters to you what treasure she has been to your little girls. Poor Katherine could have spoke to it; but she probably was too ill, when she reached you, to remember these things. Miss Crane has well supplied her place to them."

He took Millicent's hand, looking, as he felt, the utmost surprise. "Is it *you* who have been with my children?" he exclaimed. "That it was a Miss Crane, I knew; but it never occurred to me that it might be the Miss Crane of my younger days. I thank you gratefully for all your kindness to them."

"I was in want of a situation—I accepted this with Mrs. Pride—I did not know, till afterwards, that the children were yours," some feeling in her heart prompted her to say, eagerly and hastily.

"I have sometimes wondered what had become of you," said Mr. Crauford. "I had no idea you had left England."

"But you might have known, living in her native town," interposed Mrs. Pride. "Perhaps you never inquired?"

"No. To what end?" he rejoined, in an abstracted kind of manner, more as if speaking to himself. And the colour flushed into Millicent's face as she resumed her seat.

And now all was bustle and preparation at Malta. Mr. Crauford's stay was to be a very limited one, and much of that was spent in New York. The two children were being got ready for their voyage to England, and Millicent was looking out for another situation. Their luggage, trunks, baskets, &c., had been brought into a room down stairs for the convenience of packing, and, one day, Millicent, who had been helping with them, sat down on one of the boxes to rest herself.

"Do you think you will ever come and be our governess again?" asked the elder of the little girls, who was standing by.

"No, never," answered Millicent.

"Grandma thinks, if I get quite well, that papa will send us to school. Judy says they will beat us there, and be so cross."

"Judy should not say so. She does not know anything about it. I am sure you will always be good, Katie dear, and then no one will ever be cross to you, at school or at home."

"Why did you take my wooden doll out of the trunk, Miss Crane?"

"Grandmamma said it was not to go," replied Millicent. "It is not worth it."

"I'll ask her," said Kate. "I don't want to leave my doll. Do you know where she is?"

"No. Perhaps in the buttery."

The child left the room, and Millicent remained seated on the trunk, leaning her head on her hand. She was tired in body, and a sense of lonely weariness was in her mind. Again the door opened: was Katie back so soon?

It was Mr. Crauford, who had just come in from New York. He closed the door, and came stepping amongst the boxes.

"What a quantity of luggage! Six trunks! three baskets! Do Kate and Agnes require all this?"

"The nurse's things are also here, Judy's," replied Millicent, as she stood up.

"How can I repay you," pursued Mr. Crauford, in a low tone, "for your goodness to my children?"

"I do not require payment: I do not understand. I have only done my duty."

"You are looking out for another situation, Mrs. Pride tells me?"

"Yes. In New York."

"You may not get a desirable one,?"

"Probably not," she answered, the tears starting to her eyes in spite of herself. "I shall not get such another as this. I have been very comfortable with Mrs. Pride."

"What is there to prevent your remaining with the children, though they do come home? They must have some one to train them. Should you not feel as comfortable in my house as in this?"

Millicent shook her head. "It could not be," she answered, in a low tone.

"It is the same house, Millicent. The one that once was to have been yours."

The colour flew over her face. Was he mocking her?

"And so we are to part again, with a farewell shake of the hand—like this," he went on, taking Millicent's hand in his, and retaining it. "Is there no help for it?"

"None."

"No help, no remedy, Millicent?"

She could not repeat her answer. She was much agitated.

"Oh, Millicent, there *is* a help for it," whispered Mr. Crauford, as he folded her tenderly in his arms; "come home to me and be my dear wife. Do you think I have forgotten you, in all these long years?"

Her sobs rose hysterically.

"You, and you only, have a place in my heart, a right in my home. *You know it, Millicent.* Come and make my happiness. We have both had our trials, I as well as you. Come home with me; my second, but my dearest wife."

Were the heavens smiling on her now? Ay, one flood of golden sunshine. But in the midst of her new love, her deep happiness, as her heart rested there beating against his, there darted into it the words spoken to her by old Mrs. Pride. "*All things work together for good to them that love God.*" They were fully realised to her now.

She went home to England the wife of Mr. Crauford, the loving mother of his children. And soon new blessings awaited her. Philip was really returning to settle in England; and they were to be united once again in the social ties of kindred. She looked back seven years to the gloom that then settled around; she looked on the present brightness. How could she have fully enjoyed *this*; had she not experienced *that*: how would her heart, without this stern discipline, have acquired that **PEACE** and **TRUST** which she felt could now never leave it? And Millicent knew that in the darkest period God had been overflowing with mercy to her: **THAT IT WAS VERY GOOD FOR HER TO HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED.**

A YACHT CRUISE THROUGH THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

I.

Few things are more delightful than a yacht cruise during the long bright days of our short northern summer, but there are many qualifications indispensable on the part of the yachtsmen to enable them fully to enjoy the pleasures of such a cruise. Among the most important of these are freedom from sea-sickness, fondness for beautiful scenery, and, above all, a fund of good humour. No sea stock is so valuable as this last gift. On board a yacht there are no conveniences for being separate and sulky in the event of a quarrel, and gloomy faces and sour looks are intolerable, where all must constantly meet on the same deck and at the same table. But when the above requisites exist, such a cruise is a source of the greatest pleasure. If the members of the party have different tastes, all may be gratified during a voyage through the Caledonian Canal, or amongst the western islands and lochs of Scotland. The lover of sport will find wild-fowl shooting and a great variety of sea and fresh-water fishing; the admirer of grand and beautiful scenery will find the widest scope for his admiration, whilst the sketcher will revel amidst an endless choice of subjects. And then, too, how free and independent is such a life—how different from that of the traveller by steam-boat, coach, or rail, constantly liable to be hurried away from the loveliest scene just as he is beginning to appreciate and enjoy it, and dependent upon the pleasure of innkeepers, drivers, and stokers! That single gentleman, with the carpet-bag and sketch-book, seems, certainly, in an enviable position, free and unencumbered, but then he must abandon his unfinished sketch, or hurry over his dinner at the sound of the steam-boat bell, the railway-whistle, or the horn of the coach-guard. And what shall we say of that unfortunate, with a couple of ladies and a dozen of packages, his temper constantly fretted and worried by the extent of his responsibility, and his feeling for the beautiful merged in his anxiety for the fate of a handbox? From these vexations and disappointments the yachtsman is exempt; his time is regulated by his taste; he stays where he will, and as long as he will; if becalmed, there are sketches to finish and journals to bring up; and if assailed by a storm on any part of the west coast of Scotland, there is always a good harbour at hand. Much of the finest scenery, too, in that part of our island is accessible only in this way, for there are no steam-boats to many of the finest of our Scottish sea lochs. Lochs Swin, Etive, Sunart, Hourn, Nevish, Laxford, Erribol, and many others, whose shores and mountains are inferior in picturesque beauty and wild grandeur to no scenery in Great Britain, can thus only be visited and explored.

Early in the summer of 185— we set sail from Leith, in a cutter-yacht of five-and-thirty tons, having been occupied for some hours previously in getting on board, and stowing away, a mass of supplies of every description, that appeared, when piled upon the deck, as if they would outlast a voyage to Australia. It requires considerable experience and forethought properly to victual even a moderately-sized yacht for a six weeks' cruise amongst our highland lochs, where, in the event of falling short of provisions, it is often by no means easy to make up the de-

ficiency. Our northward voyage was devoid of interest, as the weather was misty, and concealed the coast from our view until we had fairly entered the Moray Firth. What wind there was came from the N.E., producing a swell which very much discomposed one of our party, who, however, bore the miseries of sea-sickness with most Christian patience, but did not entirely recover himself until we had reached the smooth waters of the Caledonian Canal.

Our first anchorage was off Lossiemouth, a thriving seaport, situated upon the shores of the Moray Firth, about five miles distant from the town of Elgin, with which it is connected by a railway. Upon landing we lost no time in starting for Elgin, which was formerly the seat of a bishopric, possessing great wealth and most extensive jurisdiction, one relic of which we soon beheld, about a couple of miles beyond Lossiemouth, in the magnificent remains of the episcopal palace and castle, rising above the reedy waters of the loch of Spynie. These consist of a massive square tower, at least eighty feet in height, surrounded by strong outer walls, strengthened by towers at the angles. Not far from Lossiemouth is also to be seen the gloomy old mansion of Gordonstown, buried among ancient trees, and once the residence of Sir Robert Gordon, who was generally believed to be on the most intimate terms with the Prince of Darkness, and whose wizard fame in Scotland is second only to that of Michael Scott and true Thomas the Rhymer. His deeds have been thus commemorated by Willie Hay, a Morayshire poet :

Oh wha' has na heard o' that man of renown,
The wizard, Sir Robert o' Gordonstown;
The wisest of warlocks, the Morayshire chiel,
The despot o' Duffus, an' frien' o' the diel;
The man whom the folks of a' Morayshire feared,
The man whom the friends o' auld Satan revered;
Oh! never to mortal was evil renown
Like that of Sir Robert of Gordonstown.

The town of Elgin is beautifully situated in a fertile hollow, sheltered by gentle wooded undulations, and watered by the Lossie. Its climate is so mild and equable that it has been called the Montpellier of Scotland. Living is cheap, and its schools are numerous and excellent. These inducements have attracted many residents of wealth and respectability, and the town is surrounded by handsome villas, with trim gardens and neatly-dressed grounds. Indeed, when the contemplated extension of the North of Scotland Railway shall have been carried through, it bids fair to contest with Inverness, at no distant date, the title of Metropolis of the Highlands.

Elgin Cathedral, of which but the ruins now remain, was, perhaps, the finest specimen of florid Gothic ever erected in Scotland. It was founded by Bishop Murray in 1224, burnt by the Wolf of Badenoch in 1390, and soon after rebuilt with great splendour. It then remained entire for nearly two hundred years, when an act of council was passed, under the Regent Morton, for stripping the lead from its roof in order to pay the wages due to the troops. This barbarous order was too faithfully executed, but the ship freighted with the lead sank in St. Andrew's Bay. From this time, however, the noble structure, exposed to the weather, and utterly neglected, hastened rapidly to decay, and in 1711 the gro-

tower (one hundred and ninety feet in height) fell. The only part at present in good preservation is the beautiful octagonal chapter-house, whose lofty vaulted roof is supported by a single central pillar.

After a couple of days most pleasantly spent in Elgin we returned to our yacht, and set sail for the Cromarty Firth, the "*Pontus Salutis*" of the Romans, and the finest harbour on the east coast of Great Britain. The entrance is narrow, and guarded by two huge rocky portals, called the "*Souters of Cromarty*," beyond which a spacious landlocked basin extends for nearly fifteen miles. We landed and followed the path which winds round the summit of the southern souter; and a more delightful walk, or one commanding a greater variety of beautiful prospects over wood, water, and mountain, it would be impossible to find. From various points, our view extended over the Moray, Cromarty, and Beaulie Firths, the rich peninsula of Easter Ross, the massive form of the lofty Ben Wyvis, and the mountains around Strathpeffer and Inverness. The southern souter is well wooded, and in one place the road passes for some distance between an avenue of very fine Spanish chesnuts. Its opposite neighbour was once also thickly clothed with trees, but these have now entirely disappeared, having been cut down to clear off debt. The village of Cromarty stands on a peninsula a little to the westward of the lofty souters. At a distance its appearance is pleasing; but "distance lends enchantment to the view," for close at hand it shows poor and dirty. House-rent is miraculously cheap; we heard of a house, with ten rooms and a good garden, which was to be let for 9*l.* a year.

Early on a beautiful July morning we left Cromarty, and, favoured by a fine breeze, stood over for Nairn. The roadstead where we anchored is very much exposed to the N.E., and is so shallow that a vessel drawing ten feet must anchor nearly a mile from the shore, unless she is willing to run the risk of taking the ground at ebb-tide. When we landed there was a heavy swell at the mouth of the harbour, and we shipped a good deal of water in pulling through it. On reaching the inn we hired a dog-cart, and started for Cawdor Castle, one of the most perfect existing specimens of an ancient Scottish baronial residence. It stands in a finely-wooded district, diversified near the castle by gentle wooded undulations, and rising in the distance into bare and lofty summits. The entrance to the castle is most impressive. Two magnificent elms tower upwards from the dry moat, and overshadow with their boughs the ancient walls and drawbridge. Beyond this is a square, paved court-yard, on one side of which rises a lofty tower, with walls of immense thickness, crowned by a sloping roof, with crows'-feet gables and projecting turrets at the angles. Besides this tower, the oldest and most central part of the structure, there are extensive additions in a suitable style of architecture. These were erected during the sixteenth century; and in one of the apartments is a fine stone chimney, richly carved and adorned with armorial bearings and grotesque devices. Amongst these are a mermaid performing on the harp, a monkey blowing a horn, a cat playing a fiddle, and a fox smoking a tobacco-pipe. The long vaulted kitchen, the old tapestry, with its grim, quaint figures, and the castle dungeon, are also well worthy of notice. The dungeon is below the foundations of the great central tower. The trunk of an old thorn-tree stands upright in the middle of the floor, reaching to the roof of the vault,

and close to it lies an antique iron coffer, almost falling to pieces. According to tradition, the builder of Cawdor Castle was ordered, in a dream, to go to a certain place and dig until he should find an iron chest full of gold; this he was to place on the back of an ass, and on the spot where the ass should stop of its own accord there he was to build a castle. The thorn-tree in the dungeon is *said* to be the very tree to which the founder tied his ass, and the coffer beside it is that which contained the gold which made the fortune of the family. Below the castle flows the burn of Cawdor, celebrated for the beautiful and romantic scenery of its banks. The license to build the castle bears the date of 1393, but the structure was not completed until half a century afterwards. In spite of this, however, an apartment in the tower is shown to all visitors as the room in which King Duncan was murdered by Macbeth; and the very bed on which he slept is also shown, although that respectable monarch was killed about four hundred years before the foundations of the castle were laid. A better authenticated tradition is that which points out a remote and secret chamber as Lord Lovat's place of refuge for some time after the suppression of the rebellion in the Highlands.

In the afternoon we returned to Nairn, re-embarked, and set sail for Inverness. The scenery between Fort George and the entrance to the Caledonian Canal is very beautiful. There is the fatal moor of Culloden, now in part concealed by thriving plantations; the burgh of Fortrose, with the remains of its ancient cathedral; gentle slopes covered with verdure, and dotted over with cottages and farm-houses, and handsome country seats embosomed in thick woods. Farther off lies the town of Inverness, its gaol and court-house, and the spires of its churches standing out in bold relief, backed by a range of richly-wooded hills; while the grey forms of loftier mountains fill up the extreme distance. We spent a forenoon at Inverness laying in provisions and walking through the town, where recruiting parties, flaunting in ribbons, and accompanied by bands of music, were actively endeavouring to procure men for the militia, now a difficult task in the Highlands—no longer the nursery of soldiers which they once were—thanks to the gigantic ejections which have driven the flower of their people to foreign lands, in order to replace them by sheep and red deer, and to increase the swollen rent-roll of some great proprietor. In spite of a dislike to laborious employment, and a strong hereditary propensity to forget the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, the Highlanders have uniformly made admirable soldiers. If they would not labour the soil, they were always ready to fight and to die for it, and it is a miserable and short-sighted policy which has almost swept away that ancient warrior race merely to add to the convenience and luxury of a few lords of the soil. The strength and courage which would have been the defence of their country are now expended in the backwoods of America or the Australian gold-fields; and now, when embarked in a bloody war, of which it is impossible to foresee the conclusion, we must recruit our exhausted ranks from the under-grown and over-worked population of the English manufacturing districts, instead of from those hardy mountaineers who formerly, in Egypt, Spain, and Belgium, faced and beat the best soldiers of Europe. Sutherlandshire has been the principal scene of these wholesale ejections, and we have often, whilst wandering amongst the mountains and valleys of that extensive county.

come upon green patches in the midst of the heather, where the walls of roofless houses, and perhaps the gable of a church, showed that a numerous population had once existed, where now are only the moor cock and the red deer.

It took us some time to achieve the tedious passage through the locks, but, once beyond them, we got sail on the cutter, and swept merrily along before a gentle easterly breeze. At the point where the canal and the River Ness flow out of Loch Dochfour the landscape assumes a charming sylvan aspect. Dochfour House is a spacious and elegant modern building in the Italian style, surrounded by woods, but commanding a fine prospect over Loch Ness, from which it is only about a mile distant. On emerging from the narrow waters of the canal into Loch Ness we hoisted more sail, and about eight in the evening cast anchor a cable's length from the shore, close to a wooden jetty at the entrance of the beautiful Glen Urquhart. The shores of the loch shelve downwards very suddenly. Where we lay we had five fathoms of water on the side next the shore; while on the other side, but a few yards distant, there were seventeen fathoms. Both trout and salmon are to be found in Loch Ness, but they are exceedingly shy, and the rod-fishing is in consequence very indifferent; good sport may, however, be had with the otter.

On landing next morning we walked to the pretty inn of Drumindrochet, a favourite summer resort of the inhabitants of Inverness, and there procured a conveyance to take us on to Corrymonie, nine miles up the glen. Glen Urquhart is a wide, wooded valley, with gently sloping hills rising on either side, thickly covered with natural wood; a brawling stream, almost concealed by its dense fringe of foliage, winds through it, and the whole vale has an aspect of quiet and tranquil beauty—very different from the wildness and grandeur which characterise the majority of our Highland glens. Corrymonie is surrounded by low swelling hills, thickly timbered; but beyond, the scenery changes, and the woodlands are succeeded by the brown heath and rugged mountains near Strathglass. The house has been recently built in the severe style of Scottish architecture. It is well suited to the scenery in the midst of which it stands, and does great credit to the taste and talents of the owner, who was his own architect. He informed us that, although the house contained seventeen bedrooms and three public rooms, it had cost him under 1800*l*. Within the grounds, a mile distant from the house, is one of the most beautiful cascades in the Highlands, where the fall of the water and the grouping of the rocks and foliage form a picture by the hand of Nature upon which no artist could improve. On our way back we passed a pretty place called Lakefield, on the borders of a small loch, on whose bosom were floating islands of the beautiful water-lily in full flower.

In the evening, before the moon rose over the mountains on the southern shore of Loch Ness, we pulled across the bay to Castle Urquhart, one of the most extensive and picturesque ruins in Scotland. It was once a stronghold of the Knights Templars, and also played a part in the wars with England. The ruins encircle a rocky peninsula which projects boldly into the deep waters of Loch Ness, and on a crag almost overhanging the lake still stands the donjon keep. A wide, deep moat has been dug across the narrow neck of land which connects this peninsula with the mainland, and a drawbridge, whose piers are still standing, was

formerly the only entrance to the castle. We were much struck with the extent of these ruins, as well as with the massive character of the architecture. The archway over the entrance, and the vaulted guard-rooms on each side of it, are still entire. Within are green mounds, strewn with fragments of stone, and still encircled by the shattered remains of the ancient walls. One side of the keep has fallen, but the donjon vault, in its foundation, is still entire, and accessible by a narrow winding stair. Wild rose-bushes are growing in the castle court, and some young ash-trees bend their green branches over the timeworn walls. As we pulled away from the ruins the moon had begun to appear above the hills, and was shedding down a long pencil of silver light across the calm waters of the lake. The donjon tower soon intercepted our view, but we still saw her beams streaming through its shattered windows—as if a bright lamp had been suddenly kindled from within by an unseen hand—when all at once the light vanished, as a cloud crossed the disk of the moon. The effect was startling; and a superstitious Celt might have fancied some old warrior tenant of the castle revisiting the earth by the pale glimpses of the moon.

On leaving our anchorage we had at first a gentle breeze from the right quarter, but this soon died almost away, and after a tedious voyage we came to at a little distance from the mouth of the Foyers. We landed at a small wooden jetty, and after a pleasant walk through birch woods, reached the lower and principal fall, where the stream, by a single leap of seventy feet, precipitates itself from a ledge of rock into the black caldron beneath. The river was much swollen by rains, and on the projecting point where we stood we were almost deafened by the roar of the fall, and blinded by the whirling spray. The Fall of Foyers is generally supposed to be the highest in Scotland; but this is a great mistake. The Falls of Glomak, on the stream that runs into the head of Loch Lough, on the coast of Ross-shire, are three times as high; nor can a greater contrast be imagined than that presented by these two falls. At Foyers, though there are lofty and rugged rocks frowning over a deep chasm, there is also much verdure and beauty in the waving woods and the rocks tufted by grass and ferns. At the Glomak, on the other hand, there is neither tree, shrub, grass, nor fern; all is desolation where the wild waters fling themselves over "the herbless granite." The Upper Fall of Foyers is only thirty feet in height, and is half a mile farther up the stream. A bridge spans the torrent just below the fall, and was some years ago the scene of a frightful catastrophe. The horses in the carriage of a Mr. Rose, of Inverness, took fright, and dragged the vehicle, containing himself and his two daughters, over the parapet of the bridge into the rocky bed of the stream below. One of the ladies was killed, and Mr. Rose and the other severely injured. To us it seemed a miracle that any of them should have escaped drowning or being dashed to pieces.

We cast anchor for the night on the west side of the bay, near the entrance to Glen Morriston. The shores of the lake between that glen and Glen Urquhart are very picturesque, adorned with natural wood, with grey crags here and there breaking through. Between these two valleys rises the lofty summit of Mealfourvie, the highest mountain in sight. During the day we tried the lead whilst lying becalmed, but found no bottom with one hundred and ten fathoms. We spent a Sunday

at Glen Morriston, which was what Sam Slick calls "a juicy day in the country." The rain poured incessantly, and thick grey mists obscured the whole of the glen. There is, near its opening, a fine waterfall and a bridge and saw-mill, which form an admirable subject for the sketcher.

On leaving Loch Ness we had a pleasant sail through Loch Oich, passing the noble ruins of Invergarry Castle, and the ugly, whitewashed mansion where its proprietor, Lord Ward, resides. The mountain-slopes on the banks of Loch Oich are covered with the most beautiful verdure from their summits to the very water's edge, and along the shores of Loch Lochy the pasture is also very luxuriant. There is a beautiful bay and good anchorage at its south-western extremity; and two miles inland, separated by a lovely wooded valley, lies Loch Arkaig. At one point, the narrow path along this glen is, for a considerable distance, quite overshadowed by trees, whose branches meet overhead, and hence it is beautifully termed by the Highlanders "the dark mile of Arkaig." The shores of Loch Arkaig are in places densely wooded, and its surface is diversified by islands, but on the whole the scenery around it is tame.

After leaving Loch Lochy we had a pleasant passage along the canal and through the eight lochs which form "Neptune's Staircase," and came to for the night near the sea lock leading down to Loch Eil. The dues through the Caledonian Canal are very moderate; we paid only thirty shillings; and for one shilling were furnished, at the entrance, with a chart of the canal, which we found most useful in pointing out the best anchorages.

In spite of the threatening aspect of the clouds, which lay piled up in heavy masses along the sides of Glen Nevis, two of us started to visit and sketch the old Castle of Inverlochy, about a couple of miles distant from where we lay; but we had scarcely begun our sketches when a thunderstorm burst over us, and, leaving them unfinished, we were glad to hurry back, getting drenched through long before we reached the welcome shelter of our cabins. A beautiful morning dawned upon us after a stormy night, and by ten o'clock we had accomplished the passage through the sea lock, and were at anchor near the quay at Fort William.

II.

As the weather was beautiful, our first care upon landing was to proceed to the Caledonian Hotel, the principal inn at Fort William, and make arrangements for the ascent of Ben Nevis. These were soon effected; sandwiches were cut, whisky-flasks filled, and we were just preparing for a start, when two gentlemen staying at the inn requested to be allowed to join our party. One was a young Dutchman, and the other a mercantile gentleman from the good town of Glasgow. Both were attired in black hats and trousers, and wore Wellington boots with thin soles. The Dutchman had never ascended a mountain in his life, his severest experience in climbing having been the ascent of the six hundred steps that lead to the highest platform on the spire of Antwerp Cathedral. However, though in both their cases the flesh was weak, yet the spirit was willing, and they subsequently displayed the greatest pluck and perseverance, in spite of their unsuitable dress and the excessive fatigue from which they suffered. The charge for the services of a guide

is ten shillings, whether one only or a party of tourists ascend the mountain. Our guide was named Alexander Macrae, an ill-put-together, queer-looking Celt, but a capital walker, and quite a character, as, indeed, might easily have been divined from the roguish twinkle of his quick black eyes. The height of Ben Nevis above the sea is 4377 feet, *all* requiring to be ascended, as, unlike the generality of the Scotch and Swiss mountains which rise from elevated plateaux, it rises at once from the sea level. It is seven miles from Fort William to the summit, measured in a straight line, and from three to four hours are generally required to accomplish the distance. For more than a mile we proceeded along a level road, passing on our left the fort which gives its name to the village, where the Argyleshire militia were then quartered, the officer in command being Captain Eddington, whose two brothers fell at Alma. On our right was the entrance to the beautiful Glen Nevis, and between us and the Lochy lay the ruins of the fine old Castle of Inverlochy, and at a little distance beyond it the Glen Nevis distillery, one of the most celebrated in Scotland, belonging to a man known throughout the Highlands as "Long John." We commenced the ascent by a very stiff pull up a grassy spur of the mountain, which slopes steeply upwards to a height of about twelve hundred feet. Many were the halts of our mercantile comrades, loud their complaints, and frequent their applications to the whisky-flasks ere we gained the summit, and it required the greatest persuasion and encouragement to induce them to proceed; the Dutchman declaring that hills were not made for him, and that nothing would lead any of his countrymen to attempt such an exertion, did they only know the toil that awaited them.

On surmounting this shoulder of the mountain we came to a comparatively level moss, crossed it, slanted along the corner of another offshoot of Ben Nevis, and then found ourselves on the banks of a dark mountain tarn, formed by the drainage from the steep sides of the hollow which it fills. Near this we came to a halt, before attempting the remainder of the ascent. The guide drank like a fish and smoked like a steam-engine, and in both these respects our companions imitated him. The day was charming, and the view already most interesting and extensive. After a short rest we again started, rousing our companions with considerable difficulty, who appreciated cold grog and cigars much better than climbing. We then commenced the most fatiguing part of our journey—over a perfect wilderness of loose stones of all sizes, and utterly destitute of every trace of vegetation. These soon told upon the Wellington boots of our friends, and the Glasgow man at last laid down and fell fast asleep, and, on being aroused, was only induced to proceed by the appalling stories which our waggish guide invented and related for his benefit, of the mishaps of various tourists who had yielded to fatigue and fallen asleep during the ascent. From this point, however, he and the Dutchman alternately lagged behind and shot ahead of each other; but both compelled the guide and ourselves to make frequent halts, till at length, about a mile from the top, observing some clouds drifting up from the southward, and fearful lest the view from the summit should become obscured, we started forward, telling the guide to remain behind and bring up the stragglers. Shortly before this we had made a second prolonged halt at a spot called "The Well," where a spring of most delicious

water gushes out from the stones. This "diamond in the desert" is about three thousand feet above Fort William.

Soon after leaving our companions we came upon a square patch of snow of considerable extent, and apparently of some depth, and, a little beyond it, caught sight of the stone cairn erected to mark the summit. Advancing towards it, we skirted the edge of a tremendous precipice, which goes sheer down fifteen hundred feet into the dark glen below. The summit of Ben Nevis is an almost level surface, composed entirely of shattered fragments of stone, and totally destitute of water and vegetation. Close to the verge of the precipice, and on the highest point of the mountain, stands the huge cairn erected by the trigonometrical survey; we clambered to the top of it, and stood on the loftiest summit in Great Britain, nine feet higher than Ben Macdui, which for a long time disputed the palm with Ben Nevis. The view all around was magnificent; for months there had not been a clearer day on the top. To the northward we saw the sharp peak of Fannich, in Ross-shire, the serrated points of the Coolins, the fine mountain mass of Rum, part of Egg, the Island of Mull, and the nearer land of Lismore. Southward lay Ben Cruachan, Ben Ima, Ben Lomond, Ben More, Ben Lawers, and Schiehallion. To the eastward the huge mass of the Cairngorm mountains and Ben Wyvis were distinctly visible; whilst, still farther off, a silver line showed the distant waters of the Moray Firth. We saw both the eastern and western seas. Nearer were the white-topped stony peaks at the head of Glen Nevis, the sharp red points of the mountains above Glencoe, and those between that glen and the head of Loch Etive. At our feet lay Lochaber, marked by the gleam of its small blue lakes, Inverlochy Castle, Neptune's Staircase, Corpach, or the field of dead bodies, and the beautiful expanse of Loch Eil, at the head of which Prince Charles for the last time met the clans.

Half an hour after we had reached the summit we saw the guide approaching with our companions, both of whom, especially the Dutchman, we heartily congratulated on having at length reached the top in spite of fatigue and difficulties. We observed the Dutchman writing the name of "*la dame de ses pensées*" upon one of his calling-cards, and then dropping it into a hole near the top of the cairn, where, the guide assured us, lay the cards of some hundred tourists, who had thus "ticketed" Ben Nevis. Our friend also chipped off a fragment of stone to carry back to Holland as a *souvenir* of the hardest day's work he had ever undergone. After a lengthened stay on the summit and a glance into the precipitous chasm which opened on one side of us, and into Glen Nevis on the other, near the head of which streams down a slender thread of silver over a precipice four hundred feet high, we commenced our descent, the burden of which might well have been "rattle his bones over the stones." The roughness of the road soon told on our companions. The Glasgowwegian several times lay down and fell asleep, and the Dutchman declared that 500*l.* would not tempt him again to ascend Ben Nevis.

By way of varying the route, we proposed to the guide to descend into Glen Nevis, wade across the stream, and return to Fort William by the level road that runs alongside of it. This he at once agreed to, at the same time warning us that the descent would be very steep and rapid. About half-way down to the glen the stones ceased, and were succeeded

by a steep slippery slope of verdant pasturage. Here we left our comrades in charge of the guide and of a handsome little Highland gillie, who had carried their coats for them, and had crossed all the stones on his bare feet, which were a good deal cut and blistered. We then descended at a rattling pace, passing through quantities of high ferns near the bottom, gained the valley, waded across the stream, and sat down on its grassy banks to await the arrival of our friends and their tail. It was amusing to watch them, some fifteen hundred feet above us, toiling slowly and cautiously along, and the guide attempting to persuade them to adopt a more rapid mode of locomotion, by sitting down and sliding along the slope. Of this he gave them a practical illustration, which the Dutchman attempted to follow, but apparently soon found that black cloth trousers were but an imperfect protection against the friction produced by contact with the steep sides of Ben Nevis, for he speedily resumed the perpendicular, and at length, after many a slip and stumble, succeeded in reaching the banks of the Nevis, followed at a considerable distance by his Glasgow friend. There he lay down on his back on the stony banks of the stream, and, holding up his Wellington-clad extremities, entreated the guide to pull off his boots, which that worthy at last accomplished by dint of desperate tugging, which drew forth the most ludicrous contortions and exclamations from the unfortunate Dutchman, who then rose and staggered towards the stream, which, though shallow, ran with considerable rapidity. In the middle of the water he lost his balance, and, by way of steadying himself, thrust one arm to the bottom of the stream, and got himself wetted up to the shoulder. At length he reached the bank where we were sitting, and laid himself down at full length on the grass, dead beat. His friend now made his appearance on the farther bank, and the gillie performed the same kind of office for him that the guide had for the Dutchman. Apparently, his Wellingtons were less obstinate, but when he arrived at our side of the river he was scarcely in better condition than his foreign friend. After some time allowed them to recover, our guide insisted on proceeding; and once on a smooth and level road they got on famously, having really shown during the whole expedition great perseverance, pluck, and good-nature. They were badly dressed, unaccustomed to walking, and drank and smoked too much, so that their exhausted condition on our arrival at Fort William was scarcely to be wondered at. We returned to the yacht about six o'clock, well appetised, but quite free from fatigue. We found that our worthy sailing-master had met with an old acquaintance at Fort William, had spent the day with him, and had returned on board in a state of perfect happiness and considerable inebriation, which produced a curious effect upon his somewhat saturnine temperament. He was overpoweringly kind and attentive, smiling at everything and everybody, to the intense delight and amusement of the crew.

We set sail from Fort William early next morning, bound for Ballahulish, in Loch Leven. The wind was unfavourable, and we had a dead beat to windward almost the whole way. At Corran Ferry, where the loch is only a quarter of a mile wide, the tide ran very strongly, the water all around us boiling and seething in eddies and whirlpools. Fortunately we had the ebb with us, and got through easily enough. During the day we sailed past the entrance of several beautiful glens, particularly

Inverscald and Ardgowar. Considerable care is required in entering Loch Leven, as, on one side, a long sandy spit runs out for a great distance, and on this the water is very shallow, but its extremity is marked by a red buoy. After rounding this we had to beat up through the Narrows, where, owing to the light and baffling wind, and tide against us, we ran aground, but luckily got off without any damage. In the afternoon we came to anchor close to the entrance of Glencoe, and not far from the Ballabulish slate quarries, the *débris* from which, constantly thrown into the loch, has now formed an excellent harbour, where large vessels may lie afloat at all times of the tide. Near us were two or three small green islands, one of which has for centuries been used as a burial-ground by the Macdonalds of Glencoe and Lochaber. We lost no time in landing and setting out for Glencoe; but we had only got a little distance beyond the old ruined house which was the scene of the massacre which has made the memory of King William infamous, when we were forced to beat a retreat by the rain, which poured down in torrents.

On getting back to the yacht we turned in at an early hour, contemplating an early start next morning; but we were not destined to enjoy unbroken slumbers, for, a little after midnight, we were all aroused by a tremendous row proceeding from the cabin, where our worthy skipper was enjoying the sweets of repose and sleeping off his debauch at Fort William. We found the ancient mariner yelling like a maniac, and twisting and writhing about as if in the last agony. In fact, he was struggling with the nightmare, and appeared to have decidedly the worst of the contest.

Next morning was grey and cloudy, with drizzling rain, and the glen filled with drifting mist, curling in wreaths along the sides of the mountains. Notwithstanding which, armed with umbrellas, waterproofs, and whisky-flasks, we started to explore the far-famed beauties of Glencoe. Where it opens upon Loch Leven the glen is wide, green, and fertile, and the brawling stream of Cona winds along an almost level valley; but, about two miles from the opening, it makes an abrupt turn to the left, and its character all at once assumes an aspect of rugged grandeur. On one side is the huge conical mass of Malmor, with its almost perpendicular sides; near its summit yawns a lofty dark fissure, in an inaccessible position, which tradition has named the Cave of Fingal, who must have been a first-rate cragsman, and not at all nice in his choice of a lodging. At the base of Malmor lies a small dark lake, while on the opposite side of the glen rise sharp serrated summits, very similar to the peaks of Glens Sannox and Sligachan. Innumerable rills were rushing down the scarred and furrowed sides of the mountains, every gully forming a watercourse; whilst the stream of Cona, swollen by the rains, and every moment increasing in volume, swept foaming and fretting along its narrow channel.

Not far from the head of the valley stands a bridge, by which the road crosses a small rivulet, and from this point one of the finest views of the glen may be obtained. Whilst standing on this bridge and looking across to the opposite side of the valley, we observed at a considerable elevation, and near the head of a narrow watercourse, a deep circular hollow or corrie, with a mass of huge stone blocks piled in irregular heaps right across its opening. This appeared to us to have all the appearance of the terminal moraine of an ancient glacier. On our return, soon after

we had passed the small lake of Treachtan, a beautiful effect of sunshine became visible in the glen; a brilliant rainbow spanned it from side to side, its whole dimensions being entirely within the valley, and the most exquisite prismatic hues were reflected upon the grass at the bottom of the glen, and upon the dark rocky masses along its sides.

Before leaving Loch Leven we paid a visit to the slate quarries of Ballahulish, which give employment to several hundred hands. They do not seem to be worked with much energy, as we found fifteen vessels waiting for cargoes, some of them having been detained for months. The slates are inferior in quality to the Welsh, but more durable and cheaper. There is seldom a great stock on hand, and they take about three weeks to load a vessel of one hundred tons. Loch Leven extends about seven miles above the entrance to Glencoe—deep, narrow, river-like—hemmed in by dark mountains, with promontories and wooded knolls projecting boldly into the loch, and beautifully diversifying the character of its shores. Upon the whole, we are inclined to consider Loch Leven as the queen of our Scottish lochs. It lies in the midst of beauties of the most varied and enchanting description; there are green islands, green wooded slopes, clumps of trees, with the blue smoke of cottages curling up from amongst the foliage, as well as dark glens and stern and sterile mountains. There is no weak point about the scenery; it is “of beauty all compact.”

Bidding farewell to Loch Leven with regret, we set sail for Oban. The wind was from the northward, which here requires to be carefully watched. We met with heavy squalls whilst passing the high land of Morven, opposite the island of Lismore, and off the mouth of Loch Achray. We had to take in our topsail, double-reef the mainsail, and shift jibs, and even then had quite enough of it in the squalls. During the process of shifting jibs and reefing, our largest boat broke adrift, the skipper himself having made her fast with, what the event proved to be, but a “slippery hitch.” Before we observed her, she had drifted a long way to leeward, and was fast approaching the rocky beach of Lismore, where she would soon have gone to pieces. About was the word, and we tacked in pursuit of her; twice we got alongside, and twice failed in securing her. The third time we got a grapnel from below, hove it aboard, and at last succeeded, at the expense of some damage to her thwarts, in again securing and making her fast. About four o’clock we reached Oban, and came to anchor in its safe and beautiful bay.

We lost no time in pulling on shore, in order to lay in stores and to visit the ruins of the old Castle of Dunstaffnage (castle of two islands), situated on a peninsula near the entrance of Loch Etive, and three miles distant from Oban. Part of the structure is of unknown antiquity, and the ruins consist of four massive walls, united at the angles by round towers. The view from the top of the castle, which is still accessible, is very extensive, embracing Loch Etive, Lochnell, the mountains of Morven and Appin, and the green mound which is supposed to mark the site of Berigonium, the ancient capital of the Picts. The Irish Scoti, or Dalriadic Scots, colonised, and for three hundred years occupied, this part of the Highlands, and Dunstaffnage is supposed to have been their principal stronghold.

The next was a pet day—warm, calm, and bright—made for enjoyment and out-of-door existence. We spent the forenoon in wandering

about the grounds, and in visiting the beautiful castle of Dunolly, thus graphically described by Sir Walter Scott: "Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donjon or keep; but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a place of importance, as large, probably, as Ardtornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a court-yard, of which the keep probably formed one side, the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended doubtless by outworks and a draw-bridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family. A huge upright pillar or detached fragment of that sort of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle, is called Clach-na-can, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran."

In the evening we rowed to the south side of the bay, and afterwards ascended a low hill, from which, for a very small amount of trouble, a magnificent view may be obtained. This evening, in the light of a glorious sunset, every object was clearly defined; the bay and town of Oban, the castled crag of Dunolly, the green islands of Kerrera and Lismore, Morven, Appin, the Sound of Mull overshadowed by the lofty Ben More, and, in the opposite direction, the twin peaks of Ben Cruachan, and the huge mountains beyond, near the head of Loch Etive. The tints of some of the distant mountains were exquisitely beautiful, partly a rich purple, and partly a deep slate-grey, contrasting strongly with the gorgeous orange and golden hues around the setting sun.

It was a fine but cold morning when we left Oban, bound for the Firth of Clyde. We made a rapid run along the Sound of Kerrera, through the slate islands, past Scarba and the entrances to Loch Crinan and Loch Melford, and thence into the strait between the Island of Jura and the Mull of Cantire. We passed the whirlpool of Corryvreckan on our starboard hand, but, owing to the state of the tide, there were but few indications of its existence. The wind, which had gradually been freshening ever since the morning, now increased to a gale. Fortunately it was a land wind, and there was little sea, but we had to strike our topmast, and double-reef the mainsail, and, even then, were carrying a plank of the deck under water. We passed several vessels running up the Sound for shelter under easy sail, and, as it would have been folly to attempt to round the Mull of Cantire in such weather, we determined to follow their example, and accordingly put about and ran for Loch Swin, a noble arm of the sea, which for ten miles indents the Mull of Cantire, forming a safe and spacious anchorage, with a clear entrance, and a depth varying from three to thirteen fathoms. We anchored a mile above Castle Swin, which occupies a commanding position on a projecting rock. Where we lay the water was smooth, yet it blew so hard all day that we were obliged to have two anchors out to prevent dragging. Next morning the gale had moderated, though it still blew freshly, and grey watery clouds were drifting along the hills. As the day wore on, however, the weather improved, and we were able to land and visit Castle Swin, which gives its name to the loch, and is believed to have been built by Sweno,

King of Denmark. It forms an interesting memorial of those days when every bay and loch along our coasts was exposed to the incursions of Danish pirates, and when the kings of Norway not only possessed a large part of the Highlands and islands, but even threatened the independence of the kingdom of Scotland. The people in the cottages near the castle assured us that it was twelve hundred years old—a degree of antiquity which we were inclined to consider very questionable. It is a magnificent old ruin, as large as Dunstaffnage, square in its general shape, but with a tall round tower projecting at one of the angles. We found the great court occupied by a patch of corn, the basement of the round tower turned into a kitchen-garden, and an inner court choked up by a rank growth of hemlock and nettles; yet the proprietor is a man of immense fortune, a fraction of which might surely be spent in keeping this interesting old ruin in tolerable order: at present it suffers from the most utter neglect.

Next morning we made a very early start, succeeded in rounding the Mull of Cantire, of stormy fame, without encountering anything like rough weather, had a fine run up the beautiful Firth of Clyde, and finished a delightful month's cruise by dropping our anchor in the calm waters of Gourock Bay.

FLY-LEAVES FROM A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

MRS. GASKELL'S NOVELS.

THAT "genteel watering-place," B——, was so full of gentility when the doctors packed me off thither, on sanitary thoughts intent, that the only "eligible apartments" to be met with were on the second floor of the circulating library. So there I took up my rest. The doctors had been sanguine, with one consent—and if none can decide when doctors disagree, who, when they agree, could think of demurring?—that the air and quiet of B—— would be the re-making of me. But Hygeia was coy. The stock of health which I took with me was small at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to diminish it on further acquaintance with that genteel watering-place. In short, I was to all intents and purposes bedridden—living did languish, and languishing did almost die. Meanwhile, however, there was reserved to me—whether for my boon or bane, tastes and casuistry may dispute—the faculty of reading without fatigue (but then 'twas very light reading) the whole day long: alone, and destitute of other resources, my only secular solace was to deal with the book-stores below, to overhaul the catalogue and make inroads on the shelves of the "shop," to draw *novel* conclusions from the ground-floor premises,—in a word, to make free with the Tales of my Landlord down stairs.

My Landlord had next to nothing but Tales, in his rolling stock, or circulating library. Novels are the order of the day and the voices of the night, in genteel watering-places; and a circulating librarian is one who, *ex officio*, living to please, must please to live, by ignoring all heavy

books, historical, archæological, metaphysical, and what not, and by securing early copies of light ones. Hence my literary fare was not of a kind to tax the brain. The consignments that were for ever arriving from below, were not of the class of solids or strong meats; rather they resembled in character and consistency, that frivolous confection *trifle* (if I may singularise the Shakspearean plural) trifle, light as air. Not that one and all were to be dealt with in this trifling way. Some there were that it must have cost genius to design, and good intellectual bone and muscle to work off; for they required time and thought to read, and in certain instances even made the head ache with moody speculation, and the heart ache with hope deferred, or hope disappointed, or hope blighted and blasted beyond revival. If there was many a first volume into which it was enough to just dip—once, twice, at the most thrice, and then away (like a shot)!—there were others, and plenty, into which you found yourself over head and ears in no time; that is to say, irrespective of time, and also of space, as regards the artificial divisions of space into volumes one, two, and three. Of the former class I need say nothing—nothing being the sum total of my knowledge and estimate of their contents. Of the latter—those which amused, or interested, or excited, or enthralled, or enlightened me—a few “trivial fond records” may be put on paper, and be thence, the Editor wills it, “set up” (set-up things, with a vengeance!) into print. To begin, then, with the Author of “Mary Barton,” to whom I hereby, with equal cordiality and respect, address the thanks of a weary invalid (and in so doing I but express the obligations of a goodly company besides, of like condition in mind, body, or estate) for hours of relief, and ministrations of healing power and soothing effect. If Scott ascribed to Mrs. Radcliffe, much more may we to Mrs. Gaskell, a benignant influence in those moments of pain and of languor, when the whole head is sore, and the whole heart faint. “If those,” says the Master of his craft, “who rail indiscriminately at this species of composition”—a species including, be it remembered, the “Mysteries of Udolpho” and “North and South,” alike, but oh, how different!—“were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride, or religious intolerance.” Even critical pride and religious intolerance, however, now-a-days, ’gin to pale their ineffectual fire before here and there a bright particular star; and austere elders, of either sex, who once would neither read, nor allow dependents to read, anything printed in three volumes post octavo, in large type and with broad margins, at price thirty-one-and-sixpence for pure purchase, and ninepence or thereabouts on loan,—now compose themselves to read, *item* mark, *item* learn, *item* inwardly digest, and, to crown all, outwardly approve, these formerly forbidden fruits. Dissenting ministers applaud them in non-conformist magazines, and white-haired rectors add them to the parochial library. Intolerance is, indeed, now and then heard to denounce such deeds, and

To swear—in faith, ’tis strange, ’tis passing strange,
 ’Tis pitiful, ’tis wondrous pitiful;

but she is commonly treated as one in her dotage, who, daily decaying

and waxing old, is ready to vanish away : surviving, perhaps, in spirit, but removed as a palpable presence and overshadowing bodily form.

"As a rule," says Monk Lewis, "I have an aversion, a pity and contempt for all female scribblers. The needle, not the pen, is the instrument they should handle, and the only one they ever use dexterously." Now,

I would give many a sugar-cane
Mat Lewis were alive again,

to eat his words baked under a thick clammy crust of humble-pie, after a *curriculum* of study, devoted to the writings of (say) Currer Bell, and Miss Mulock, and Mrs. Gaskell. He should be set to read "Mary Barton," and the "Moorland Cottage," for instance ; to trace in every line a lady's white handiwork ; that done, Mat, why, "henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't."

The mannikin's Monk would have to make off, double quick march, with his hood over his face, and a flea in his ear. The Monk made a sensation in his day, it is true. Mary Barton has made a sensation in hers ; not quite so great or peculiar, but of a less exceptionable, nay of a really enviable kind. Between the two there is the difference between disease and health, the unnatural and the natural, the excitement of man's lower passions and the good fight of faith, of human aspiration

—chastened, stemmed
And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
Of Providence ; and in reverence for duty,
Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there
Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with herbs,
At every season green, sweet at all hours.

Long, she tells us, had the author of "Mary Barton" felt a deep sympathy with the careworn men, her Manchester fellow-townsmen, who elbowed her daily in its bustling streets, and looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want ; "tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men." She had personally won the confidence of one or two of the more thoughtful among them, who laid open their hearts to her, making bitter complaints of the neglect they experienced from the prosperous, the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up, "the even tenor of whose seeming happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own." Hence she became anxious to "give some utterance to the agony which from time to time convulses this dumb people"—be it the agony of suffering without the sympathy of the happy, or of erroneously believing that such is the case. We have the result in sundry living and speaking portraits in "Mary Barton" and in "North and South ;" in the former, John Barton, the Chartist, the Communist, "all that is commonly called wild and visionary," but having with all his weakness a sort of practical power, and a ready kind of rough Lancashire eloquence, and a pretty clear head at times for method and arrangement—the whole making him useful to

his order, especially as it is his class, his order that he stands by, "not the rights of his own paltry self,"—and George Wilson, no arguer, no speechifier, but a kind-hearted specimen of the "poor cotton-weyver, as mony a one knoo'as, hoo's nowt for t' yeat, and hoo's worn cawt his clooas:" in the latter, Boucher, the frenzied rioter and suicide, and Nicholas Higgins, whose creed is, that when you see the world going all wrong at this time of day, bothering itself with things it knows nothing about, and leaving undone all the things that lie in disorder close at its hand, you should leave "all this talk of religion" alone, and set to work on what you see and know:—a proud man withal is Nicholas Higgins, for even on his last legs he "wunnot stomach the notion of having favour curried for him, by one as doesn't know the ins and outs of the quarrel" between masters and men, heads and "hands." "How proud that man is!" exclaims the good clergyman who had offered to mediate:—"He is," answers Margaret; "but what grand makings of a man there are in him, pride and all."

Nor are the manufacturers overlooked or underrated, in the author's zeal for the operatives. Probably on no portrait in her rapidly extending gallery has she bestowed more pains, or worked with more quickening sympathy, than that of Mr. Thornton, in "North and South." If we incline to tire a little of him, it is only because we have lately had such a flood of these hard-headed, strong-hearted lovers, in the fictions of the day, all of whom are at first so intolerable to the heroine, and at length fascinate her as never was heroine fascinated before—ugly, rough-mannered, outspoken, strong-willed men, of uncouth or offensive manners, but rough diamonds of great price, the roughness wearing off in the second volume, and the precious stone shining more and more unto perfect sunlight in the third. "What sort of a master is Mr. Thornton?" asks Margaret of Higgins. "Did yo' ever see a bulldog?" Nicholas replies: "set a bulldog on hind legs, and dress him up in coat and breeches, and yo'n just gotten John Thornton." Margaret objects to this zoological analogy, that though the gentleman is plain enough, he's not like a bulldog, with its short broad nose, and snarling upper lip. Nicholas proceeds, discriminating, but justifying his illustration: "No! not in the look, I grant yo'. But let John Thornton get hold on a notion, and he'll stick to it like a bulldog; yo' might pull him away wi' a pitchfork ere he'd leave go. . . . Thornton's as dour as a door-nail; an obstinate chap, every inch on him—th' oud bulldog!" This self-made man of the North at once impresses observers from the South with the idea of one who "seems made for his niche; sagacious, and strong, as becomes a great tradesman;" he looks like a person who would enjoy battling with every adverse thing he could meet with—enemies, winds, or circumstances. He is proud of his town and trade; he would rather be a man toiling, suffering—nay, failing and successless—among mills and cotton-bales, than lead what he accounts a dull prosperous life in the old worn grooves of more aristocratic society down in the South, with their slow days of careless ease. "One may be clogged with honey, and unable to rise and fly." As for his "hands," he holds that despotism is the best kind of government for them; and he rules them as an autocrat who will neither be forced to give his reasons, nor flinch from what he has once declared to be his resolution. They pronounce him "as iron a chap as any in

Milton"—and with growing anger and hardly smothered hatred come to look upon him as what the Bible calls a "hard man,"—not so much unjust as unfeeling; clear in judgment, says Margaret, and standing upon his "rights" as "no human being ought to stand, considering what we and all our petty rights are in the sight of the Almighty." But let this *σκληρος*, this hard man, be seen by the bedside of suffering, let not be taken of his pitying eyes, and his grave but tremulous voice—and anon the discord jars upon Margaret inexpressibly; for, how reconcile those eyes, that voice, with the hard-reasoning, dry, merciless way in which he lays down axioms of trade, and serenely follows them out to their full consequences? Or let him be closeted with Margaret's father, who is led on to unbosom himself of perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart, of doubts, fears, wandering uncertainties that seek rest but find none, so tear-blinded their eyes; and this cotton lord is all sympathy, this man of action understands the man of speculation, seems to have passed through the very stage of thought himself, and can suggest where the exact ray of light is to be found, which shall make the dark places plain. "Man of action, as he was, busy in the world's great battle, there was a deeper religion binding him to God in his heart, in spite of his strong wilfulness, through all his mistakes, than Mr. Hale had ever dreamed." Here, in short, is a character of native wealth and latent resources, upon which the author, with a novelist's privilege and high prerogative, may draw to any amount, confident that her drafts will be honoured, how many soever they be.

With power and spirit she orders the "strife and peace" between him and Margaret; there is the finesse of a practised hand in her way of gradually and artfully composing these antagonistic forces. Whether He or She bears the bell in interest and character may be, in mixed multitudes must be, a vexed question. Souls masculine, offspring of rude Boreas, the bracing North, will be for John Thornton; souls feminine, children of the sweet South, for Margaret Hale. Not that Margaret is a soft Southron maiden, whose tender face the winds of the North would visit too roughly; quite the reverse. She has not been enervated by the mild zephyrs of her original home; she is strengthened not shaken, invigorated not chilled, by the rousing breezes of a bleaker clime. She is one whose "keen enjoyment of every sensuous pleasure" is "balanced finely, if not overbalanced, by her conscious pride in being able to do without them all, if need were." And though the cloud never comes in that quarter of the horizon from which we watch for it, and though Margaret's provisions of advent trial take no such shape as destiny decrees, yet is hers one of those natures, and pre-eminently so, which are meet to be perfected through suffering. She looks as grand and serene, says the good old Oxford Fellow, Adam Bell, "as one who has struggled, and may be struggling, and yet has the victory secure in sight." The anguish she suffers from the *lie* wrung from her, in fear for a brother's life, is vividly told. The scene that gives occasion to it, between her and the police inspector, is one of great effect; so again is that of the attack on Thornton's house by the rioters, though the climax is a little theatrical; and that of next morning's interview between her and the millowner; and that which secures her control of the stubborn, bereaved father, drunk and in dudgeon, strong in his self-will, but swayed by her stronger womanly

will. The dreamy, conscientious clergyman—refined, gentle, courteous, and utterly unfitted to breast the tides of a life of action, much less the waves of a sea of troubles; his nervous, little-minded, faint-hearted wife; their faithful old servant, Dixon, with her airs and assumptions; Mrs. Thornton, rigid, forbidding, and coarsely tyrannical, but sound at the core, and as liable to be misread as to misread others; Mr. Bell, affectionate and ease-loving, *bon vivant* but fast friend; all these, and others in “North and South,” are done to the life. Nor may Bessie Higgins be forgotten, as an equally true sketch, though some who have never come across a like character may suppose it fanciful or unreal, which it assuredly is not.

Mrs. Gaskell's command of pathos is well proven, and this sick girl exemplifies it anew. Indeed, examples to the same effect abound in “North and South,” confirming the reputation which had already been acquired by many a scene and sentiment in “Mary Barton,” by the subdued and touching quietude of occasional chapters in “Cranford,” and the intensity of grief and corroding care in “Ruth.” The last is indeed a painfully-wrought chronicle of “life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame:” ’tis an old tale, and often told; told almost often in vain, told almost never so movingly as here;—“but, weleaway!” says old Chaucer,

But, weleaway! the harme, the routhe,
That hath betyd for suche untrouthe,
As men may ofte in bokes rede,
And al day se hyt yet in dede,
That for to thynke hyt a tene is.

The pathos of “Cranford” may be less demonstrative than in the other tales, but its natural and unstrained character merits particular mention. It is, to apply what has been said of a very different novelist, “*expressif et touchant par les détails, pris dans la vie la plus simple, la condition la plus obscure.*” Humour too, a natural correlative of *this* quality of genuine pathos, is vouchsafed to the author in a degree unknown to all her sister novelists of the day. Many of them attempt the humorous, but were they wise—had they, indeed, a true sense of humour—they would forbear. One might be named whose *ris comica* is exhibited only in spasmodic efforts to be funny; another, in an extra allowance of twaddle, italics, and inverted commas; a third, in cynicism and mordant satire; a fourth, in coarse and ill-conditioned jocularity. Mrs. Gaskell is healthily alive to the ludicrous, and generally ready to describe it; but hers are not “got-up” scenes of high or low comedy. Job Leigh, and Sally in “Ruth,” and Dixon in “North and South,” have their “humours” duly set forth—and the spinster goings-on in “Cranford” are detailed with a genial irony surprisingly free from scorn and exaggeration. For the author is too earnest, too deep feeling, too high-minded, to laugh or make laugh out of season, as well as in season. Unmistakably, she writes under a sense of responsibility, a religious conviction of duty, which gives unity and purpose to her fictions, and consecrates them to a lofty end. This must be seen and owned by those who dispute her facts, or reject her conclusions, or doubt the legitimacy of her employment of fiction for doctrinal and didactic purposes.

Some there are whose name will live
 Not in the memories but the hearts of men,
 Because those hearts they comforted and cheer'd,
 And, where they saw God's images cast down,
 Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
 From the worn feature and disfigured limb.
 Such thou art, pure and mighty! such art thou,
 Paraclete of the Bartons!

These are the glowing lines of a man of genius, supposed to be as fastidious of taste as he is known to be generous of soul—Walter Savage Landor. He owns, in his own instance, the enlightening and bettering influence of the Manchester novelist—impressively adding :

The human heart holds more within its cell
 Than universal Nature holds without.
 This thou hast shown me, standing up erect
 While I sat gazing, deep in reverent awe,
 Where Avon's Genius and where Arno's meet ;
 And thou hast taught me at the fount of Truth,
 That none confer God's blessing but the poor,
 None but the heavy-laden reach His throne.

Mrs. Gaskell's shorter tales and sketches well deserved to be collected into the popular form in which they have recently* appeared. Some of them have an earnest pathos akin to that of Mrs. Southey's best stories ; others a shrewd sense of humour, and quiet genial fun, that remind one of Miss Mitford in her cheeriest mood ; while they all have a character and expression of their own, the fee-simple of the " Author of ' Mary Barton.' " No common pen could have traced out the history of " Morton Hall," in which the gloom at the heart of the narrative is so quaintly relieved by the comic associations—in excellent taste and keeping, though—of the narrator. " Lizzie Leigh " opens out glimpses of the genius that discovered its fulness in " Ruth." The chequered career of " My French Master " is traced with graphic strokes, often of delicate beauty. " Company Manners " is a right pleasant bit of miscellaneous gossip, in which the writer makes *Madame de Sablé chez lui* the text for a homily on English society, what it is, and what it might be—a homily without drone or drawl, but pithy and pungent, witty and wise. " Mr. Harrison's Confessions " read like a supplement to " Cranford"—the scene, the actors, the whole humour of the thing are so nearly identical. And other chapters there are, already (to misquote an appropriated motto)

Familiar to our eyes in *Household Words*.

* " Lizzie Leigh ; and other Tales"—in the Select (really select) Library of Fiction.

SUNDAY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY E. P. ROWSELL.

It is Sunday afternoon in winter. I am sitting in my large, comfortable pew in our fine old country church. It is bitterly cold without, and the wind is howling fiercely.

Around me are several very dear relatives. We worship here together now; in all probability, side by side, in the vault below, we shall, in a later day, sleep our last sleep.

It is nearly dark. I can scarcely see the other members of our numerous and attentive congregation. The deep silence is broken only by the solemn, earnest exhortation with which our white-haired pastor is concluding his affectionate but impressive discourse. He has laboured among us for thirty years; he is reminding us of the fact, and expressing his hope that he may be spared to preach once more to us on the Christmas-day, which is near at hand. He feels, and we know, that ere long his labours will cease, and his voice which we have listened to so often will be heard no more.

This causes me a pang, but doubtless these walls have many times before heard similarly touching words. Other pastors and other congregations have been gathered here on other wintry afternoons. Scenes and sounds almost precisely the same as those of the present hour might, in all human likelihood, if the minute history of this church were known, be found to have occurred many times before this day, and those pastors and those congregations have passed away just as we shall pass away, and as they are little more than subjects of conjecture, so shall we be in a coming hour. An odd feeling accompanies this thought. The fact of so many having died before us seems to take the dignity from our own contemplated departure. We do but follow in the throng. There is nothing new. We are but part of the mighty mass which for ages has been toiling onward through the portal of the grave to the unknown world.

Now is the time for deep piety to find its way into my heart. There is a solemnity in this gloom which touches me and aids the preacher's words. I am healthy and strong now, but that winter afternoon will come to me which, unlike the present, shall be cheered by no expectation of another summer in this world.

But leave this scene, and come with me reader to another—one of very different character. We are now in the front pew in the gallery of a large church towards the west-end of London. It is a morning in summer. The sun shines merrily upon a large congregation of handsomely dressed men and women. Very cheerful they seem, proudly they gaze at each other, and majestically they, at intervals, cast themselves on their knees, and cover their faces with their hands. Presently the sermon commences. The preacher is a young man, a close imitator of a deservedly popular preacher, and as an ape can imitate the bodily movement of man, so a brainless piece of vanity can make certain grotesque efforts to assimilate his intellectual performances to the easy and natural productions of a master-mind. However, of course, a portion of the congregation are delighted. There is a great deal of sound, and that is a wondrous point. An abundance of screaming is very important to a certain class of hearers. The possibility of the preacher's bursting a blood-vessel creates

a sympathy with him, and if his subject be unheeded, he, at all events, is much regarded and admired.

Is this spiteful, reader? Well, you may say so if you like. Yet, as regards the effect of the sermon upon me, this I know: I begin to think, as I leave my conspicuous position and press my way out, and witness the handsome equipages outside, and hear the incessant chatter of the women and the rather noisy greetings of the men, and observe the smiling, jocular aspect worn by all about me,—I say, I begin to think what a miserable creature I was on the afternoon of which I have just spoken, when I actually had allowed such gloomy fancies as death and bidding good-by to friends, and a vacant place in the pew, to enter my mind, and really made me quite sad and contemplative. There has been nothing to give rise to such thoughts *here*.

Was it fancy, or did I hear in the course of the service something about not using one's beasts of burden on the Sabbath-day? Here is a long string of carriages completely blocking up the street. Do the owners of these carriages come long distances that they need to ride, and so break the commandment which they have been imploring aid to keep? It seems rather startling that while they on their knees were entreating that their hearts "might be inclined" to prevent all unnecessary labour on a Sunday, they must have been conscious that John at home (not a mile off) was, according to custom, and by their instruction, putting the horses to the carriage which was to convey their indolent frames to their respective domiciles. But, doubtless, it is right. Lord Starch is a religious man, and Lady Prim is a pious old lady, and the beloved of the bishops; I will not suppose that either could do wrong. Theirs is a very different case to that of a woman whom I met just now in a dark lane hard by, with a basket of fruit, through the sale of which she was trying to procure a dinner for her family. A policeman caught sight of her, upset her basket, and lodged her in the station-house. The children will have no dinner this day, nor during the week. Very right, very right; their mother should have been more mindful of the command to keep the Sabbath-day holy.

I am trying desperately to recollect something of the sermon. The text I recollect very distinctly, for it was repeated by the preacher at least five or six times. But what was there beside. I really regret to say my recollection on this head is very imperfect. There was plenty of sound I remember; shall I venture to hint that it might have been to try and hide any trifling deficiency in sense. Strange to say, too, I have a recollection that the text bore three several meanings. How very curious! We do not generally like to suppose that more than one meaning was intended by the writer of any sentence. If the same were clearly capable of being understood in three different ways, we should think very lightly either of the ability or the honesty of the author. Yet, to this verse from Scripture it was sought to affix three interpretations of thoroughly dissimilar character. Should one rule apply to the Scriptures, and another to ordinary works? So seemed to think the preacher of this day; but, he must forgive me, I think he considered it showed ability and ingenuity to thrust upon his text a variety of interpretations. The ladies are his admirers, and they are not too critical: they idolise him, and he is doomed to a bishopric. In the mean time, his rectorship here and a stall in a cathedral, and one or two other little

matters, will satisfy him. He is humble-minded, his wants are insignificant, he is content for the present (not like the Rev. Mr. Jones, curate at a church not far off, who is quietly gliding from the world on 100*l.* a year), his reward is sure, and he is happy.

I have wandered on until I have arrived at a railway station, and I see a mob of people flocking in, for a cheap train is just starting. The sight rather jars upon my feelings, I confess. There is not much to remind one of that deep calm, that sweet repose, that perfect peace which we do so like to associate with the day of rest. Yet would I stop these people? I could not do that. My eye is upon the fallow-complexioned artisan, upon his pale-faced wife, on his stunted family, including the little cripple whose days are happily numbered. Ah! mercy, mercy on the poor!—their failings and their follies. Their joys are so few, their sorrows are so many, we wonder, in very truth, wherein lie the pleasures of their existence. I say I could not stop this throng, although I do hope to see the time when labour shall not wring from them so much of their lives, that if there were not the Sunday for relaxation—some kind, at least—mind and body would break down together. And is it not just possible, that when this poverty-stricken but not vicious or hardened little party may have escaped from the din and uproar of the great city, and be set free to wander through green fields, that, gazing with real pleasure upon the beautiful scenery around them, their eyes may involuntarily move upwards to the clear blue sky, and as everything about seems to sing “Peace, peace!” may there not glide softly into their hearts thoughts of a land beyond that sky, where peace shall be found perfect and enduring? There may be to these poor minds a voice more powerful and more persuasive gently issuing from the beauties of the country, than could be heard by them proceeding from the most eloquent preacher preaching in man’s most gorgeous cathedral.

But I should be sorry, very sorry, to give to our Sunday such a character as some would impart to it. I can see this multitude go away by the train into the fresh air, and can rejoice in the thought that they will benefit in body and very likely in mind and heart by their trip; but I should not survey them flocking into a place of amusement, although it might be of a superior description, with any similar feeling. Again, as I have said, the beauties of nature, the hill and valley, the trees and flowers, the blue sky and bright sun; *preach* (far better than the popular clergyman whom I have just heard), while the most elaborate and finished works from man’s hand have but a worldly eloquence, touching not on the theme of the Master-hand which is above.

I pass a crowd gathered in a sequestered nook. A man without a hat is addressing them at the top of his voice. He is an open-air preacher; and though I cannot quite see why this crowd should not have attended the large church hard by, yet, if they will listen anywhere, it is well that they should hear words of truth striking home to their inmost hearts. A blessing on the humble minister’s labours. They bring him very little of this world’s goods, may they ensure to him a richer reward!

I wend my way home with a very earnest feeling of thankfulness in my heart for the blessing of the Sunday. Without it, what would life be to myriads? With it, every existence has some charms, some source of pleasure, something which relieves the gloom of life, and enables us to persevere against the toil and trouble of our earthly journey.

STOKE DOTTERELL; OR, THE LIVERPOOL APPRENTICE.

A HISTORY.

XIV.

THE BRIDAL.

It was a pitiable sight at the cottage. Old Barton, to whom Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn, was now a blank, had long been expecting that Bessie would come back.

Waiting,—and still waiting,—he became bewildered as to the time ; and fancying that he had mistaken evening for day, he still thought that, at any moment, his child might return. And thus he remained, gibbering over the dead fire, till they came and carried him to the Union, sobbing like an infant, though not aware of the full extent of his calamity.

The body of poor Bessie was discovered at sunrise by some trampers ; and, not knowing how long it might have been in the water, they took it at once to the Hunter's Lodge.

Here the first movement of Mr. Brown, the landlord, was to send not merely for the doctor, but for the constable ; who could not help perceiving, when he received the message, that there might be some foundation for the drunken ravings of Jim Darrell. It seemed but too probable that a murder *had* been committed ; and there was ground for unpleasant suspicion in the known intimacy between Sir Jonah and Barton's daughter. Mr. Bumphey, therefore, went in search of Jim ; and waking him from a state between sleep and stupefaction, told him that he was wanted at the Hunter's Lodge.

" Anywhere you like," said Darrell, who had no occasion to dress,—his toilet was never elaborate. And Mr. Bumphey having left notice of the event at Mr. Camp's, on their way, they proceeded across the common.

When the constable had called upon that methodical gentleman, Mr. Camp was working in his garden, where it was well known that he never liked to be disturbed ; and the message, when filtered through the memory of his servant Kitty, seemed so extraordinary, that, hastily quitting his occupation, he immediately called upon Mr. Bungleston, and they both followed the constable to the Hunter's Lodge, where they were soon afterwards joined by Mr. Hayman, the agent of Sir Jonah.

There was something straightforward in the evidence of Jim Darrell, corroborated as it was by the finding of the body ; and yet Masters Camp, Bungleston, and Hayman, looked at each other with bewildered amazement.

" It is a painful duty," said Mr. Camp ; " but, after the informations which have been laid, I must issue my warrant at once. Stern justice, gentlemen, requires it."

"I hope not," interposed Mr. Hayman. "Recollect that, about this time, he will be going to the church. Consider how impossible it will be to take any other course that may be thought advisable, after giving the matter such publicity. Wait till after the ceremony: we may then have a meeting of Sir Jonah's friends."

"Mr. Hayman!" said Mr. Camp, with sublime solemnity, "I must do my duty. I prejudge *no* man, but justice knows no distinction of persons. Besides, if he is guilty, is it proper that the marriage *should* take place? The Pigotts, sir, are respectable people—very respectable; my daughters visit them; and would it be right to involve them in his disgrace?"

"But consider," replied Mr. Hayman, "the character of the principal witness."

"Whatever Darrell's antecedents may have been," rejoined Mr. Camp, "he is not disqualified, in the eye of the law, from giving his testimony in a court of justice. I believe I am *right*, Mr. Bungleston?"

"Certainly, sir; his evidence is admissible—*quantum valeat*."

"Have the goodness, Mr. Bungleston, when you address yourself to me, to speak in English. I never learnt Latin, and if I had to live my time over again I should not waste it upon such antiquated pedantry; but I hope that I know something of the law; and that, in *my* hands, it will be conscientiously administered. I shall issue my warrant; and you, Mr. Constable, will fail, at your peril, to execute it immediately. It is a most painful duty," continued Mr. Camp, as he signed the important paper; "but I should do it even were it my own son." And, laying down the pen, and resting his arms upon those of the chair he sat in, he assumed the expression and attitude which have been given to Brutus in Thierry's celebrated picture.

Taking with him two assistants, Mr. Bumphey went round by Abbey Grange; and, seeing post-horses just entering the stable-yard, where stood a new carriage to which they were about to be attached, he thought it would be his best plan to proceed towards Knight's Carey, as Sir Jonah, even if he had left home, would have to pass them on the road.

The constable was right. They encountered him as he was coming out of his own gates; and having read the warrant, he returned with them to the house.

In the mean time the wedding party from Abbey Grange had proceeded towards the church.

If ever wretchedness was seated in one of Hobson's travelling chariots, drawn by four grey horses, it was now. Many a bride has "shed some natural tears," but Helen's were the bitter agony of misery and desolation; and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

As they turned the corner of the churchyard, a groom rode up, at full gallop, to Henry Pigott; who immediately ordered the postilions to stop; and going up to his sister's carriage, he gave directions that they should return to the Grange, while he himself was driven rapidly in the direction of Knight's Carey.

When they had reached home, the rumours that were afloat were told to Helen; and, stupified by all that had occurred, she scarcely knew whether she had cause for thankfulness or grief.

Her first act was to divest herself of her bridal decorations; and to seek relief in the kindness and consolations of the sister-in-law to whom she had become so much attached.

The friends of Sir Jonah, including one or two magistrates in addition to Mr. Camp, with Henry Pigott, and Mr. Hayman, had assembled at Knight's Carey.

During the painful scene which followed, Sir Jonah seemed to dwell less upon his own innocence than upon the ignorance and ingratitude of Mr. Camp. Some of them blamed him for his precipitancy; but he maintained, with dogged firmness, that he had merely done a painful duty; and be that as it might, there seemed no course left but to commit the accused to Ilbury gaol, there to await the verdict of a jury.

There are now some scattered incidents to be gathered up.

Previous to the event which has just occupied our attention, while Mr. Pigott was engaged with his interests in the borough, or preparing to meet the petition, or sharing the counsels and amusements of Sir Jonah, Mary's greatest pleasure was to walk with Helen on the long pier which protected the little port of Stoke from the sea; and, occasionally taking one of the sailing-boats that plied for hire, they had gone out for short distances into the bay.

Once, when Henry was with his friend for two days' shooting, she was prevailed upon to trust to the *chaperonnage* of his mother and Mrs. Freelove, and accompany an *improvised* pic-nic party who were to proceed to their rendezvous by water; the commander of the coast blockade having placed his cutter at their disposal.

Henry, on his return, was exceedingly annoyed at this; he had himself refused similar invitations, and he intimated to Mary that he thought her going without him was "a gross impropriety."

It was harsh language to one whose mind a guilty thought had rarely crossed, and where it never found an abiding-place. It pained her deeply; but she still submitted in silence. He seemed determined to deprive himself of her affections; but the hour had not yet come.

A woman's heart bears much before it is deadened.

Blake Whitmore—of whose fortunes we have too often lost sight—had been called to the bar. He had also taken his seat for Selborough; and had done good service, though it was not in his power to prevent the downward progress of a falling ministry.

In one of their conversations at the close of the session, "It is very extraordinary," said Lord Weybridge, "that these men should be so bent upon displacing us, for they *know* that they cannot carry on the government themselves. Our only course, however, is to take the chance of what may occur in the spring; and if the House is not more with us, there must be an appeal to the country. How shall you stand as to Selborough? Your predecessor, Mr. Borer Goodenough, I am told, is very much dissatisfied, and complains that he was unfairly prevailed upon to resign his seat. I do not know what may have passed between him and Lascelles; but is it not Pascal who says '*On ne peut contenter tout le monde*'?"

Mr. Whitmore said that he had reason to hope that he should be well supported by his present constituents. He had fortunately steered through the affair of their new town-bill without giving offence to any party.

"Then you have shown great dexterity," said Lord Weybridge. "I have known more seats lost from those paltry collisions of local interests than by the grossest political delinquencies." And with this their conference, which had been occupied with more important matters, was brought to a close.

Mr. Fairfield and his daughter had left Paris on their way to Italy. Ellen Fairfield had frequently written to Blake; had been delighted with her tour; and expressed her gratitude to the friends who had induced her father to make a change by which his health had already been so materially benefited.

XV.

"GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?"

AT one of the many meetings of Sir Jonah Foster's friends which were held for making arrangements preparatory to his trial, it was strongly urged by Mr. Hayman, and finally acceded to—though without a word of approbation from Henry Pigott—that Mr. Whitmore, already a rising man, and interested in all that affected his native town, should have a special retainer for the defence. The people of Stoke considered that its character was implicated in the result.

At last the judges arrived at Ilbury; and the trial, which was looked forward to with intense interest, was fixed to take place on the following Monday. The rank of the accused, the youth and beauty of his victim, the apparent absence of motive for so fearful a crime, and the circumstances under which it had been committed and discovered, caused it to be regarded as one of the most extraordinary cases upon record.

When the prisoner was placed at the bar, he did not show the deathly pallor which usually marks the unhappy beings who are in such a position. On the contrary, he had a flushed and excited appearance; and more of the alarmed yet defiant look of a culprit who had just been apprehended, than of one who had lain for weeks in prison.

After the usual preliminaries, the first witness called was old Barton, who was led into court, and gave evidence as to the time and circumstances when his daughter left her home.

"I believe," asked Mr. Whitmore, "that she made some observation to you about dying?"

The father repeated what she had said. "But don't believe it, gentlemen," he continued; "they have tried to take away her character now she's gone; but don't believe it. She was always a good child to her poor blind father. It came upon me, your honours, when I was on the coast of Africa. I had a wife and daughter then. But my wife's dead; and my daughter, they *tell* me that she's dead; but oh! it cannot be!—and yet my poor Bessie would not leave me, living. And they have sent me to the Union. A poor old man that never wished to trouble them. I am dark, your honours; quite *dark*. And my Bessie; my poor—dear—child!—*she* was my *only* support. I have no other; none—no, none!" And, bending upon his staff, the old weather-beaten man wept like an infant.

Though Mr. Whitmore considered the words made use of by Bessie as

being very important to his client, he regretted to see the effect which poor Barton's vehement and irrepressible grief had produced upon the court and jury.

"James Darrell!" was called next; and, with a very unshamefaced look, he shambled into the witness-box.

When he had answered some unimportant questions, Mr. Goodstock, Q.C., as counsel for the prosecution, asked him if he knew Bessie Barton.

"Not much," said Jim; "the prisoner kepted she."

Mr. Whitmore suggested that the witness should confine his replies to the questions asked.

"You saw her," proceeded Mr. Goodstock, "at the entrance of her father's cottage. At what hour might that be?"

"Seven."

"You saw her there at seven o'clock?"

"There, or thereabouts," replied Jim; adding, in a less audible tone, "I'm not particular to a shade or two."

"Do you know anything as to the manner of her death?"

"I should think I did."

He was desired to express himself in a manner less disrespectful to the court. Jim had been more accustomed to the bar than the witness-box; but, in answer to the questions put to him, he afterwards went on to detail, very accurately, the circumstances of the murder as they have already been related.

Mr. Whitmore then commenced his cross-examination.

"You say that you were present at the murder?"

"I was present when Sir Jonah put she into the pool."

"And you tried to save her?"

"No I didn't."

"No!"

"No. I wasn't going to let them find *me* alone with the body."

"And you expect those twelve gentlemen in the jury-box to believe you?"

"I don't care whether they believe me or not."

"Pray, Darrell, is Stoke Dotterell your place of abode?"

"Yes."

"You live there?"

"Why you *know* I do, Mr. Whitmore; you lived there yourself." At which a few of the briefless looked at each other and smiled, and one of them *pen-and-inked* a caricature of Mr. Whitmore and Jim Darrell shaking hands, surmounted by a piquant epigraph.

"It is not what *I* know, Darrell, but what I wish the jury to know. Have you always lived at Stoke?"

"Yes."

"Always?"

"Why yes."

"Did you never live at Ilbury?"

"No."

"Never?" asked Mr. Whitmore.

"No."

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"You have stayed there for some time, occasionally?"

"Perhaps I may."

"Now, Mr. Darrell, have the goodness to tell the jury whether you were not twelve months in Ilbury gaol for a felony?"

"Well!" said Jim, with some surprise, "that's coming it pretty sharp, ain't it?"

"But is it *true*?"

"You seem to *know* it is."

"And you have been there, now and then, for poaching?"

"Yes, I own to that."

"And you were committed for sending a threatening letter?"

"Yes; but they couldn't make that out."

"No," said Mr. Whitmore, "but I believe, Darrell, that you *did* send the letter?"

"Am I obliged to answer him?"

"I think not," said the judge.

"Well," cried Jim, "I'm glad there's honour among *some* of us, anyhow."

He was again reminded to be more respectful towards the court.

"Oh, very well," he said; adding (*sotto voce*), "but the court's not always very respectful to me."

"You were sent to Ilbury for poaching, once or twice, by Sir Jonah Foster?" continued Mr. Whitmore.

"Yes: it was mostly by he."

"And you said that you would be revenged?"

Jim did not reply.

"You said that you would be revenged, even if it cost him his life?"

The judge looked good-humoredly at Mr. Whitmore, as much as to say, "I think you scarcely *expect* him to give you an answer."

"It is immaterial, my lord. I can prove it by other witnesses. You may go down, Darrell."

"I think it's about time," said Jim. And he joined the crowd below, who regarded him as play-goers would have regarded a principal performer, had he stepped from the stage into the pit at the conclusion of his part.

Mr. Whitmore had long found out the importance of being upon good terms with the jury. He never addressed them in a tone of dictation or authority; and whenever he had extracted anything from a witness which was favourable to his client, his look towards them expressed that he confided in their intelligence for a full perception of its weight and effect.

There was a breathless silence when he proceeded to address them. He told them, however, that, exhausted as they must feel, he should occupy very little of their time. All parties were bound to acknowledge the marked and patient attention which they had so long devoted to the case before them. Their verdict, he presumed, would depend upon the testimony of a single witness; and with that testimony, in all its repulsive aspects, so completely before them, he willingly left the fate of his client entirely in their hands.

As witnesses for the defence, he called the landlord of the Hunter's Lodge, who repeated all that Darrell had said of Sir Jonah on the night

of the murder; and then a labourer named James Dare, a constant frequenter of the same public-house, who swore that, on several occasions, Darrell had said that he would, sooner or later, be revenged upon Sir Jonah Foster, even if it should be to the taking of his life.

His last witness was Mr. Peery, who coolly deposed that his master was at Knight's Carey before seven o'clock, and never left his own premises during the remainder of the evening.

Mr. Whitmore then sat down, very much to the disappointment of everybody except the court and jury.

Many had come to hear an oration from one of the best parliamentary debaters of the day, who was also spoken of as a future attorney-general; and many had come because they had known him as a boy. Amongst them all there was a murmur of dissatisfaction and regret; and some thought that little more than a score of words were too dearly paid for by the retainer which he was reported to have received.

Henry Pigott sent a pencil-note to Mr. Hayman, insinuating that they had "*been sold*."

But Blake Whitmore had kept up a feeling between himself and the jury, on which he had full reliance.

The counsel for the prosecution intimated that he should not again trouble the court: and all now listened in anxious expectation for the judge's charge.

He told the jury that he thought a sound discretion had been exercised in leaving the case entirely to *them*. It involved no difficult point of law; and of the evidence they were the best judges. In recapitulating it, he reminded them that the wretched father—whom every one present must have commiserated—had deposed to words having been uttered by the deceased, which showed at least a possibility of her having committed suicide; and though they had the evidence—so rarely obtainable—of an eye-witness of the supposed murder, it had been given in such a manner, and was proved to have been tainted with such feelings towards the prisoner, and the witness was himself so depraved, that he thought they might, possibly, hesitate before they condemned a fellow-creature to death on testimony so suspicious. "I do not think, gentlemen," he concluded, "that it is necessary I should say more; but if you wish my opinion upon any point that seems to present a difficulty, I shall be ready to give it."

The jury turned round in their box; and a puffy, bilious-looking little gentleman, who had voted against Sir Jonah at the last election, said that, of course, there could not be any doubt of his guilt; but finding that *the eleven* were decidedly against him, and having no wish to try his powers of endurance by playing against such odds, he admitted that he had probably been hasty in giving his opinion. "I would not," said the foreman, "hang a cat upon such evidence;" and in less than a quarter of an hour a verdict was delivered of NOT GUILTY.

"Under the circumstances, gentlemen," said the judge (with some appearance of emphasis upon the words)—"*under the circumstances*, a very proper verdict."

"Well," cried Darrell, who had remained in court, "I'm blazed if I ever heered anything like that!" And he spoke true; for when he had himself been in a similar situation, it had always been "GUILTY."

"Take that person into custody," shouted the crier.

But the attention of the spectators was again directed towards the prisoner.

He was retiring from the bar, supported by Henry Pigott and Mr. Peery. He had heard the verdict, apparently without any emotion, and had proceeded about a dozen steps, when he fell senseless in their arms. It was whispered in court—and the report was soon found to be true—that Sir Jonah Foster was dead.

The hand of Heaven had done what man had been unable to accomplish.

XVI.

THE ENTAIL.

HOWEVER the great events of life may sometimes seem to make Time pause, their contemporary smaller ones let him go forward on his course pretty much as usual. On the evening of the trial Mrs. Freelove had a card-party; and the intelligence of Sir Jonah's death having previously reached Stoke Dotterell, it was commented upon as follows:

"And so he's really dead."

"It's very shocking."

"Who deals?"

"And to die so young!"

"*Spades, I see, are trumps.*"

"It would have been better if he had been married to Miss Pigott twelve months since."

"*You have no heart, sir, I presume?*"

"No. *You might have known that by my play.*"

"Sir Jonah was not the *best* man in the world, certainly. He was always contriving something for nobody's advantage but his own, and——"

"*What's the result?*"

"*The trick, and no honours.*"

"But it's a pity we shan't have him as our candidate at the next election."

"*We scored two before.*"

"*Exactly.*"

"There's no one else has the least chance."

"*And that gives us the game.*"

Such was the funeral oration of Sir Jonah Foster. And with him the baronetcy became extinct.

Mrs. Pigott's maid, Charlotte, had been permitted to go to Ilbury with her father, whom a subpoena, in what was called, in those days, the "*great right-of-way case*," had obliged (not unwillingly) to attend; and, on her return, she was full of all that she had seen and heard.

In her account of it to Helen, she said, "And then, miss, what a gentleman Mr. Whitmore is! He seemed the head of all the court. I heard Squire Dingle say to Mr. Bingley that he would soon be the attorney's *general*; and *that*, I suppose, would place him above his own father."

Though Helen did not at first understand to what promotion poor Charlotte's information referred, she was glad, even from such evidence as this, to learn the estimation in which Blake Whitmore was held.

"But he looked pale," said Charlotte—"paler than Sir Jonah, who only looked pale now and then."

"Perhaps it was his wearing powder," suggested Helen.

"Perhaps it was," said her maid. "He did not look *ill*, either. His eyes and mouth were beautiful at times; when he turned towards the jury, or smiled at Jim Darrell's nonsense; for that dismal young villain's account of what he pretended to have seen took up half the time we were there."

Helen could now listen to all this without pain, and—silly though it was—with interest.

Blake Whitmore, on his way through Stoke, passed a few hours at his father's. He would willingly have called at Abbey Grange; but, under the circumstances of Sir Jonah's death, he merely left his card for Mrs. Pigott. And with how many recollections was it surrounded, as Helen saw it lying on the table at which he had himself so often sat!

To her brother, all that had occurred was of an importance which no one had anticipated. It was to influence the whole future of his life.

When the funeral had taken place, and while a hatchment with a conspicuous "*RESURGAM*" was being fixed upon the front of Knight's Carey, the papers left by the deceased were produced by Messrs. Dangerfield and Pounce, and read in the presence of Mr. Hayman and Henry Pigott.

Being *seized in fee* of the estates of Knight's Carey and Green Norton, he had by his will devised them—subject to the provisions of his marriage settlements—to his "first or other sons in tail male;" and in default of sons, "with remainder to his daughters in tail female;" and, in the *event of his dying without issue*, to his friend Henry Pigott and to his sons in tail male, and his daughters in tail female, with remainder, &c., &c., &c.

Though these arrangements had evidently been made with direct reference to his unaccomplished marriage with Helen Pigott, it was decided by the opinion of eminent counsel that the devise to Henry was a valid one; and having been in some measure confirmed by conveyances executed by Sir Jonah previous to his trial, no one appeared to dispute the succession.

The "chattels personal" were bequeathed upon trust, so as to vest in like manner; but there were claims on the part of agents and solicitors which seemed likely to abstract a considerable portion, both of the supposed balances with the bankers and of the future rents.

In every other respect, Henry was now the "monarch of all he surveyed;" and one of his first acts when left alone was to search for the papers connected with the conveyance of the property at Cubleigh, and to commit them to the flames.

"So perish," he muttered to himself, "the last traces of a deed in which there appears to have been as much of folly as of guilt; and more of the latter seems to have been attributable to that old miser Sir Roger than to my poor weak father. It was a desperate effort to get back his money; and, after all, its only result was to hold the victim and his

children in the power of himself and of—*my deceased friend*. But now, thank Heaven, there is an end of it."

In about a week he had taken possession of Knight's Carey.

The house itself was an extensive building, and a very perfect specimen of the style of architecture which prevailed during the reigns of the later Tudors. As seen by the traveller from the high road to Ilbury, standing on a well-wooded eminence, it might have been regarded as an enviable place of abode; but the charm was dissipated upon a nearer approach. The park-ground which stretched before it was badly laid out, and had been roughly kept; and on every other side it was surrounded by a thick belt of trees enclosed by high stone walls, which gave it very much the appearance of a private lunatic asylum.

Here his wife now found herself doomed to dwell, separated from her own connexions, with little to interest her, and in a scattered neighbourhood, where she felt—and was often made to feel—that she was a stranger.

She sometimes thought with regret of the rough kindness of her uncle Keely, of the happy hours which she had passed on board the *Cherub*, and of poor Block, who had loved her as his own child, and who looked up to her as something better than humanity; and it was a consolation to her amidst her sufferings to know that his comforts, for the remainder of his life, had been amply provided for.

Her own future was dimmed by the prospect of a home made cheerless by the altered feelings of the only being on whom her hopes of happiness could rest. And yet his feelings could scarcely be said to have changed. He loved her as much as he was capable of loving anything; but selfishness had now concentrated his thoughts, and he had no regard but for the objects connected with his schemes of petty ambition.

Upon his accession to Knight's Carey he had been put into the commission of the peace, and he devoted himself to its duties with the fussy activity of one to whom it was a novel dignity. This and the preparations for maintaining his seat in parliament before a committee occupied him almost entirely, and his mind was at other times fully engrossed with the prospects which were to open to him upon his admission to the House.

Happily for Mary, a son was born to them, and in the new and absorbing feelings of a mother all else was forgotten. She looked upon his face for hours, and traced, with mingled thoughts of pleasure and of pain, his likeness to his father.

It was about this time, upon a mild afternoon in autumn, that while the inhabitants, on the sunny side of the inclined plane which formed the principal street of Stoke, were in front of their houses, enjoying the pleasant air, a stranger was seen passing slowly upwards, who attracted some notice. He was clad in what had once been a new dress-suit of black, including tight pantaloons, below which appeared grey worsted stockings, and a dilapidated pair of thin shoes. His hat was of a degree of badness which has passed into a proverb; and, in his hand, he carried a parcel about the size of a quarto volume, that contained not merely the materials for his toilet, but also the whole of the personal property he possessed:

And as he treads the village street,
Strange eyes upon him gaze.

Amongst others, Mr. Bumphey, the constable, was leaning out of his window; and at the door adjoining his own, with somewhat of a bewildered look, sat his neighbour, Mrs. Annett, who represented, in the female line, the oldest inhabitant, the male branch of that respectable family being deaf and bedridden. It was to her that the worthy constable generally referred in cases of doubtful recollection; and now addressing her, "Pray, Mrs. Annett," he asked, "have you any notion who that is? He looks about him as if he either knew the place, or was taking notes for a burglary."

"Why that," replied Mrs. Annett, resuming a piece of needlework which had lain upon her knee, "is just what I was a thinking about, and it can be no other than Dick Simmons, the lawyer's clerk."

"Dick Simmons!" exclaimed the constable. "Why, Mrs. Annett, what can you be dreaming of? Dick Simmons, you know, died at the Hunter's Lodge, and was buried by the parish the same day as old Mr. Pigott was buried."

"I know all that," rejoined Mrs. Annett; "but it's more like *him* than anything *living*, and it quite gave me a tremble to look at him. If I had met him by the churchyard wall at dusk, I should have dropped."

"Stuff and nonsense!" muttered Mr. Bumphey; "the old woman has lost what little wit she ever had." And he kept his eyes upon the stranger till he disappeared at the top of the street.

As he passed by Abbey Grange, he looked at it with a confused remembrance, and then made the best of his way across the common to the Hunter's Lodge.

On entering the guest-room, he found Jim Darrell as its only occupant, who regarded the new comer's faded and inconsistent habiliments with something of contempt, and for a time said nothing.

The stranger, who had called for bread-and-cheese and beer, at last addressed him:

"I suppose you live in these parts?"

"I should rayther suppose I do," replied Darrell.

"And know the neighbourhood, perhaps?"

"I should think I did," said Darrell, with a knowing look at Mr. Brown, who was now standing at the window of the bar.

"Then you can probably tell me if old Squire Pigott is still living?"

"No; he's dead."

"Indeed!"

"Just so!"

"And Sir Roger Foster?"

"He's dead."

"And his son, who would be Sir Jonah?"

"He's dead too," said Darrell, "and, blow him, he ought to have been hanged first."

"Then who has the estate?"

"Why young Pigott," answered Darrell; "but that's a long story. And now, if it's no offence, who are *you*? for I don't suppose you are asking all these questions for nothing."

"Why I was once known here," said the stranger, "but it was before *yonder* landlord's time, and must have been before *you* grew up. Some

of the older folks at Stoke would recollect me as Dick Simmons, a lawyer's clerk."

"Come, that won't *do*, old fellow," said Darrell. "Dick Simmons died in this same house, and was buried by the parish the very day as old Squire Pigott was buried by his friends. Wasn't he, Mr. Brown?"

"Ay," replied the landlord, "that's true enough."

"But I *am* Dick Simmons," said the stranger, "for all that."

"Blessed if I don't think you are an impostor," rejoined Darrell; "how can you be a man that we all saw buried?"

"And Squire Pigott *knew* him as Dick Simmons," added Mr. Brown.

"Oh! I can see how it is," cried the stranger; "it's quite right; and to make clear, I'll tell you all about it. When I left Stoke, many years ago, and went to London, I got engaged in a will case, for which I was tried and sent abroad."

"*By Jove!*" exclaimed Darrell, preceding it by a low whistle, "to Bottomy Bay!"

"Exactly so. But there were others worse than me in the business. There's a fortune in roguery as well as in war. However, that's no matter. *They* got off, and *I* was sent out; and a miserable time I had of it upon the voyage; enough to punish a man for more sins than I had ever committed since I was born. It gave me a very good notion of what slaves suffer upon the middle-passage; and God help them! Well! everything has an end; and in time we landed at Sydney. Amongst my fellow-convicts, as they called us, was a man named Bill Darkin. He was about my own height, and was considered not unlike me."

"Indeed! He must have been a fine-looking fellow, *he* must," said Darrell.

"I don't know as to that," answered the stranger, unsuspicious of his companion's meaning.

"Oh, uncommon!" said Darrell.

"At any rate," continued the stranger, "we became very intimate. Perhaps it was the likeness that first drew us to each other: so I looked upon it as rather fortunate when I found that we were both placed with the same master. He lived up the country, but used to come down to Sidney with wool; and when we were out with his sheep on those wide plains where not a sound was heard, and the silence was sometimes terrible, we used to pass the time in telling each other our adventures in England, though I think he got more out of *me* than I ever got out of him. At last our time run out, and we became free; but we agreed to remain in the colony and work for ourselves till we got something worth while to go home with. I saved faster than he did, for he was always fond of drink, and one day that I had quarrelled with him for being such a fool, he went off in a huff, and took his passage on board a vessel that was just sailing for London."

"Well," cried Darrell, who was a bad listener, "but *what's it all about?*"

"Why it comes to this," said the stranger: "Bill Darkin, I have no doubt, had got through his money in London, and remembering what I had often told him—for, at first, I never thought I should be in England again myself, and in those long days we used to tell the same stories over

and over again—no doubt he came down here to try and get something out of old Pigott for himself. But, holloa! is that five o'clock? Then I must say good-by, for I have to meet the mail at Ilbury, and I shouldn't like to be too late."

"Oh, no!" said Darrell, looking at the diminutive bundle, "you are right not to be too late, or they mightn't have room for your luggage. But, Mr. Brown, bring me a quart of *my* mixture. We must drink to another meeting. So it was Bill Darkin that died, and you are Dick Simmons? Your good health, Mr. Simmons: we may likely help each other. *My* name's Jim Darrell, the boy what cares for nobody; and you may always hear of me at the Hunter's Lodge."

Simmons pledged him, paid his own small reckoning, and departed.

"Now that chap, to look at him," soliloquised Darrell, "might pass for a lawyer's clerk, a broken-down dancing-master, a butler who had been kicked out of his last place, or a strolling player. But what was it he said?—'To try and get something out of old Pigott for himself.' I say, Mr. Brown, by putting this and that together, I think I could get something out of *young* Pigott for *myself*."

"What a pity it is, Jim," said the landlord, "that a fine, strong young fellow like you should give himself up to poaching and contriving and such like, and never know what day he may be caught up, when he might easily get his living in an honest and respectable way."

"Why I can't say as to that: but don't you see, Mr. Brown," replied Darrell, "to get my living in what you call an honest and respectable way, I should have to *work* for somebody, and that's what I don't like. I like to be what they call the voters at Stoke election—free and independent. It's true that some days I don't know where to get a dinner; but what does that signify? Better luck the next. As to poaching, I can't see much harm in it; and when I do anything worse, I suppose the devil puts me up to it: he's a cunning chap, and puts folks up to many things as they shouldn't do. He'll perhaps be at you some day, Mr. Brown. But I must be off. If I have only luck down yonder to-night, I shall not want for a dinner, and a drink too, either to-morrow or the next day." And pouring forth part of his favourite moral ditty—

"I sold it for five shillings, my boys,
But I did not tell you where,
And it's my delight on a shiny night,
In this season of the year"—

he moved with rapid strides in the direction of Deadman's Pool.

ALICE'S DREAM.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

BLITHE as birds in the summer weather,
 Laughing and singing altogether,
 May and Laura, and little Jeannette,
 Marian and Milly, and sweet Lisette,
 Now in the sunshine, now in shadow,
 Rambled through glen, and wood, and meadow;
 Now by the river, with eager hands
 Landing the lilies with hazel wands—
 The floating lilies, golden and white,
 That basked in the June day's warmth and light.
 They bound their stems with the long green rushes
 That grew round the roots of the alder bushes;
 With river grasses, long drooping plumes,
 With hedgerow roses, and meadow blooms
 They wreathed their hats, and looped their tresses,
 And draped the skirts of their flowing dresses,
 And joyed in the fair and glorious day,
 Thoughtless and lovely, and bright and gay,

But Alice alone

On a grey mossed stone

Sat watching the stream flow on its way.

May had a shape of fairy lightness,
 Laura's black eyes were of diamond brightness;
 And little Jeannette had curls of jet,
 That ever escaped from her silken net;
 Marion was nymph-like, and tall, and fair,
 With gold-threaded masses of soft brown hair,
 And lips of crimson, and small light feet
 That seemed to keep time to her glad heart's beat;
 Milly had cheeks that grew pale or flushed,
 As grief or joy on her spirit rushed;
 And sweet Lisette was a darling and pet,
 Whose face once seen you could never forget;
 But Alice was flower and queen of all,
 Her low rich voice had a plaintive fall,
 And her eyes looked forth with a steady light,
 Gentle and loving, more clear than bright,
 From drooping lashes, as dark and long
 As e'er were lauded in poet's song;
 Her broad arched brow was smooth and fair,
 Set in the folds of her braided hair;
 But over that brow a shadow lay,
 As she watched the light of the fading day

Pass and die,

From the stream and sky,

And twilight steal onward, dim and grey.

Weary, yet joyous, along the path
 Which led from the coppice across the rath,
 Linked together, far sweeter flowers
 Than those they had culled from the banks and bowers,
 May and Laura, and little Jeannette,
 Marion and Milly, and sweet Lisette,

Wandered down to the mossy stone
Where Alice sat thinking, all alone.
"Alice, arise! now hie we home,
The sun is set, and the shadows come;
The daisies are shut, and the bindweed bells
Lie shrivelled and closed in their leafy cells;
The owls are hooting, the rooks are still,
The moon is rising behind the hill;
The dew is falling, the night-breeze sighs,
Alice, thou dreamer, arise! arise!"

But she said with a sigh, "My sisters sweet,
The daisies may close beneath my feet,
The birds of the air may come and go,
The night-winds around me whisper low,
Yet leave me, and go,—I wait for one,
Whose coming I fain would greet alone.
Ye call me a dreamer—ah, bitter truth!
Dreams have cankered my bloom of youth.
Dreams of horror have filled the night,
And I have prayed for the morning light;—
But all in vain, for the peace I sought
Were the weary hours the sunshine brought;
The anguish in sleep and darkness born,
Fled not when rose the glorious morn.
One night in a troubled sleep I dreamed,
And clear and vivid the vision seemed:
I saw an ocean where great ships lay,
And the bristling hulls flashed back each ray
Of the bright hot sun, and wide unfurled
Floated the flags of half the world.

"I stood alone, on a strange wild shore,
Where the waves broke aye with a sullen roar;
Dark barren hills rose high and wild
To the clear blue heaven that o'er them smiled;
Tents filled the valleys, and all around
Rose low brown heaps, like a burial-ground;
But countless were the grave-mounds there,
Rough and rugged, and dry and bare;
Yet terrible things lay on the sand,
And fire-cleft smoke was o'er the land.

"The thundering roar of cannon broke
Never hushed, through that wavering smoke,
And darkest the heavy war-cloud lowered
Over a city walled and towered,
And a mighty army below and without
Those granite forts were camped about.
Oh, sisters! never heard ear before
Such cries as the wind that long day bore.
The night came on ere the fight was done—
I knew not, asked not, who lost or won—
And the moon arose all crimson red
As I wandered on through the hosts of dead.

"Happy were they, for their pangs were o'er—
The senseless corpses could feel no more—
But the wounded and dying writhed in pain,
Calling for succour and aid in vain.

Red shone the moon, and with straining sight
 I turned each dead face to the light :
 I saw grey warriors stern and grim,
 Youth and manhood, but saw not *him*.

"Yet onward still, through the straggling balls,
 I came to a trench beneath the walls,
 And down in its depths I saw *him* lie,
 The film of death on that dark proud eye,
 His white teeth clenched, and his brave heart cold,
 And his sword grasped fast in his stiff'ning hold.
 I cried aloud, and my anguish broke
 The trance of horror, and I awoke.

"All day I strove with a ceaseless strife
 To bind my thoughts to the things of life,
 But blood stained the page I would have read :
 Ever before me lay the dead.
 Oh ! Marian ! Marian ! if such things be,
 This night shall his spirit meet with me.
 Come near. Last night, ere the moon rose high—
 Low drifting clouds swept o'er the sky—
 I saw him. Nay, Marian ! if life be mine,
 If ever my gaze or clasp met thine,
 So surely is this no fantasy,
 So surely the dead came back for me."

Few were the days that fled since then
 Ere triumph beat high in the hearts of men ;
 Bells were ringing, and gladness reigned
 For a battle fought and a victory gained,
 And the cries of the mourners who wailed their dead
 Were lost in the cheers which glory led.
 One, with a pale cheek turned away
 From the list of the brave bold bands that lay
 On the red field by their prowess won
 Under the hot Crimean sun,
 For *his* was there ; and though dreams might show
 And visions foretel this bitter woe,
 Yet could she not scan the line which told
 That the heart which had loved her was still and cold.
 Oh bride unwedded ! oh constant heart !
 Not death himself can thy firm faith part
 From him with whose lot thine own was cast—
 Thy first love, he shall be thy last.

Grave and still in the autumn weather,
 Slowly, sadly, altogether,
 The light of form and the radiant eyed
 Roamed along by the river side.
 And Alice was there among them still—
 Ah ! rarely doth sorrow swiftly kill—
 She sheds no tears which man can see,
 She seeketh no human sympathy,
 But He who can read the heart doth know,
 And pity her deep and voiceless woe :
 He will not burden His own with care
 Greater than He gives strength to bear.

OCCASIONAL NOTES ON LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

V.—VILLEMAIN.

It is not often that an academical lecturer has the power, supposing him to have the will, to rouse his auditory to enthusiasm, so as to be "run after" by excited students as a lion of the day. Your popular lecturers at literary Athenæums and Mechanics' Institutes are of quite another class; generically speaking—and passing over specific exceptions, in the case of a dilettanti millionaire or a benignant and bookish peer—they are men who live to please, and must please to live. If they become in the least too didactic, the committee beg to decline their services at the ensuing course. The academical lecturer must be didactic, or nothing; he is there to teach; and thrice happy man is his dole if those who come to be taught come with interest, come with eagerness, come in throngs, and before the time. Such happiness it was M. Villemain's fortune to realise. The excitement of a full lecture-room at Cambridge, to hear Adam Sedgewick preach extempore on antediluvian relics, and follow his lusty strides over the pre-Adamite earth, back, and still back, until he seems bordering on Chaos and old Night—or of one at Edinburgh, in days bygone, *dies boreales*, to hear John Wilson evoke a soul from beneath the ribs of that death the antic, metaphysics,—those who have "assisted" at these displays, will have a better notion of the liaison between Villemain and his audience, a quarter of a century ago, than can be drawn from the ordinary type of university lecture-rooms, where a Regius professor drowsily addresses a very select circle, in number possibly verging on its teens, quite improbably out of them. M. Villemain's course on French literature and the Middle Ages, has long been accepted in our own land, as evincing a much wider and more accurate acquaintance with our own writers, than is usually to be found among the best-informed Frenchmen: his criticism, said the Quarterly Reviewer of Guizot's Gibbon, is of a high and generous, as well as extremely candid tone—his style, on the whole, singularly pure and attractive. Another critic, in the same Review, has called him, on this last account, the French Addison. It is undeniable, however, that his lectures bear marks of haste, and of that occasional sacrifice of taste to brilliancy, inseparable, perhaps, from popular addresses orally delivered.* The *Cours de Littérature Française* has been described as, virtually, a course of European literature at large, embracing every progressive movement of mind and genius in modern civilisation, during the two important epochs whose literary history it contains: the middle ages, a season of renaissance and development; and the eighteenth century, a season of universal analysis, exegesis, and restless progress; comprising together an immense subject, which includes, within five centuries, the real annals of the human race, moral and intellectual, from Dante to Joseph de Maistre—from the inspired bard who opened the gates of hell before the scared eyes of the imagination, to the philosopher who shut

* See *Quarterly Rev.*, L., 286.

them on the hopes of man. In this work, says Augustin Thierry, "we find, in its highest perfection, the alliance of criticism with history, of the painting of manners with the appreciation of ideas, of the character of men with the character of their writings, and the reciprocal influence of the writer and the age, one on the other. This twofold view, reproduced in a multitude of forms and with a truly wonderful variety of observations, exalts literary history to the dignity of social history, and makes of it a new science, of which M. Villemain is the creator." The lecturer was frequently favoured with letters pertinent and impertinent, practical and impracticable, laudatory and oburgatory, on the matter and manner of his addresses; and the substance of these he occasionally communicated to his listeners. For example: "I am told in a letter," he says, "that I deal too much in judgments. No, gentlemen; I doubt, I conjecture, I discuss; I make known to you an impression which you adopt, which you improve upon; but I do not judge. There are in these lectures, not so much ideas ready-made, as the germs of ideas." How vital a germinating power they possessed, France has seen in their unmistakable influence on so many of her rising *littérateurs*. Apart, too, from the particular direction the Professor gave to the bent of his disciples' studies, the incitements to pursue this line, the cautions against following that,—there was a large and lasting effect produced by the mere enthusiasm of his love of letters—a wholesome contagion (*sic venia verbo*) imparted by the glow, the ardour of his devotion to study. They could not but catch something of the zeal which inspired their master—justifying his ability to sympathise to the full with even the pedant *Wagner's* raptures, in journeying

—from book to book, from page to page :
Then winter nights grow cheerful ; keen delight
Warms every limb ; and ah ! when we unrol
Some old and precious parchment, at the sight
All heaven itself descends upon the soul.*

He dwells lovingly on Fontenelle's description of his delightful days and nights of study, *avec quelques jeunes compatriotes*, in a *petite maison* of the faubourg St. Jacques. "Who," he exclaims, "who is not touched, gentlemen, by this *souvenir* ? and, among those who hear me, are there not many whose lamp may be seen of an evening, in this same quartier St. Jacques,—the lamp which lights their laborious watches of the night, and their conferences in study, to which we shall some day owe men of renown, a Bichat, a Dupuytren, a Thierry ?" He glorifies the love of literature for itself alone, the contemplation of the beautiful in art, the search after that ideal perfection of which Plato wrote. He kindles as he recalls the revival of letters in modern Italy—the enthusiasm with which Italian imagination, "of all others the happiest," preluding by study the immortal inspiration of Ariosto and Tasso, explained, by the eloquent lips of Politian, with a warmth that cannot be revived, the marvels of Homer's genius, and of Sophocles and Euripides the grandeur and the grace. "Oh !" he cries—and the cry is the signal for *applaudissements*—"oh ! what barbarians we are in

* Goethe: "Faust."

comparison with them!" And yet he is no narrow bookman; of one idea, and many books; no unworldly student, indifferent to action and life. The difference of tone in this respect between his course and those of a thousand-and-one German professors, as dead now as their lectures were in life—and is not that the *ne plus ultra* of mortality, the superlative degree of deadness, if deadness admits of degrees?—is most real and welcome.

The "Study" of Cromwell has had many English readers, whom Villemain's version of the "tongue-saintly" usurper is more apt, than Carlyle's, or D'Aubigné's, to incite to the poet's litany, "Save us from Lord-Protectors Puritan!"* It delineates him as an extraordinary man who performed great deeds and committed great crimes, always in the name of the Most High; who rested the lying pretence of his mission on his victories; who fasted, prayed, wept before the people; who had for ever in his mouth the gospel and the glory of England; who, despot at home, with republican pride lowered the royal pride of foreign thrones; an impostor, in fact, but of lofty and decisive bearing,—a cheat, with all the appearance of sincere and entire convictions,—the Mahomet of the north,—a genius as powerful as unequal, mingling all the opposites of greatness and triviality, of energetic reason and strange fantasy. M. Guizot allows his brother-professor's *Histoire de Cromwell* to be less complete, less learned, and less exact than some of our native productions on the same subject, by such writers as Macdiarmid, Brodie, Lingard, Malcolm Laing, &c.; but he admires in it, throughout, a quick and keen comprehension of the opinions, passions, and vicissitudes of revolutions, of public tendencies, and individual character: "the historian's reason teaches him how to appreciate all situations, all ideas; his imagination is moved by all real and deep impressions; his impartiality, somewhat too sceptical if anything, is yet more animated than is frequently even the passion of partisans; and though the revolution only appears in his book confined within the narrow frame of a biography, it is clearer and more lively than I have met with it elsewhere." We in England, however, are apt, whether we profess to worship Cromwell or abominate him, to regard him jealously as national property; and, like Johnson in the case of Garrick, as to abuse, and like the Scotch in the case of Burns, as to panegyric, we resent his being meddled with by any one but ourselves.

The "Studies of Ancient and Modern Literature" discuss Herodotus and his translators; Lucretius,—so admired in France not only by the school of D'Holbach and Diderot, but by Molière (who was, however, a disciple of Gassendi), by Voltaire (who if a foe to religion was also a foe to the Mirabaud materialists), by Fontanes, and others; Cicero, of whom Villemain says, that, considered in the variety and *ensemble* of his writings, he is, perhaps, the first writer in the world—and that (the critic is a

* Tongue-saintly Cromwell in his stalwart clutch
Seizes the sceptre, knocks the gilding off,
And makes it homely as a grandam's crutch:
But woe to the malignants if they scoff
At him who wields it, Oliver, the Man!
Save us from Lord-Protectors Puritan!

Frenchman) although the sublimest and most original creations in the art of composition belong to Bossuet and Pascal, Cicero is perhaps the man who has employed the most of science and genius in the use of language, and who has introduced the most beauties and left the fewest faults, in the habitual perfection of his eloquence and his style; the Emperor Tiberius; Plutarch, that Montaigne of the Greeks, as Thomas called him, and whose influence left so lively an impression on the genius not only of Montaigne, but of Shakspeare, of Montesquieu, and Rousseau; the decline of Roman literature under the empire—with passing notices of Seneca, and Pliny, and Statius; followed by an essay on the Greek romances—comprising notes on the pompous puerilities of Philostratus in his *Life of Apollonius*, that “*Cyropædia of illuminism*,”—the “*Theagenes and Charicles*” of Heliodorus,* which the enamoured Racine learnt by heart, they say, after a first copy of it which he was caught reading, and a second, had been thrown into the fire; the “*Leucippe and Clitophon*” of Achilles Tatius, marked by a piquant variety of adventures, a rapid succession of events, a character of nature in the supernatural parts, and a style, if not unaffected, at least not without *éclat*; the pretty pastoral “*Daphnis and Chloe*” of Longus, naïve in style, ingeniously concise, altogether a little masterpiece in clearness and propriety of diction, in finesse and coquetry, rather than grace;† and other less able fictions, by Eustathius, &c., only too worthy of the wretched Lower Empire, and characterised by the exhaustion of ideas, and the peculiar intellectual impoverishment which brand that historical era. The essay on Shakspeare is known and read in England, though that not much; the number of editions it has enjoyed in France speaks better things for its appreciation there. It is in many respects generous and just, informed by a genial spirit of sympathy if not loving reverence, and altogether more satisfactory than the accompanying critiques on Milton and some later English poets.

The “*Studies of Modern History*” are instructive in matter, and in manner lively and engaging, never flippant or frothy. The story of Lascaris is perhaps a failure—its aim and pretensions considered; but the historical essay on the Greeks since the Moslem conquest is a vigorous sketch, on a subject that has ever kindled the writer’s heart with no artificial heat; and the *Life of good old Chancellor L’Hôpital* is a succinct memoir of that wise and patriotic veteran—whose policy had been one protracted effort to ward off the threatened approach of a St. Bartholomew’s-day, and who lived to see, with dimmed but distraught eyes,

* “*Heliodorus*,” says M. Villemain, “is not a Walter Scott; yet his book must for ever be regarded as a precious, I will even say *respectable*, monument,—as being the oldest source of that art of romance-writing, which has provided so much amusement for our modern Europe.”—*Essai sur les Romans Grecs*.

† On the subject of this “pretty pastoral” by Longus,—about whose date, history, and even entity, there are, by-the-by, as many doubts and conjectures as about Homer himself—M. Villemain observes: “There is in this picture of a love which is unconscious of its own existence, in this early ignorance of the heart and the senses, an infinite charm, often depicted, and always pleasing to the imagination. It is the charm we find in Gessner’s ‘*First Navigator*,’ in the scenes in Shakspeare between *Ferdinand* and *Miranda*, and lastly, and above all, in ‘*Paul and Virginia*,’ for we will not speak of the tale where Marmontel spoils the native grace of the subject by stupid indecency and learned trifling.”—*Ibid*.

the horrors of that day; and went down to his grave, a few months after, a broken battered bankrupt in mind, body, and estate.

The real aim of the *Souvenirs Contemporains*, it has been said, is to paint France as she was during the twenty years that elapsed between 1810 and 1830, to reconstruct the social edifice, and, whilst exhibiting the apparent grandeur of its architecture, its marble columns and majestic porticos, to direct attention to the "worm which, all the while, is silently gnawing at the beams and rafters, and whose labour is that of inevitable destruction." The work is heavier, and less stored with matter novel or interesting, than most who caught at the announcement of it would have supposed; but at least it is free from the flash and froth and flutter of so many contemporary Memoirs. M. de Narbonne, and his relations to the Emperor, occupy the bulk of the first volume*—the declining fortunes of Napoleon being traced out and illustrated with all sober sadness, and we watch, not without moody sympathy, how

— vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.†

Glimpses we have, now and then, of other actors on the stage to which these *Souvenirs* revert. Dumouriez: eminent in his military, uncertain in his political, character,—a man who seemed to put up his opinions to auction, to find who would put most faith in his plans and supply the speediest employment for his sword: of superior military skill, but a subaltern at heart, mobile from want of principles, notwithstanding the firmness of his mind, already—while De Narbonne was minister of war—already Girondin by calculation, ready to turn Jacobin within a month, and émigré Royalist within a year. The Duc de Broglie: admired by De Narbonne for his lofty mind, his early acquired and widely ramified knowledge, his persistent study of public right, his lively feeling, his accurate conceptions of freedom consonant with law—the latter, M. Villemain sadly remarks, as rare and novel in those days as they seem to be forgotten in these. The Marquis de Jaucourt, too: an honoured name in French literature, whose intellect was as calm as it was broad, a true sage taking part in the revolutions of his time, without losing thereby a principle or a friend. The Prince de Ligne: accomplished in court and camp, renowned for his airy graces and his solid acquirements, a kind of Chevalier de Grammont, though more honest and capable of great deeds than Hamilton's hero,—the esteemed of Maria Theresa, the favourite of Catherine II.—type of the society of the past, fit to charm the wits of a later generation. Caulaincourt: bound by ties so strong to his imperial and imperious master—an enlightened man, however, loyal, generous, sincere even to a degree of offence in the free vivacity of his language, and on such occasions rather tolerated than listened to. Duroc: as sincere and straightforward as Caulaincourt, but more gentle and temperate,—the Emperor's friend, if the term may be applied to a relation of so much reverence and humble devotion on

* A compendious abstract of which appeared in this Magazine at the time of publication. See *New Monthly*, Feb., 1854.

† King John. Act IV.

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one side, and so much pride and pomp of power on the other. Sébastiani: a follower in Napoleon's track, an admirer of his genius, a skilful and successful agent of his policy on the Bosphorus in 1809, long faithful to his cause, but more faithful to the cause of France, as he showed by his firm and judicious determination in the *Chambre élective* of the Hundred Days,—almost infallible in the sagacity of good sense—imperturbably calm—highly cultivated—one of those rare minds which can pass from the action of war to that of peace and legal freedom, from the staff of a conqueror to the committees of a legislative chamber and the councils of a constitutional king, without losing by the transit, rather indeed gaining by the development of new capacities, ever marked by superiority of reason, and a statesmanlike habit of thought. There is also a sketch of General Foy, whom, among French orators, Mr. Croker makes the representative of the anti-monarchical, anti-aristocratical, anti-legitimist tendencies of France; attributing in part his success in the tribune to the same popular feeling which distinguished Béranger among poets and Paul Louis Courier among pamphleteers: Foy would spring impulsively from his seat, and scale the tribune, according to the description of M. de Cormenin ("Timon"), as if he was advancing to victory—when there, "flinging forth his words with a haughty air, like Condé flinging his bâton of command over the redoubts of the enemy."* There is also a paper devoted to M. de Felets and some of the *Salons* of his time—including, of course, an account of the *Journal des Débats*, sometimes hiding itself from ministerial vengeance under the abstract severity of a certain logic as much proscribed as *Idéologie* itself, sometimes taking the piquant form of a sort of Voltairian polemics, which enjoyed a longer term of toleration, but eventually became obnoxious too: a journal in which were indirectly defended more than one victim or adversary of the Emperor; in which glory under a cloud was still glorified,—Delille, for instance, whose inflexible silence so annoyed Versailles, being constantly praised in its columns, and frequent homage paid to the genius of Chateaubriand, that other rebel against a dominion by which he had once been pressingly wooed and all but won. In the *Salon* scenes we have a glimpse of Lamartine, in his *legation* and *Harmonie* days, reading his newest lyric before a hundred listeners—beautiful women, sage critics, eager statesmen, old soldiers, caustic philosophers: here, in the interval of congratulations to this deputy on last night's speech, or suggestions to that on this morning's motion, the young poet† is seen standing, a conspicuous form, his head gracefully

* "For myself," adds Timon, "let who will blame my taste, I prefer these rude soldiers, who unsheath their sabres and march right upon you, to your soft rhetoricians who assassinate you with pins."—*Études sur les Orateurs Parlementaires*.

† Very different was the sort of reception vouchsafed to "the young poet," at his glittering dawn, in this country, at the hands at least of the arch-oracle of criticism, the *Edinburgh Review*. "There has appeared within the last year," quoth that blue-and-yellow complexioned cruelty, "a little work entitled 'Méditations Poétiques,' which has been profusely lauded in certain circles, but which appears to us a very unsuccessful attempt to break through the *ancien régime* of the French Parnassus, and transplant the wild and irregular graces of English poetry into the trim parterre of the Gallic Muse. What this author's notions of sublimity are, may be collected from the first stanza of one of his 'Méditations':"

bent, as he reads in a melodious voice that no debate has hitherto strained and wearied, those verses on *Le Doute*, *L'Isolément*, *Le Lac*, the first-fruits of his genius, songs, M. Villemain says, which no ear had heard before, and which the French language will never let die. General Foy is seen pressing the poet's hands, while he enthusiastically applauds the lyrics, and predicts that he will one day be the honour of the Tribune; and Benjamin Constant expresses his admiration in a calmer style, not without an air of sober irony,—comparing this new vein of poetry to Schiller's fugitive lyrics—whereupon the ladies present, who only know Schiller through this same Benjamin's sorry translation, call the parallel one of exuberant flattery towards the German bard.

Of the second volume of the *Souvenirs*, three thousand copies are said to have been sold in two days. In England it has been hailed as exhibiting a wonderful mixture of deep reflection, sharp irony, and sadness rising into the highest eloquence of expression. In France, "it burst like a sort of intellectual thunderclap in the midst of the dull somnolence of the Press, if not of public opinion in Paris." So writes the *Edinburgh Review*, which is further reminded by this "sensational," of the vogue of certain political pamphlets of Chateaubriand during the troubled times of the Restoration; recognising in Villemain's *Reminiscences* the same fire, with equal bitterness, and more genuine *esprit*. Incomplete and episodical as may be the character of these *Reminiscences*, the author had not relied without reason on their securing a cordial reception,—convinced that it is something to know the truth even in fragments, and that during the half century past the world has seen such mighty spectacles, and had such deep lessons of instruction, as cannot be grasped at once in all their length and breadth, and from which, therefore, it is useful to select passages of an interest valid for all times, and specially useful for these.

The style of his later works is somewhat less animated and varied than of old; pure, indeed, correct, and impressive, but occasionally sober to a degree of sad-coloured sobriety, and lacking spirit and relief. In his finest moods, his style is perhaps one of the safest models in French classics that can be proposed for study or imitation. It is a well-bodied,

" 'Lorsque du Créateur la parole féconde,
 Dans une heure fatale, eut enfanté le monde
 Des germes du Chaos,
 De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face,
 Et d'un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l'espace,
 Rentra dans son repos.
 Va, dit-il,' &c., &c.

"Which may be thus not unfairly translated :

" 'When the Deity saw what a world he had framed
 From the dulness of Chaos, surprised and ashamed
 He turn'd from his work with disdain;
 Then gave it a kick, to complete its disgrace,
 Which sent it off, spinning through infinite space,
 And return'd to his slumbers again;
 Saying, "Go and be," &c., &c."

EDINBURGH REVIEW, November, 1820.

There is no resisting the wicked wit of this paraphrastic parody. Surely the reviewer is self-betrayed, in the composite forces and conspiring force of mirth, malice, and metre, as the "Fudge Family"-man, Tom Moore.

fine-flavoured style ; lively without levity, often concise but not elliptical, and ornate but not florid. If his similes are sparse, they are significant. Speaking of Chateaubriand's care not to make himself too cheap by familiarising the salons with his presence, he refers to what natural history tells us of the eagles—that these royal birds have their nests at great distances from each other, each, it would seem, requiring a vast space free for purposes of prey : so with Chateaubriand, who, hovering aloft above the world of common men, found more to his taste the numerous holocausts required by his self-love, in the pride and pomp of solitary state, than that social condition which involves comparison and perhaps collision with contemporary merit. The poetry of Lucan, as a medley of the lofty and the turgid, of inflated beauty and revolting imagery, is compared to the palace of marble and gold, which Nero built on the ashes of Rome. The later Greek romances, from which all living colour has disappeared, and all distinctive features been effaced, are said to resemble the last faint engraving struck off from a used-up plate. Ducis, and his fellows, or followers, in the task of adjusting the shape of William Shakspeare to the Procustes' bed of Gallican taste, are warned that the Englishman's "terrible action, his broad development of passion, are not to be pent up within the limits" of French *règles* : so cabin'd, crib'd, confined, he no longer retains his spirit of audacious daring—"his head is tied down with the numberless threads of Gulliver." M. Villemain therefore counsels his countrymen—"Wrap not this giant in swathing-clothes ; leave him to bound at will, in wild impetuous unconstraint. Beware of cutting and hacking this forest tree, sprouting out in wanton strength, and of lopping its dense dark branches, for the sake of squaring its bared trunk to the uniform model of the gardens of Versailles." The superabounding richness of Thomson's descriptive poetry is said to resemble the purity of Virgil's, much as those Indian statues, on which the artist has conferred a multiplicity of arms, to symbolise power, resemble a Greek statue, graceful and life-like, expressing strength and motion by the attitude alone. Metaphysics, M. Villemain calls "that Penelope's web, which is ever being woven anew." Bernardin de St. Pierre, as related in time and mission to Rousseau, he calls the Elisha on whom the elder seer's mantle had fallen. Mirabeau he likens to Milton's lion,* in the first *débrouillement* of chaos—half lion, half mud (*fange*), scarce able to detach himself from the dirt (*boue*) which encrusts him, even while already he is making the lion's spring, and uttering the lion's roar.

But to conclude. The place reserved for M. Villemain in the history of French literature it is not difficult to determine, in the judgment of Gustave Planche, who assigns to him at the present time, and guarantees for him, for a long time to come, the foremost rank in criticism. No one, M. Planche asserts, knows better how to put animation into analysis. "If now and then he may have been not unjustly charged with a little

* ——— Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane.

timidity in the exposition of his doctrines, he has compensated for it by the prodigious services he has rendered to the cause of good taste and good sense. Nourished on ancient literature, he has seen the necessity of enlarging the horizon of his thought by the assiduous study of modern letters; he has multiplied the points of comparison, and, with wonderful art, has acquired a cosmopolitan taste. There is not a nation of Europe whose genius he does not understand.* To the remark that his is a natural gift, M. Planche replies, that a gift it is, no doubt, but one that would have remained barren of result, had not an every-day system of labour made it fruitful; for the very happiest degree of intelligence will not of itself avail to penetrate the genius of surrounding nations; for such a task there needs wide observation and prolonged experience. A special excellence also attributed to M. Villemain is the youthful tone which warms his researches in spite of their erudition—erudition too frequently degrading into cold curiosity, and becoming a simple exercise of the memory: whereas with him erudition is not an end but a means, not a thing to be displayed but a thing to be transformed, by reflection, dissection, revivification. "Enlightened by a study of the greatest models, when he sets about the valuation of some work in French or Italian, Spanish or English, his judgment is never marked by passion or caprice, for he dwells in memory on the immortal types which must guide him." "His intelligence, never relaxing its activity, lends itself to impressions from all sides. He is as open to emotion as if he had not to pass judgment, and judges without partiality as if he could fortify himself against emotion."† Well might the French youth of the last generation hail in him the "courageous liberal," as the *Edinburgh Review*‡ calls him, who denounced as a crime every exclusion of foreign literature and of original genius, while the "most pedantic of the classical school could not choose but admire a correctness of diction, a loftiness of style, that at once proclaimed him a disciple of the greatest writers of the *siècle de Louis Quatorze*." It is under this aspect that he more particularly challenges the respect and interest of us islanders—as vindicating the claims of our literature on his countrymen, while upholding a devoted but more discriminating loyalty towards their own.

* Gustave Planche: "Ecrivains Modernes de la France." 1854.

† Ibid.

‡ The same authority pronounces him the first literary critic of France,—her first *æsthetiker*, to use a German term;—adding, that his earliest years were devoted, especially between 1814 and 1825, "to raising the art whereby the criticisms of genius are analysed and explained to the student, to the height of a philosophical science."

FONTAINEBLEAU.

BY FLORENTIA.

"IF," says a modern French writer, "there ever was a palace that appealed to the imagination, it is Fontainebleau. Here we invoke recollections of all ages, the mysterious visits of ancient kings, the most pompous scenes in French history, the great artists employed here,—all in their day busy as bees in a hive. Brilliant galleries, priceless pictures, fine statues, a perfect mosaic of architecture, showing the varieties of ages, tastes, and talents that have been displayed in the construction of this palace, a vast forest near with its verdant shade, spreading oaks, and wonderful traditions, all, in a word, tells of grandeur, poetry, and art; everything inspires the beholder with a desire of knowing from its very origin to the present day one of the finest monuments in France."

Fontainebleau does not afford those symmetrical proportions favourable to description. This royal residence, enlarged at different periods by succeeding monarchs, justifies the *bon mot* of a witty Englishman, who called it "a rendezvous of châteaux."

The different elements of which it is composed form an exception to all architectural rules in any other known structure. They serve as an index to the state of the arts in France during three centuries—a history in themselves. Sebastian Sertio, Jamin, le Primatice, Du Cerceau, Mansard, all successively assisted in its erection.

Historians are not well agreed as to the derivation of the name of Fontainebleau. A great number considered it to be a corruption of Fontaine-belle-eau, on account of the fresh and abundant springs that are found here; but this etymology, though poetical, is not true. It appears that *Bleau* was the name of a person, the proprietor of the ground, who was the first to construct a habitation near the spring.

However, it is very difficult to fix the precise period of the foundation of this celebrated royal residence. It has been successively attributed, without sufficient reason, to various princes, such as Robert, Louis VII., and Louis IX. It is certain, that towards the middle of the twelfth century a forest and a royal residence existed at Fontainebleau. A donation of the time of Louis VII. to some neighbouring monks bears this inscription—"Actum publice apud Fontene Bleaudi in palatio nostro." This residence, like Versailles, became from a mere hunting-box a sumptuous residence, by the successive additions of the greatest French monarchs. Louis VII. built a chapel here, dedicated to St. Saturnin. Philip Augustus added considerably to the building. There remain various acts of this prince dated from this residence, among others one by which he gives to the Hôtel-Dieu, at Nemours, all the bread remaining from his table during his stay at Fontainebleau.

St. Louis added much to the constructions of his predecessors; among other apartments, a pavilion that still bears his name, although rebuilt by Francis I. St. Louis, in several of his letters, calls this place "Our Desert," which seems to imply that Fontainebleau in his time was not of

considerable extent. The room is still shown where this just and pious sovereign, being dangerously ill, gave what he supposed to be his dying advice to his son. Philippe le Bel was born and died at Fontainebleau.

Charles V. formed the magnificent library—the first of the kind in France. To render it worthy of his royal name he employed all the litterati in France and in foreign countries to collect the best books for him, and wishing to make it universally useful, he enriched it with the best translations. Towards 1364 Charles V. formed another library at Paris.

Charles VII. much embellished this residence, and, amongst other things, added various paintings.

The library having been pillaged by the English under his reign, was reconstructed by Louis XI., and received great additions by the discovery of printing, lately introduced into France. Charles VIII. enriched it with the Greek and Latin collections of the kings of Naples, the only substantial fruit of the conquest of that kingdom; and Louis XII., after having removed it to Blois—then the residence of the court—added to it all the books from the library of Pavia, brought back by him from his expedition to the Milanese.

The reign of Francis I. is particularly connected with Fontainebleau. He made various changes in the château; many buildings were reconstructed, and new ones erected, while vast gardens, designed by Primaticcio, contributed to the beauty of this residence. These gardens, admirable in that age, but destroyed to suit the taste of Louis XIV., excited the liveliest admiration at a period when the arts were only beginning to reappear. All contemporaries speak with admiration of Fontainebleau. Many brilliant *fêtes* were held there under Francis on the occasion of the Emperor Charles V. passing through France.

Among the constructions of Francis I., which indicate not a little the too gallant character of that monarch, was a bath surrounded by mirrors, situated in a grotto in the garden of pine-trees. There is a curious anecdote related of this bath.

When James V. of Scotland came into France to demand the hand of Madeleine, daughter of Francis I., his impatience to behold the princess caused him to commit a great indiscretion, if a conversation which took place between himself and Henri II. is to be believed.

"You may remember," said the Scotch monarch to Henri II., "that at the beginning of the summer Madeleine wished to bathe, and chose as the place of her bath that magnificent grotto constructed by your father, Francis I., and joining the apartments of the Duchesse d'Étampes. I was acquainted with the secret of the arch, where, by means of a reflecting mirror set in the rock, the person bathing could be distinctly visible. The king, your father, had let me into this secret. I gained by bribes the officer who had charge of the grotto, and he placed me in the niche just before the princess entered the bath. Pardon me, my dear prince, this audacity, and let the purity of my intentions plead my excuse. Indeed, I was in the sequel sufficiently punished for my temerity.—You imagine my audacity was successful?—Well, you are both right and wrong, for, up to a certain point, all went well; but the niche became anything but an agreeable position when I heard the princess whom I loved

so distractedly, and whom I was on the point of marrying, declare to her companion, Mademoiselle de Vendôme, that she felt anything but indifferent to Don Juan, the handsome natural son of the Emperor Charles V., and that if she were married to *me* (the King of Scotland), she should look on herself as a miserable victim of state policy!"

Notwithstanding this frank avowal of the Princess Madeleine, James could not make up his mind to resign her, and although he had heard this confession from the lips of the princess herself, he continued to solicit her hand from her father, and press his suit with herself. The marriage took place in January, 1537.

But, says Brantôme, when Madeleine arrived in Scotland, she found the country very different to what it had been described to her, and a sad contrast to *la belle France*. She uttered but few complaints, and only repeated continually to herself, "Alas! I would be a queen!" veiling her melancholy and her ambition under a garment of patience. Madeleine was miserable; she could not bear the severe climate of Scotland nor the savage manners of the inhabitants. She faded like a fair flower transplanted into an uncongenial soil, and died of grief about six months after her marriage.

The grotto of the garden of pines is now entirely destroyed, and the tell-tale mirror has disappeared, but there are some frescoes still visible that mark the situation of the celebrated bath of the Duchesse d'Etampes.

The room is yet shown at Fontainebleau where Francis I. received the beautiful Diana of Poitiers, when that noble dame came sobbing and in tears to supplicate pardon for her father, condemned to death for treason. Diana was covered with a long black veil, which shrouded her charming features as under a sombre cloud. The monarch at first sternly refused the appeals she addressed to his mercy. The heart of Diana was bursting with emotion, and for a moment she lost all consciousness. The gallant Francis was not slow in offering his assistance to the distressed beauty. He placed her on a couch, the black veil which had before covered her was displaced, and the countenance of Diana was revealed to him in all its dazzling beauty. The king was astonished at the ravishing sight, and contemplated for some time her lovely face with boundless admiration. His sense of justice, which the entreaties of the daughter had failed to touch, was disarmed by the sight of such charms. Her prayer was granted, and the life of her father spared.

Francis was not without reason styled "the restorer of literature and art." Besides the numerous palaces he built, in whose construction and embellishment he employed the first painters and architects of Italy, he made a collection of all the rare and ancient manuscripts, in which he was aided by the learned litterati of his day. The library of Fontainebleau, reduced to almost a name, was reorganised by Francis, who employed for that purpose Guillaume Budé, one of the most erudite men then living.

There is extant an anecdote of Budé, which shows his extraordinary application to study, and the little attention he paid to the more material and sublunary cares of life. One day he was engaged in study in his house at Paris, when a servant, rushing into the room, informed him that the house was on fire. "Go and tell my wife," replied he, without

raising his eyes; "you know I never attend to any of the household affairs."

Loaded with favours by Francis I., who named him to some valuable situations, he never could bear to tear himself from his beloved books to attend to the duties his appointments imposed on him. "The liberality of the king and the confidence of the people," said he, complainingly, "will have the effect at last of making me utterly ignorant."

Henri II., Charles IX., and Henri III., all continued the embellishment of Fontainebleau, making it their residence from time to time. Henri IV. particularly delighted in Fontainebleau. He spent in buildings and additions to the palace and the park two million four hundred thousand eight hundred livres—an immense sum for that period. Henri liked this palace particularly; he never, however, was perfectly happy either here or elsewhere, unless La belle Gabrielle was beside him. "What would you have!" he used to say to his friends when speaking on this subject; "after all the reverses I have encountered, and all the battles I have fought, I want to enjoy myself, and to pass some jovial days at least. I am never happy but with my son and with his dear mother." At that time he had no other child but Cæsar, created Duc de Vendôme, whose mother, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, was his mistress. As a specimen of his attachment to this lady, a letter is subjoined that he wrote to her from Fontainebleau in the autumn of 1599, entreating her to join him forthwith:

"From our delicious Wilderness of Fontaine-belle-Eau.

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—The courier has arrived this evening. I sent him quickly to you, because he told me that you had ordered his immediate return in order to have some news of me. I am well, thank God; the only malady I endure is the violent longing I have again to behold you."

The next day Gabrielle was at Fontainebleau.

In 1599, Henri IV. received Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, here. It was most probable that during this visit those intrigues were begun that ended by conducting Biron to the scaffold—Biron who, after having bravely fought for Henri, being honoured by his friendship, and having received from him the staff of maréchal as a reward, fell in the midst of prosperity, when his conspiracies with Spain—then the bitterest enemy of France—were discovered, as well as various other intrigues against his sovereign, he having been seduced by the caresses and the magnificent promises made to him by his country's foes. The king was at Fontainebleau when the guilt of Biron was first discovered. Nothing could exceed the grief he felt at the treachery of the maréchal, to whom he was personally much attached. He sent for Sully, and throwing his arms round him with great emotion, said to him, "Sully, I am betrayed by a friend. Biron has conspired against me." Sully advised the king to have Biron arrested in his own house. Henri would not consent to this; he wished first to have an interview with his former friend, and induce him to acknowledge his crime, in order afterwards at once to forgive him. The maréchal was summoned to court without delay. He

at first hesitated, but reassured by his accomplices, who persuaded him that it was impossible the king could be acquainted with the conspiracy, proceeded to Fontainebleau, and arrived there the 13th of June, 1602. His entry created quite a sensation, for every one suspected his treason, and all were on the *qui vive* to know what steps would be taken against him.

Biron resisted with haughty obstinacy all the efforts of his magnanimous sovereign to draw from him an acknowledgment of his treason, or some expressions of regret and repentance. "Sully," said Henri to his minister, "Biron is indeed a most unhappy man. I really have a great inclination to pardon him, to forget the past, and behave to him as if I had never known it. I pity him profoundly. I cannot endure to punish so brave a man—one who has served me for so many years, and for whom I have felt so much friendship. All my fear is, that if I pardon him he will never pardon me, and may revenge himself on my children or my kingdom."

The king determined to make a last appeal to his treacherous general. One evening, after playing at cards, he summoned Biron into his cabinet, and thus addressed him :

"Maréchal, I wish to learn from your own mouth circumstances which, to my sorrow, I am too well acquainted with. I promise you my forgiveness for whatever you have done against me ; only confess frankly what your conduct has been. All shall be covered with the royal mantle of mercy. I will protect you, and everything shall be buried in eternal silence!"

"This is strange language to an honest man," replied the obstinate maréchal. "I never had any desire but to be your faithful servant."

"Would to God that were true," replied the king. Then, turning on him a look of compassion, he left the room, saying, "Adieu, Maréchal Biron."

A few moments afterwards Biron was arrested in the very palace where he had been summoned to justify himself. Once in the hands of justice, and condemned to death, he now vainly solicited a pardon which Henri would once willingly have granted to him, if he had only confessed his delinquency. The only favour he could obtain was, that he should undergo the extreme penalty of the law in private within the walls of his prison.

Louis XIII., that feeble, timid, suspicious son of the gallant Henri IV. and of Marie de Medicis, was born at Fontainebleau. During his whole life, this prince was governed by Cardinal Richelieu. History seems only to have preserved his name in order to mark the era of an imperious minister, or as a period of repose for the mind, passing from the inordinate licentiousness of his father's conduct to the pompous though scandalous amours of his son, Louis XIV.

The sight of youth and beauty were not, however, without very particular attractions for Louis XIII., yet his attachments were entirely platonic—a union of kindred souls that excluded all idea of sensuality—truly, a most singular exception in the annals of royal intrigues! Some account of these *liaisons* must, I imagine, be agreeable to the reader, and I shall, therefore, enter into the details of various scenes in the life of Mademoiselle de Hautefort and of Mademoiselle de la Fayette, the

two favourites who have afforded the almost singular instance offered by history of influence acquired by beauty and maintained by virtue.

Anne of Austria, and wife of Louis XIII., was born in the same month of the same year, 1601, as he was himself, and they were married at the age of fifteen. The mind of the queen was already formed; she was lively, clever, and brilliant. Louis, who still remained a child, was naturally timid and melancholy, and she felt her superiority over him. It is easy to govern those who are of an imbecile or indolent disposition without pleasing them, but love is often not gained by a display of superiority. The admiration extorted by the superior mind from one conscious of inferiority is, after all, only a kind of wonder often mixed with envy, which, far from gaining the affections, only serves to alienate and repulse those tenderer feelings. The queen might and ought to have governed Louis, but she wanted those qualities that were calculated to gain his heart. Louis admired her beauty, but was terrified at her vivacity. Her gaiety, her frankness, and general taste for all kinds of amusements, jarred against the austerity of his principles, and from the very commencement of their union he lived as much estranged from her as the rules of etiquette permitted.

Marie de Medicis, who then held the reins of government, dreading the power that a young and beautiful wife might exercise over him, used every endeavour to confirm these painful impressions in the mind of the king, and increase his disinclination towards Anne of Austria. The first years of their marriage passed away in mutual indifference. The queen uttered no complaints, she showed no vexation, but among her favourite friends she expressed herself in a style of very indiscreet railery on the character and conduct of her husband. If the reproaches of a neglected wife are wearisome, at least they are flattering to a husband's vanity; but ridicule on subjects that ought to produce sorrow and distress is not to be pardoned, for it is the certain indication of scorn or of insensibility. Reports of the queen's expressions, heightened by the malice of those whose interest it was to widen the breach, were not wanting to alienate still further the mind of Louis. His was of a disposition neither to hide nor to display his displeasure with violence, much less to seek for explanations. He took no care to disguise his annoyance, and showed his feelings by a cold and disdainful silence. The pride of the queen was wounded. Too young to be fully aware of the probable danger and misery of her future position, and entirely deprived of all judicious advice, she took no steps to reconcile herself to the king, and their misunderstanding grew into irreconcilable dislike.

Louis XIII. was neither without sense nor religion; his conduct was irreproachable, and he was not wanting in courage, but he had none of those virtues that insure domestic happiness; he failed equally in his duties as a son, a husband, and a brother, and was neither a great prince nor a good king. For in a sovereign, indolence and weakness become often the most fatal of vices, a certain strength and fortitude of character being absolutely necessary in those who are entrusted with the burden of the state. Educated in the midst of ever-recurring wars and rebellions, Louis knew nothing of royalty but its cares and anxieties; he only experienced the lassitude and weariness of power without any of its enjoyments. He had been badly educated, and when arrived at that age when

his own sense and application might have remedied this neglect, he mistook his ignorance for incapacity, and took no measures for self-improvement. Those who desired to govern under his name were very careful not to enlighten him as to his own powers; his idleness was, moreover, favoured by natural indolence, it being easier to doubt his own powers of acquirement than to apply himself to conquer such deficiencies. The fame of Henri IV., and the admiration his memory inspired, instead of filling his son with emulation, seemed only to have the effect of still further discouraging him. The most brilliant examples are not always the most useful. Emulation may be extinguished by the excessive superiority of the model, or the only sentiment it inspires may end in nothing but a barren enthusiasm. But there was at least this difference between Louis XIII. and the Fainéant kings, his predecessors, though similar to him in many other respects: he did not, at any rate, betray or leave to chance the best interests of his country; his mind and his principles at least induced him to select a worthy deputy for his delegated authority. He did not resign the reins of government without consideration, and he displayed discernment in entrusting them into the most able hands. But from that moment he considered himself liberated from all the responsibilities of royalty. He abdicated without descending from the throne, and by this dishonourable abandonment of his duties, which only showed his impotence and incapacity, without any of the philosophic contempt or disregard of the advantages attending them which a voluntary resignation of the legitimate exercises of power would have displayed,—he lost the respect due to his position, yet still remained responsible for the sufferings inflicted on his people. That people ceased not to reproach him with every mishap that occurred, and at the same time refused to allow him any share of the glories of his reign. Posterity has confirmed this severe but equitable sentence.

The idle disposition of Louis made a prime minister absolutely necessary, and his heart yearned after a friend to whose bosom he could confide his sorrows and disappointments. Henri IV. had found many faithful and attached servants, but his son met only with favourites. An attachment of a deeper kind, but which the purity of his heart induced him to mistake for friendship, long occupied him. Among the queen's ladies of honour he particularly noticed Mademoiselle de Hautefort. Her discretion and her virtue first attracted him, and formed her greatest charm. Such a reputation in a young and beautiful woman was the most potent seduction that could be offered to the king. Mademoiselle de Hautefort was ambitious and talented, and of rather a serious turn of mind; her conversation was most agreeable to him, and she soon gained his confidence. It was observed with surprise that the king, after his daily visits to the queen, with whom he only stayed a few minutes, remained for whole hours in a boudoir contiguous to her apartments, where at certain hours he met Mademoiselle de Hautefort, accompanied by others of the maids of honour. Here, in the recess of a bay-window, Louis seated himself by her side, and while conversing in a low voice, forgot how the hours fled in interminable conversations, where such a naughty word as love was not even mentioned. The purity of his conduct was so thoroughly known that this kind of intimacy did not damage in the slightest degree the reputation of the young lady. It is true that, in order to prevent even the

shadow of suspicion, Mademoiselle de Hautefort repeated to the queen every word that the king had uttered. This platonic attachment was the subject of much amusement in the queen's circle, and Mademoiselle de Hautefort herself took rather a delight in ridiculing the sentiments and conduct of her august lover, which was neither prudent nor right in her to do. She ought either to have refused to become the confidante of the king, or to have faithfully kept the secrets he entrusted to her.

After some months Louis discovered her treachery, as several circumstances were repeated to him again that he had only mentioned to Mademoiselle de Hautefort. He had every reason to feel himself offended as her friend and her sovereign, but he did not openly complain. Mademoiselle de Hautefort, however, was deprived of her situation and exiled. After the loss of his confidante, Louis again shut himself up in his apartments, and became more shy and more reserved than ever. At this period he suffered much vexation, caused by the animosity of the queen-mother to Cardinal Richelieu. Marie de Medicis was obstinate and narrow-minded; her unbounded ambition was unaided by judgment; she was imperious, and at the same time weak, violent, and inconstant—at once opinionated and obstinate when her passions were concerned. She was guided rather by the heart than the head, and became therefore the dupe of favourites; but still she wished to exercise the most despotic power over France. Her bad temper and her violence had already deprived her of her husband's affection. The same imperious temper alienated from her a son naturally affectionate and devoted, and her insatiable ambition forced that minister, who owed his elevation to her favour, ultimately to become her enemy. Richelieu did all that was possible to combat her prepossessions: he supplicated, he entreated, he knelt, he even shed tears; but the queen was inflexible. Louis, alarmed, or rather annoyed, at these disputes, neither acted as became a son nor a sovereign. He might at once have ended all internal discord by demanding of the queen, as a sovereign, and entreating her with all the filial respect of a son, to cease from further interference with the affairs of state. But he only requested where he ought to have commanded, and ended by basely sacrificing his mother, because he wanted the necessary courage to act with firmness, and expose himself to the chance of an unpleasant outbreak. It is thus that weakness often drives the mind to more violent resolutions than even passion, which at least calms down after any vehement outbreak. Louis knew well that the measure he meditated would excite the rage of his mother to the very highest pitch; but in determining her exile, he imagined he would at least be spared the embarrassment of having personally to endure face to face her invectives and reproaches. He was aware that public opinion would be against him, but he flattered himself that it would never reach his ears; in a word, he only feared personally *to see* and *to hear* what might give annoyance. Such are the vices of weak characters.

He hastened to hide himself in one of the royal residences in the country, when the letter announcing her exile was to be presented to Marie de Medicis, giving her the choice of remaining at Compiègne or in the châteaux of Angers, of Nevers, or of Moulins. The disgrace of a sovereign wanting in intellect and discernment is the more overwhelming, because generally unexpected. The same weakness of character that leads to the commission of imprudences, shuts the eyes of the

understanding to the dangerous consequences sure to be the result. Marie de Medicis was overwhelmed. Anne of Austria, on hearing of this event, saw only in her unfortunate mother-in-law (who had never ceased to persecute the young queen) an unhappy parent. She flew to her apartment, threw herself into her arms, mingled her tears with those of Marie de Medicis, and promised to employ all the little influence she possessed in her favour. She kept her word; but although in reality her conduct was irreproachable, her position was neither that of a happy nor respected wife. Her intercession appeared to Louis XIII. only a pretext for censuring his conduct, and he coldly desired her to be silent. Some days after the queen-mother, who had selected Compiègne as her residence, disappeared, and went into another country. All the courtiers assured Cardinal Richelieu, who repeated it to the king, that Marie de Medicis was hated by the public, who felt no interest in her fate, and that every one entirely approved of her exile, as a measure rendered necessary by her unbounded ambition. Louis was not so foolish as to be entirely duped by these false representations; but flattery, even where it fails to convince, raises at least a kind of doubt in the mind, which is itself agreeable.

Some days after the disappearance of Marie de Medicis, the Princess Marie of Mantova proposed to the queen to confer the situation of Mademoiselle de Hautefort, which had remained vacant, to Mademoiselle de la Fayette, to whose family she was much attached. The queen, quite despairing of obtaining the recall of the former, promised to ask the king. Louis at once complied with her wish, delighted to see by this demand that the queen had renounced all idea of recalling Mademoiselle de Hautefort.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette, the daughter of an illustrious house, was the last representative in the male line of the famous Maréchal de la Fayette, who gained so much renown in 1421 at the battle of Baugé, in Anjou, and who afterwards contributed by his valour and activity in driving the English out of the kingdom. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, an orphan from her cradle, had been educated by her aunt, the Comtesse de Brégy, who placed her in a convent until she was fifteen, after which period her house became her future home, where Mademoiselle de la Fayette was gradually accustomed to do the honours before being introduced by her friend into the great world. The comtesse was a widow, rich, and very old; she had no children, and loved and adored her niece as her child, looking on her as the person whom she intended to make her future heiress. The young lady joined to the most enchanting beauty and great acquirements the utmost propriety of conduct. She had already passed her twenty-third year, and every one was surprised that, amongst her numerous admirers, no one had as yet succeeded in winning her regard. The Comtesse de Brégy had experienced all the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage formed in extreme youth; she, therefore, left entirely to her niece the decision of her future destiny, and far from pressing her marriage, she continually exhorted her not to decide on any one without most mature reflection.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette had all the principles that can be imparted by a careful education, and her religious views were sincere and well grounded. She was, moreover, prudent, discreet, and sensible; her imagination lively, her soul lofty, generous, and full of sensibility; her spirits gay, yet equable. The purity of her mind appeared in a certain calm

and peaceful expression that can only be imparted by internal goodness, and which was displayed in all she did. It was easy to see no passion had as yet ruffled the calm of that gentle soul; always happy in herself, she had experienced no internal conflicts, and the agitations of envy, pride, or vanity were utterly unknown to her. Every one was at ease in her company, her conversation possessed those peculiar charms of grace and tact that never fail to attract, added to an unaffected gentleness of bearing free from all pretensions. She possessed that gift (so rare in a woman) of charming without effect or display, and when all around her were delighted, envy itself could not be irritated, so little had she tried even to attract attention. She excused the faults of others, and indeed avoided making herself acquainted with them; it was enough for her to suspect their existence, to turn away her mind from their consideration as one turns from an unpleasant picture. There are many qualities that are apparent in a first interview, and there are others which only become visible by degrees and after long acquaintance. All are sensible of the brilliancy of a magnificent day, but it is time only that can make manifest the happy influence of pure air and a fine climate; so was it with the admirable qualities of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. No shadow, no contrast made one particular qualification stand out in relief more than another. It was impossible not to think her clever and fascinating, but it required time and observation to discover the full extent of her superiority.

The day that Mademoiselle de la Fayette was presented at court by the Princess Marie of Mantova she was magnificently dressed; all admired the extreme beauty of the maid of honour, and were charmed with an indescribable attraction about her. The king, evidently struck by the *naïveté* and elegance of her, whom he then saw for the first time, approached Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and complimented her warmly on her beauty and graceful manners. The maid of honour only blushed and made no reply.

The king was present on the morrow at the queen's reception; he was more affable than even on the former occasion, and seemed entirely occupied with Mademoiselle de la Fayette.

The court was at this moment agitated by political events. The Spaniards were making the most alarming progress in France; they had made good a descent into Provence on one side, and on the other had taken Corbie, in Picardy. Louis had announced that very morning at the council that he intended at once to take the command in person against the Spaniards. Men and money were both wanting, and the situation of France was so alarming, that even the genius of Richelieu was perplexed, and for a time he contemplated resigning his post. The Cardinal of La Vallette, however, reanimated his hopes and his courage, and the glory of France served as a specious pretext for still retaining the sovereign authority entrusted to him. Louis, on the eve of departure, and in a situation so critical, excited general interest and attention. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, who until this time had felt only a certain degree of esteem for him, now beheld in Louis a courageous soldier. She forgot his weakness and his faults; she could only remember his personal courage, his amiable qualities, and the dangers he was about to encounter. The melancholy though

composed demeanour of the king added to the interest with which he secretly began to inspire her, especially when Louis XIII. publicly announced that he should depart as soon as the levy of twenty thousand men, making at Paris by his order, was completed.

The queen and all her ladies were playing at cards. The king was seated by the side of Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and was speaking in general terms of the melancholy anticipations felt by all those about to leave for the war.

"Happy," said the king, "is the man who feels that he is personally regretted—he has a motive in desiring glory. Those who are beloved must indeed seek fame with ardour. But when no one cares for one—when the mind feels that it possesses no kindred sympathy—then even success is valueless, without merit, and without reward."

These words affected the pretty maid of honour. The king observed it. He looked at her fixedly, and after a moment's silence again addressed her.

"I hope," said he, in a low voice, "that this conversation will be resumed. I anxiously desire——"

At these words he rose, without waiting for a reply. Mademoiselle de la Fayette followed him with her eyes, and all the rest of the evening experienced an involuntary absence of mind.

The Duchesse de Chevreuse, whose taste for intrigue had been increased by considerable practical experience, had already remarked the king's budding attachment. She went to Mademoiselle de la Fayette and told her that all the world saw that the king was in love with her. "But in his fashion," added she, "he loves you timidly, modestly, even in his most secret thoughts there would not be an idea of anything more profane. The Comte de la Meilleraie assures me that the king shows every sign of having conceived a violent passion for you—much more violent, in fact, than he ever felt for Mademoiselle de Hautefort, to whom, indeed, he never really was attached."

"I do not know the king well enough yet to give an opinion about him," replied Mademoiselle de la Fayette, "but I confess I have already lost many of my prepossessions against him. He certainly is capable of friendship, and only desires to open his heart to a real friend; but his confidence has been abused. He seeks, perhaps, to hear the truth, and he may be worthy of hearing it. If he asks counsel of me I shall not dissemble any of my opinions."

"I am sure if you could only inspire him with courage to reign himself, and to shake off the sway of the cardinal, you would render a vast service to France."

"Oh, that is quite chimerical. The king would never consult me. He will never ask me to tell him the truth; and, moreover, he is going away."

"Well, he will meet you again on his return."

"Dear duchess, we really must not talk such nonsense; yet I do pity this prince, naturally brave, good, and accomplished, who so ill fulfils his glorious destiny. It is evident he is aware of this. He suffers—he is wretched. If he had had one true friend he might, perhaps, have proved a worthy successor to Henri IV. This idea makes me quite miserable. I still have hope, for he is yet young. Did you hear that he spoke this morning with great firmness to the parliamentary deputies who had re-

fused to enregister the edicts necessary for raising the money indispensable for the maintenance of the army?"

"Yes. 'The money I demand,' said he, 'is neither to be wasted in gambling nor in idle expenses. I do not demand it for myself, but for the interest of the nation. Those who oppose my pleasure in this injure me more than the Spaniards; but I shall find means to be obeyed.'"

"What energy there is in that speech! Oh, I am certain that he is not appreciated."

The following days the king regularly visited the queen, and appeared much engrossed with Mademoiselle de la Fayette; but his timidity did not allow him to remain long at a time with her, for he could not but perceive that they were both observed with curiosity. The night before his departure for the army he went in the morning to see the queen, and on leaving her apartments he stopped in the ante-chamber, where the maids of honour were assembled. He approached Mademoiselle de la Fayette, who was standing with one of the other maids of honour in a large bay-window. This lady at once retired, and the king, taking her place, desired Mademoiselle de la Fayette to seat herself beside him. She, finding herself separated in a manner from her companions, and *tête-à-tête* with the king, recollected with extreme agitation and emotion that it was in this manner, during his *liaison* with Mademoiselle de Hautefort, that the king had conversed with her.

"I come," said the king to her, in a low and trembling voice—"I come to bid you adieu."

At these words Mademoiselle de la Fayette bowed, utterly unable to articulate; and Louis started at seeing tears roll down her cheeks.

"I have enjoyed during the course of my life," said he, "few moments of happiness, but this instant is one of the——"

At these words, pronounced in a low voice, trembling with emotion, Mademoiselle de la Fayette became sensibly affected, and replied, that "he would find every loyal heart experienced the same emotion she felt, if his majesty would only condescend to inform himself personally of the sentiments of his subjects."

"No, mademoiselle," said Louis, "I only wish to hear yours; and if in you I find that friendship I have sought so long in vain, my entire confidence shall be the reward. I go to-morrow, but I shall cherish this tender recollection in my heart. Continue to think of me, I entreat, with the same touching sensibility. If it pleases Heaven to preserve me, it will be my greatest consolation."

This conversation was interrupted by the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who, on leaving the queen's apartment, passed through the ante-room. The king, who had risen, was opening the door. He advanced towards the duchess, and addressed her in some embarrassment. The duchess instantly seized on this moment, when she saw he was confused, to request a favour. Such a petition at that moment entirely removed all recollection of the scene that had just taken place, and at once relieved the king from embarrassment, who, in gratitude for the tact shown by the duchess, at once and most graciously granted her request. When he had left the room, the duchess seated herself by Mademoiselle de la Fayette, laughing at what had passed, who, somewhat recovered from her agitation, was stitching away with exemplary diligence at a small piece of embroidery

she held in her hand. Smiling at the duchess, she asked her the reason of her mirth.

"I am laughing," replied she, "at the idea of the admirable presence of mind I have just shown; and as you are but a *débutante* at court, I will give you a little description of it for your especial instruction. The king does not exactly hate me, but at the same time no love is lost between us. He is afraid of my flightiness and my inclination to turn everything into ridicule. Certainly, of all the persons who might have interrupted your conversation, I am the very last he would have desired to behold. He advanced towards me full of confusion. I at once saw the advantage I might derive from this favourable opportunity. I know that when people are afraid they are always obliging, particularly at the first moment. Well, I at once requested a favour that is of great importance to me; and, as I foresaw he did not hesitate to grant it, I shall be grateful, and will tell no one of this little adventure. But do own now that it was capital?"

Mademoiselle de la Fayette would agree to nothing of the sort. She affected not even to understand what the duchess meant. She endeavoured to represent the marked preference shown for her by the king as simple politeness.

The duchess ridiculed both her reserve and her prudery.

"When the king returns," continued she, "we will resume this conversation. My good advice shall be at your service; and if you will only follow my directions, in six months you will upset the whole court, which, truth to say, will be all the better after a general regeneration. We live in a state of horrible apathy—nothing advances—everything is paralysed. We are terribly in want of life and animation, and nothing will be more easy than for you to accomplish all this, if you will only follow precisely the plan I will trace out for you."

Mademoiselle de la Fayette chose only to understand as a joke this, in fact, serious admonition of the Duchesse de Chevreuse.

As soon as Mademoiselle de la Fayette was left to herself she made a pretext for retiring, and, shutting herself up alone in her room, sat down to reflect calmly on the farewell of the king. At last he had spoken out. He wanted a friend—he had made choice of one, and had promised, moreover, his entire confidence. His religious principles were too well known to have given ground for the slightest suspicion during his *liaison* with Mademoiselle de Hautefort; it would, therefore, be absurd in her to reject his proffered friendship. The pretty maid of honour greatly desired to see Louis XIII. displaying rather more firmness of character than was his wont; she fervently wished to emancipate him from the dominion of Richelieu, who, appropriating all the glory attached to the throne, only left to his pupil the responsibility of governing, and the reproach of being governed. This weakness was a fault which, to be frank, by no means annoyed her; on the contrary, she, as well as other women, liked a feeble character. To correct, to perfect, to suggest, is with them to act, to domineer, to reign; it is the only legitimate province that nature has granted to the sex, of which no effort can ever deprive them. With what lofty frankness, with what energy Mademoiselle de la Fayette proposed to address the king, and to open her heart to him. She did not doubt that in reality he possessed much more firmness of character than was

generally supposed. Had he not addressed the parliament with the utmost decision? Did he not display much vigour in continuing the war, and in placing himself in person at the head of his troops? With his mind and his sensibility guided by good advice, why might he not equal the renown of his gallant father? Why, indeed, might he not surpass him? The influence of friendship would restore his activity; it would inspire him with a taste for business. He already possessed courage and acquirements, and he was superior to Henri IV. in his conduct and principles, both of unspotted purity. In a word, if it were desirable to possess the esteem and confidence of a hero, it was a still nobler task to form one, and to render him worthy of the admiration of the whole universe.

All these seductive yet vague ideas passed through the brain of La Fayette, they took root there, were gradually developed, and raised her hopes and her feelings to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm. The king took his departure next morning at daybreak, and almost all the courtiers, both young and old, followed him. After they had left, many ladies affected an exaggerated display of anxiety, and many more betrayed, in spite of themselves, secret regrets that they would fain have concealed. This affectation on one side, and constraint on the other, diffused a cloud of dulness and *ennui* over the whole court. At last every one was of opinion that some amusement must be invented, and, without in words admitting that any one could possibly be entertained during such an anxious moment, all the usual amusements were recommenced with renewed ardour.

News soon arrived from the army announcing brilliant successes, due to the valour of the king and the bravery of the French troops.

During this time of glory and of peril Louis XIII. was no longer that timid, feeble prince, often almost overlooked in his own court; he was metamorphosed, indeed, and became suddenly a brilliant monarch, every way worthy of the throne. He was described as ever foremost in danger, leading his troops into action in person. All parties agreed in applauding his conduct: he was loved and admired—he really reigned.

Every day that his absence lasted, and every fresh intelligence that arrived, added to the state of excitement in which Mademoiselle de la Fayette found herself. Her own perfect purity ensured her safety. Such an attachment could not alarm her, for in her mind it was unmixed with any idea of love.

The danger to which Louis was exposed made her tremble; but feeling certain that the time was now arrived when he would himself hold the reins of government, and display all the nobleness of character she attributed to him, her thoughts dwelt principally on the loss France would sustain by his death. She passionately desired his return, not for the sake of the frivolous pleasure of again seeing and conversing with him, but to speak to him of his duties, to elevate his soul, to inspire him with generous resolves, and to admonish him to persevere in his present line of conduct. Such at least was the conviction, however delusive, of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. At length the successful termination of the campaign was announced. The king had retaken the places conquered by the Spaniards, and these latter, everywhere defeated, were obliged to re-pass the Somme. On the other side, the Imperialists, who had penetrated into Burgundy, were repulsed to the banks of the Rhine by the Cardinal La Valette and the Duke of Weimar.

The king returned to Paris, which, not having been considered out of danger from the attacks of the enemy, received him with transports of joy. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, witness of this universal enthusiasm, saw in Louis the worthy successor of Henri the Great, and the inheritor of all his glory. Intoxicated by these delusions, she imagined that even the advice dictated by her friendship would be in future needless, and that the king would of his own accord suppress the arrogance of Richelieu, lower his inordinate power, and from henceforth exercise himself the royal authority.

The next morning Louis visited the queen, remained, as usual, some minutes, and only stayed in the ante-chamber for a moment, during which time he approached Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and conducted her aside.

"I do not know," said he, "when I shall be able to resume those conversations that are so infinitely delightful, for, after an absence of some months, I am overwhelmed with business."

"Ah, so much the better!" cried Mademoiselle de la Fayette. "May you, sire, ever be thus fully occupied."

The king smiled.

"You have doubtless heard me blamed for my idleness," said he—"I am sure you have; but all I ask is, that you will suspend your judgment, and do not condemn me—at least before you have heard my defence."

"Sire, how can I wait, when my heart already has decided?"

"May it ever induce you to justify me, and you will not be mistaken. This will console me for a world of injustice."

After having uttered these words with an emotion that touched Mademoiselle de la Fayette to the very soul, the king left the room.

RUPERT'S MARCH.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

CARABINE slung, stirrup well hung,
 Flagon at saddle-bow merrily swung.
 Toss up the ale, for our flag, like a sail,
 Struggles and swells in the hot July gale,
 Colours fling out, and then give them a shout,
 We are the gallants to put them to rout.

Flash all your swords, like Tartarian hordes,
 And scare the prim ladies of Puritan lords;
 Our steel-caps shall blaze through the long summer days,
 As we, galloping, sing our mad Cavalier lays.
 Then banners advance! By the lilies of France,
 We are the gallants to lead them a dance.

Ring the bells back, though the sexton look black,
 Defiance to knaves who are hot on our track.
 "Murder and fire!" shout louder and higher;
 We'll remember Edgehill and the red-dabbled mire,

When our steeds we shall stall in the Parliament hall,
And shake the old nest till the roof-tree shall fall.

Froth it up, girl, till it splash every curl,
October's the liquor for trooper and earl;
Bubble it up, merry gold in the cup,
We never may taste of to-morrow night's sup.
(Those red ribbons glow on thy bosom below
Like apple-tree bloom on a hillock of snow.)

No, by my word, there never shook sword
Better than this in the clutch of a lord;
The blue streaks that run are as bright in the sun
As the veins on the brow of that loveliest one;
No deep light of the sky, when the twilight is nigh,
Glitters more bright than this blade to the eye.

Well, whatever may hap, this rusty steel-cap
Will keep out full many a pestilent rap;
This buff, though it's old and not larded with gold,
Will guard me from rapier as well as from cold;
This scarf, rent and torn, though its colour is worn,
Shone gay as a page's but yesterday morn.

Here is a dint from the jagg of a flint,
Thrown by a Puritan just as a hint;
But this stab through the buff was a warning more rough,
When Coventry city arose in a huff;
And I met with this gash when we rode with a crash
Into Noll's pikes on the banks of the Ash.

No jockey or groom wears so draggled a plume
As this that's just drenched in the swift-flowing Froom.
Red grew the tide ere we reached the steep side,
And steaming the hair of old Barbary's hide;
But for branch of that oak that saved me a stroke,
I had sunk there like herring in pickle to soak.

Pistolet crack flashed red on our track,
And even the foam on the water turned black.
They were twenty to one, our poor rapier to gun,
But we charged up to the bank, and we lost only one;
And I saved the old flag, though it was but a rag,
And the sword in my hand was snapped off to a jagg.

The water was churned as we wheeled and we turned,
And the dry brake to scare out the vermin we burned.
We gave our haloo, and our trumpet we blew;
Of all their stout fifty we left them but two;
With a mock and a laugh won their banner and staff,
And trod down the cornets as thrashers do chaff.

Saddle my roan, his back is a throne,
Better than velvet or gold you will own.
Willie, your bay may caracol gay,
But roan is the colour for service to-day.
Look to your match, or some harm you may catch,
For treason has always some mischief to hatch;
And Oliver's out with all Haslerig's rout,
So I'm told by this shivering white-livered scout.

We came over the downs, through village and towns,
 In spite of the sneers, and the curses and frowns;
 Drowning their psalms, and stilling their qualms,
 With a clatter and rattle of scabbards and arms.
 Down the long street, with a trample of feet,
 For the echo of hoofs to a Cavalier's meet.

See black on each roof, at the sound of our hoof,
 The Puritans gather, but keep them aloof;
 Their muskets are long, and they aim at a throng,
 But woe to the weak when they challenge the strong!
 Butt-end to the door, one hammer more,
 Our pikemen rush in and the struggle is o'er.

Storm through the gate, batter the plate,
 Cram the red crucible into the grate;
 Saddle-bags fill, Bob, Jenkin, and Will,
 And spice the staved wine that runs out like a rill.
 That maiden shall ride for to-day by my side,
 Those ribbons are fitting a Cavalier's bride.

Does Baxter say right, that a bodice laced tight,
 Should never be seen by the sun or the light?
 Like stars from a wood, shine under that hood,
 Eyes that are sparkling, though pious and good.
 Surely this waist was by Providence placed,
 By the arm of a lover to be oft embraced.

Down on your knees, you villains in frieze,
 A draught to King Charles, or a swing from those trees;
 Blow off this stiff lock, for 'tis useless to knock,
 The ladies will pardon the noise and the shock.
 (From this bright dewy cheek, might I venture to speak,
 I could kiss off the tears though she wept for a week.)

Now loop me this scarf round the broken pike-staff,
 'Twill do for a flag, though the Crop Heads may laugh.
 Who was it blew? Give an halloo,
 And hang out the pennon of crimson and blue;
 A volley of shot is a welcoming hot;
 It cannot be troop of the murdering Soot.
 Cry death to the Rump, that villanous lump,
 To be burnt by us soon, like an old rotten stump.

Fire the old mill on the brow of the hill,
 Break down the plank that runs over the rill,
 Bar the town gate; if the burghers debate,
 Shoot some to death, for the villains must wait;
 Rip up the lead from the roofing o'er head,
 And melt it for bullets or we shall be sped.

Now look to your buff, for steel is the stuff
 To slash your brown jerkins with crimson enough;
 There burst a flash—I heard their drums crash;
 To horse! now for a race over moorland and plash;
 Ere the stars glimmer out we will wake with a shout
 The true men of York, who will welcome our rout.

We'll shake their red roofs with our echoing hoofs,
 And flutter the dust from their tapestry woofs;
 And the Minster shall ring with our "God save the king,"
 And our horses shall drink at St. Christopher's spring;
 We shall welcome the meat, and the wine will taste sweet,
 When our boots we fling off, and as brothers we meet.

PIEDMONT.*

"PIEDMONT," we are told by its partial and patriotic historian, "is a state of God's own making." So far as it lies at the foot of the Alps; so far as the King of Sardinia can survey his continental domains from the dome of the lofty basilica of the Superga, it is so to a certain extent; but what of Sardinia itself?—what of the upper valley of the Isère and the Arve? By what law of nature should a state cease at a certain point of a great river's course, then follow for a short distance the natural line of the division of waters only afterwards to cut the Trebbia in half, and intercept the mouth of another river at Vezzano and Lerici? Why separate Lago Maggiore into two halves, and while the king's rule ascends from the foot of the mountains to the perpetual snows of Mont Blanc, and descends again into the territory, naturally speaking, of France, on the one side, why stop short at the very footstep of the Alps, in the direction of Lucarno and Bellinzona?

The Alps are undoubtedly the barrier of Italy, and Piedmont stands in a far more honourable position than Austro-Venetian Lombardy, which holds, geographically speaking, an equal extent of barrier, and politically speaking, a more important frontier line, than Piedmont.

Nor has Piedmont been more exempted from those changes, both in population, in territorial aggregation, in rulers, and other elements of nationality, which have belonged to most other states. So little is known of the original inhabitants of the country, that to designate them as Ligurians, serves rather to evade a difficulty than to unravel it. In the time of the Cimbrian wars, the irruption of these northern warriors into Italy was twice stayed by their vague dread of the Alps. "What saved Rome," says Niebuhr, "was that the Cimbrians and the Teutons were shy of the Alps." This is designated by M. Gallenga as "Rome and Italy saved by Piedmont."

The conquest of Maritime Liguria by the indomitable legions of Rome was soon followed by the passage of the Alps and the submission of the Coltians, the Salasians, and all other Alpine tribes. The brief illumination of the national elements effected by the introduction of Christianity was in its turn darkened by the invasion of Goths and Lombards, and it was in defence of the Church in danger that Charles Martel and Charlemagne crossed the Alps and united such portions of Italy to the empire as they did not bestow on the Church itself, to become the subsequent basis of the temporal dominions of its pontiffs.

The dark ages were succeeded by the feudal period, and that again by the ascendancy of two families, that of Hubert the "White-handed" in Savoy, and that of Odelric Manfred in Piedmont. From that period up to modern times, the history of the two countries, full of stirring incidents, runs parallel, yet separate. For a whole lapse of five centuries Savoy was a stranger in Italy. "The princely mantle of the house was made up at first chiefly of Burgundian and Helvetian patches; it spread over the fine districts bordering on the Rhone and Lake Leman. For a time it seemed as if the scheme of keeping together what nature had

* History of Piedmont. By Antonio Gallenga. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

eternally sundered, struck its very originators as something too daring and monstrous ; it seemed as if the hope of subjugating both the northern and southern valleys was abandoned, and for the best part of two centuries the reigning house was split into two branches—of Savoy and Piedmont, or Achaia—and the two states held together only by flimsy ties of feudal compact." During the whole of this period Piedmont was Italy. Its half-feudal, half-municipal organisation, or disorganisation, had not much to distinguish it from any other district of Lombardy. It was a prey to the long struggles which brought about the ruin of Italy ; and from those struggles the house of Savoy either prudently kept aloof, or even more craftily, only engaged in them when it saw they presented safe chances of its own aggrandisement.

But when the result of these contests was to lay Italy prostrate, and to make it an easy prey to foreign aggressors, then the princes of Savoy came in for their own share of the spoils. That share they seized with all the tenacity of men of the hills : they fastened upon it, impressed it with their own character, and made it morally, as well as materially, their own.

From 1002 to 1559, history, as ably penned by M. Gallenga, tells us the conquest ; from 1559 to 1796, the union and nationalisation, of Piedmont. The last sixty or seventy years give us the result of all the previous work, the standing up of a complete edifice.

There is enough that is intrinsically beautiful and heart-stirring in the annals of the reigning house itself. For a lineal succession of forty sovereign princes in twenty-seven generations—counts, dukes, and kings—during the lapse of eight centuries and a half, that house has stood its ground. There must have been something more than chance thus to chain the wheel of fortune in favour of a dynasty ; and the historians of Savoy find an adequate reason in the fact, that "no royal family has produced so long and uninterrupted a series of brave able men ;" or we might say, with more modesty but greater certainty, none has been so remarkable for the absence of bad, idiotic, or craven men, and of profligate women—in none have the instances of startling crimes or hideous vices been more unfrequent ; several of these princes may claim the reputation of distinguished warriors and legislators at home, and two of them at least played a most conspicuous part, and exercised a paramount influence in general events abroad.

The princes of Savoy had, in fact, been for the last three centuries drilling a whole people into an army. The events of 1848 suddenly dignified that army into a people. The strictness and firmness of previous organisation enabled the Piedmontese to be safely trusted with the two-edged tools of self-government. A constitution has been awarded to them. M. Gallenga designates it as an ill-digested, ill-fitting patchwork of outlandish charters, but which, nevertheless, sanctions personal security and unbounded freedom of inquiry—the very substance of liberty all the world over ; and this is already more than many a nation, both north and south of the Alps, has proved able to bear.

The history of Piedmont has, however, received a totally new and fresh importance from the recent attitude assumed by that state in Italy, in Europe, and in the East. Up to a very late period Piedmont had no real existence—men talked only of the state or monarchy of Savoy. The annals of the country were merely those of a mountain chief and his clan, or rather of a general and his regiment. But the people was neverthe-

less slowly forming—developing tendencies, aspirations, forces of its own. Only for a long course of time the prince and the people were so strongly identified, that men used to speak of the former as an abstraction, and the latter was scarcely noticed. But all sublunary things proceed by action and reaction. If it was the sovereign who made the nation, the nation ultimately gained unity and strength and character sufficient to react upon the sovereignty, and influence the future fate and history of the house of Savoy and of the country which it has so long ruled over.

From the abdication of Charles Emanuel IV., in 1798, to the restoration of his brother, Victor Emanuel I., in 1814, the history of Piedmont is a mere blank; not so much because the royal family lived in obscure exile in the island of Sardinia or elsewhere, as because the very state and country of Piedmont was eclipsed.

Upon the departure of the king, in 1798, Joubert had appointed a provisional regency of democrats, and the country remained a nameless, nondescript republic, and it continued in the same disorganised state till under Napoleon it became with Parma, Piacenza, and Tuscany, a department of the French empire.

When the abdication of Fontainebleau brought emancipation to the Italians, they were, as usual, irresolute, divided, faint-hearted. It was in vain that Eugène Beauharnais at Milan, Murat at Naples, and Lord William Bentinck at Leghorn and Genoa, called upon them to obtain the mastery over themselves. There was neither courage, decision, concord, nor unanimity. The allies had the passive, helpless country once more at their discretion. Austria seized the lion's share, and the house of Savoy regained its own.

Victor Emanuel celebrated his restoration by an edict which reinforced all the old laws of 1770. The hands of the state-clock were forced back four-and-twenty years at one sweep!

The whole social order was to undergo a thorough subversion,—the work of sixteen years to be all undone; purchasers of national or ecclesiastical goods were held in feverish suspense. The returning emigrants were clamorous for indemnities. It was even contemplated to bastardize children born in wedlock contracted in accordance with the French civil marriage law.

The middle ages came back with unmitigated horrors, with all the atrocities of a barbarous legislation; with flogging, confiscation, breaking on the wheel and quartering of criminals; with the absurd complication of fifteen courts of law, and a hopeless confusion of powers and attributions, with ecclesiastical tribunals, with secret inquisitorial proceedings. Even the "*Viglietti Reali*," or *lettres de cachet*, reappeared; and the royal authority was again put forward to interfere with the administration—such as it was—of justice; to invalidate contracts, mortgage deeds, any transaction, in fact, that bore date of that odious period of which the very memory was to be annihilated. The old aristocratic titles were, of course, revived; with them-entails, rights of primogeniture, exclusive monopoly of all the greatest civil and military offices—and even an unblushing partiality, and exceptional laws, as it were, in their behalf. Friars—black, white, and grey—again promenaded the streets, harbingers of the return of the age of darkness. The University and the College of Provinces, the masterpiece of the constructive mind of Victor Amadeus II., were closed on the very eve of the king's entrance into his capital; they were, at a later period, delivered over to the tender mercies of the Jesuits. Men of high attainment were set aside as Jacobins, whilst others, such as Valperga di Caluso, Alfieri's venerable friend, resigned their chair in disgust, resenting

as an insult the clemency which saved them from the disgrace of their colleagues.

Nor was there lack of ludicrous incidents to set forth the sublimity of that all-sweeping, senseless reaction. Public officers were dismissed merely because a French instead of an Italian *r* (with the tail turned outwards, instead of inwards) occurred in their handwriting. Applications to royal bounty or clemency were rejected, simply because they were designated as "petitions."—the word should have been "supplications." Hair-powder, pigtails, all the pre-revolutionary costume, became the rage; coaches, snuff-boxes, house furniture, social etiquette, everything bore the stamp of the most approved *rococo* style. No one who loved his king and his God spoke otherwise than through his nose, the nasal twang being, we know not on what ground, taken as evidence of loyal zeal and religious unction. What more! the predilection for the "old ways" was so strong that the thought of abandoning the splendid carriage-road of Mont Cenis was seriously entertained; and that great monument of Napoleon's genius was only preserved, owing to the utter impracticability of the ancient steep path down the valley of the Novalaise.

The accession of Prospero Balbo, San Marzano, Saluzzo, and Brignole to the ministry, first paved the way to a change. The obstinacy with which the king adhered to the maintenance of undiminished royal authority, soon made it apparent that Piedmont and Savoy had not been so long incorporated with France to no purpose. The people, disdaining to fall back into the inertia to which they had been compelled in the good old times of an Amadeus III., fretted round the throne like the waves of an angry ocean, sure in the end either to force it along or to overwhelm it. The standard of insurrection was raised in March, 1821, and Victor Emanuel, who either preferred losing his throne to holding it at the people's bidding, or stood pledged to the sovereigns that he would accept of no constitutional charter whatever, resigned the reins of government into the hands of Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, who was elected as regent of the realm, and universally looked upon as the "Redeemer of Italy." No sooner, however, did Charles Albert declare a constitution, than Charles Felix, the hereditary successor to the throne, denounced all that had been done, and the regent was obliged to withdraw to Florence, scoffingly greeted on his way by the Austrians as "King of Italy."

At the same time the standard of absolutism had been raised by General La Tour at Novara, and there were only a handful of men under Santa Rosa to uphold the liberties of the people. They were defeated, and Charles Felix entered his capital on the 18th of October, 1821. He came back in the wake of Austrian bayonets. The King of Piedmont was no better than any other Italian prince; he had sunk to the rank of a mere Austrian lieutenant. During the ten years' reign (1821 to 1831) of Charles Felix thought was allowed no utterance. The reaction was long, blind, ruthless, insane. Balbo's reforms were at a dead stand-still, and Piedmont became the real paradise of monks and Jesuits.

In the month of February, 1831, Central Italy was convulsed with abortive insurrectionary attempts, and the very first throne overturned was that of that same Francis of Modena, who was plotting against the lawful rights of his neighbours. That ill-advised Italian rising was, indeed, speedily overpowered; the Austrians restored both the Duke of Modena and the Duchess of Parma, and the Papal throne was propped up by Austrian, and a twelve-month later even by French, bayonets. But the conquerors had barely time

to rest on their swords, and Francis IV. to sing a *Te Deum* in the Cathedral of Modena, for his easy victory, when Charles Felix of Sardinia fell ill and died, at Turin, on the 27th of April, 1831. The event found, therefore, Modena powerless and Austria unprepared. Charles Albert lost not one moment in securing a succession which, he apprehended, such formidable competitors had secretly hoped to dispute.

The position of the new king, at his accession, was fraught with difficulties which baffle comprehension. He was aware of all the ill-will and tenebrous plotting of Austria, and felt that any false step on his part would be taken advantage of, to achieve by main force what fraud had failed to bring about. The Piedmontese army had fallen into the most lamentable neglect under Charles Felix; it was exclusively officered by young nobles, both unfit for their profession and attached to the ultra-retrogradist, Austrian party. The authors of the revolutionary attempts of Central Italy has shown even less understanding, less energy, less unanimity than the Carbonari of 1820. They had risen with an illusory reliance on French support, and on the principle of "non-intervention," which Louis Philippe's government had emphatically proclaimed. They had laid down their arms, almost without one stroke, upon the first discovery of the quibbling duplicity of the citizen-king. Ephemeral as that Italian insurrection had been, it was the cause of an immense influx of Austrian troops into Lombardy, so that the material strength of the foreigner was commensurate with the prostration of the national party. Charles Albert perceived that, had he ventured upon an open outbreak with Austria, he would have to contend against the most terrible odds. He looked for an ally in France, and sounded Louis Philippe as to the support he might expect on his part, supposing he incurred the displeasure of Austria, by bestowing a constitution on his subjects. The wily King of the French made answer: "He was sufficiently plagued and worried with his own charter at home, without taking upon himself the championship of similar institutions abroad." France, truly, as if utterly to undeceive the Italians, was at this very moment preparing its expedition to Ancona, in support of the Pope against his own subjects.

A truly bold and generous policy could, therefore, hardly be expected of any king seated on the throne of Piedmont under these circumstances. But Charles Albert's situation was rendered even more precarious by his natural indecision and timidity. He felt that the liberal party expected—he acknowledged their right to demand—much of him; and his reign was indeed ushered in as an era of reform; but the work of his predecessors was not to be readily set aside: reaction had done its utmost; the country had been forced back fully half a century: the supreme power was in the hands of the clergy and nobility, the schools under the guidance of the Jesuits: dumb despotism was centralised, systematised. Half-measures would satisfy no man, and yet any rash attempt at innovation must lead to civil collision and disorganisation; and how could internal disorder afford the strength necessary to withstand external attack?

The ill-fated king attempted compromise: he temporised. For more than fifteen years he played the part of an enlightened, tolerant, though hardly a liberal, and still less a national prince. His foremost object was to reign: his first ambitious instinct was defensive. He was anxious to hold his sceptre firmly in his grasp, ere he attempted to make it instrumental in the attainment of further power and greatness. For this purpose he stepped in between past evil and future good. He attempted to carry into execution the best part of the reforming schemes of Prospero Balbo, which had been left in abeyance in the preceding reign; he wished, from the beginning, for a reconciliation of hostile factions; he attempted to found a compact state, a united people. But even the part of moderator and peacemaker was arduous and dangerous: the king hardly ever secured the attachment of either party; he lived in constant fear of both. His choice, as he expressed himself to the

Duke d'Aumale, lay "between the dagger of the Carbonari and the *chocolate* of the Jesuits."

To a man of this temper, and so situated, Mazzini thought it proper, almost immediately upon the king's accession, and before any clear course could be decided on, to send his thundering address from Marseilles in 1831.

This young enthusiast, whose theory was grounded on a conviction that the lower classes are alone incorrupt, disinterested, and capable of self-sacrifice, that a disorderly rabble is stronger than well-disciplined battalions, ideas more than a match for grape-shot and bayonets, and faith at any time able to move mountains, called upon Charles Albert to throw himself upon "God and the People," to hurl defiance to Austria, unless he wished to share the fate of the foreign oppressor, and be the first victim of national revenge. He bade him choose between the lot of "the first of men and that of the last of Italian tyrants."

There were good reasons—and we have stated them—why the king should at the time feel less sanguine about so decisive a step than the impatient exile. Charles Albert was not moved by Mazzini's exhortations, and the latter made him the object of the first attacks of the new association to which he had given the name of "Young Italy."

"Young Italy" inaugurated its cause by an attempted act of regicide,* followed in 1834 by an invasion of Savoy, the rapid dispersion of which partook almost of the ridiculous. In the first combat that he was engaged in, Mazzini brandished his rifle, and then as instantly fell down in a fit, and in this fainting condition was conveyed safely across the frontiers.

Thus (says our author) ended the Savoy expedition. Mazzini, fallen in the estimation of his partisans, had soon to quit Geneva, and before long was obliged to leave Switzerland. For several years the great Italian agitator lived in comparative quiet and obscurity in London, and when he again ventured upon active operations, his attacks were directed against the Roman or Neapolitan States: his credit was too low, and his means altogether inadequate, to create even the slightest disturbance either in Piedmont or Lombardy.

As a natural result of these insane movements, the cause of liberty suffered in Piedmont, and for nearly ten years Jesuits, gendarmes, and police-agents enjoyed an unenviable ascendancy. If conspiracy, however, went for a time out of date, not so the truly patriotic feeling: a great change was effected in the patriots' tactics. They offered their governments "Peace and Reconciliation."

The innate loyalty and sound judgment of the Piedmontese made it very natural that they should take the initiative in this new movement. Notwithstanding great political compression, Western Italy had produced, since Alfieri and Botta, the most robust and original minds. Gioberti, a sufferer from political persecution in 1833, dared, however, in his work, "*Il Primato*," published in 1843, at Brussels, in the land of exile, to proclaim to the Italians that everything was to be gained by seconding, not by thwarting, their governments. He aspired at a regeneration of Italy, to which all its princes, priests, monks, and the very Pope, the Jesuits, and the Austrians, should bear a part. He put every class, order, and power in Italy to a terrible test; he laid upon them a responsibility, threw upon them a spell, which only the Jesuits and the Austrians attempted to resist. Gioberti himself repudiated the former, in his "*Prolegomeni*;" Cesare Balbo, the son of the reforming minister under Victor Emanuel I., also put the Austrians out of the national pale, in his new work "*Delle Speranze d' Italia*." The ideas of these writers,

* Who was the then young fanatic Louis Mariotti?

together with Massimo d'Azeglio's (another Piedmontese) sublime invective against the Mazzini party, in his "*Ultimi Casi di Romagna*," laid the basis of the new creed of Italian patriots. Its articles were, "Peace and good-will to all that is national," implying a prospective "war against all that is foreign."

Charles Albert allowed free utterance in his states to these ambitious teachings. He even showed a tendency to go back to the ideas of reform which had ushered in his reign. Austria soon found an excuse for interference, and angry diplomatic notes opened the way to fiery words and hostile demonstrations. Charles Albert was, however, too much hampered by family ties, by Jesuits, diplomatic agents, and other peculiarities of his position, to act entirely as a free agent. Hence was he for a time ingloriously and unjustly called *Re Tentenna*—King Shilly-shally. By a strange turn of fortune a priest first crossed the Austro-Italian Rubicon. Pius IX. announced the alliance of the Catholic religion with the cause of Italian freedom and independence. Charles Albert then stood forward openly as the champion of the Pope and of his cause. Austria backed out of the contest for a time, and Italian regeneration went on apace. Suddenly the year of revolutions (1848) came. In five days the sway of Austria was swept from both Milan and Venice. Charles Albert set himself at the head of the movement, and crossed the Ticino to take a leading part in the supreme struggle with the foreign dominator. It is unnecessary now to detail the events of the campaign that followed, or to discuss M. Gallenga's account of the succession of military and political errors which entailed utter failure and discomfiture upon so great, so just, so noble a cause—one that had the sympathies of all right-thinking people throughout the world. The effort deserved to be carefully recorded in history, although the events are too recent, and prejudices are not yet sufficiently calmed down, to allow of their being satisfactorily discussed; and whilst we cautiously admit the historian's explanations, we feel gratified at having the affairs of Pastrengo, St. Lucia, Goito, Peschiera, Vicenza, Venetia, Aistova, and Milan placed before us in a simple, tangible, and yet comprehensive form.

The bearing of the first Italian War of Independence (and it cannot be the last) upon the other Italian states is a still more complicated theme.

It was not in one day, nor in two, that the Italians could recover from the amazement and consternation consequent upon that sudden downfall of their hopes; nor could they immediately calculate all the enormity of their losses, or go back to their original causes, or provide the best means of retrieval.

Lombardy and the whole Venetian territory, with the exception of its capital, were in the hands of their ancient oppressors; the war of "the Peoples," which Mazzini had so loftily promulgated from Lugano immediately on the king's downfall, was, notwithstanding some dashing feats of Garibaldi on the Lake Maggiore, immediately at an end; yet, after an inconsiderate attack by Welden on Bologna, where he was beaten, the Austrians did not seem disposed to push their victory beyond the limits of their own territory.

The Italians of Naples, Rome, Tuscany, and Piedmont, were therefore left to settle matters with their princes.

Naples had taken its measures beforehand, and abided. Six thousand foreign mercenaries were sufficient to give the tone to the native soldiery, and bore out the Bourbon in his unnatural struggle, not only against his

capital and continental provinces, but also against the more determined and implacable Sicilians.

But Rome and Tuscany never had any force, hardly any existence of their own. Without the *prestige* of Austria they could not stand a single day. That *prestige* was now, in spite of her recent victories, removed, and the fall of those governments was unavoidable. The subjects in Tuscany and Rome had only made peace with their princes in 1846. They had given the sore past to oblivion, only that the great national contest might be impeded by no domestic feuds; but those princes were deemed to have played false to the national cause, and their people looked upon them in a revengeful mood.

Rational men could have but little to hope from a renewal of the contest. But the Italians were mad, and clamoured for war. Their governments openly resisted, or feebly seconded, this frantic outcry. They—at least those of the Pope and the grand-duke—were overthrown.

Piedmont was left alone, with a scattered and discomfited army, an exhausted treasury, and a broken-hearted king.

Notwithstanding the mediation of foreign powers and the magnanimity of Austria—notwithstanding that, to use an expression of M. Gallenga's, the revolution was to be seen devouring its children in the person of Gioberti, who, deserting the democratic party, went so far into the ways of reaction as to propose an alliance with the King of Naples, by means of which he offered to put down republicanism in Central Italy, to restore the Pope and grand-duke, to bring together the scattered links of the long-projected Italian Confederation, previous to the renewal of a deadly struggle with Austria—the mad clamour of the war party gained the ascendancy, at a time when there was not only mistrust but even animosity in the ranks—the command was given to Chrzanowsky, and the historian, falling into the same error which he blames so much in others, says, "the first unknown adventurer who threw himself on their way, and even a more than suspected traitor, seemed to those imprudent democratic statesmen preferable to the Bavas, the Broglias, the La Marmoras, against whom the stolid popular outcry (of incapacity) had been raised."

The campaign of Novara barely lasted four days.

Charles Albert, the worn-out king, turned out. Perrone, Passalacqua, and others of the so-called aristocratic generals, ranged themselves by the king's side. With the best of their blood they redeemed their pledge to king and country. Their cry as they fell was, "One more for the honour of old Piedmont!" Some of the foot regiments, the horse, and the artillery, preferred death to disgrace. But the democratic battalions were "as good as their word." They cried "Treason!" and turned their dastardly back upon the enemy!

Those words that are said to have been wrung from Charles Albert on that fatal day, "All is lost, *even honour!*" were, if truly reported, not just. Those of his Piedmontese who *would* fight, still showed they knew how; the rest only *longed* to be beaten; the cowardly fugitives filled the measure of their baseness by plunder and the most dreadful outrages, both at Novara and in the surrounding country to which defeat scattered them.

The king and his sons had been lavish of their lives. Indeed the ill-starred Charles Albert had been heard to exclaim, with a voice of anguish, "Let me die; this is my last day!" and again, with greater bitterness, "Is there not a cannon-ball for us to-day?" And he deserved the soldier's death which was denied him. But all was no less over. In the evening, he abdicated the crown in favour of his son, the Duke of Savoy; he then disappeared from the

field, hurried to hide his grief and disgrace in a distant land, and died, on the 29th of July, at Oporto.

Peace be to his memory! He who so signally proved himself unable to conquer, knew at least how to die. It is not given to every man, by one hour of sublime sorrow, thus to redeem the errors of a whole life. There are no suspicions which such an agony had not power to allay, no prejudices which that lonely death-bed could not remove, no enemies that would not be reconciled on that grave.

The reign of the present gallant ally of France and England has not been void of incidents. The first act of Victor Emanuel II. was to sign an armistice, and England and France stepped in to obtain for the new king fair and honourable conditions of peace. Genoa had still to enjoy a day of madness. The people rose in insurrection on the 28th of March, 1849, but the revolt was at once suppressed by the skill and determination of General La Marmora. The presence of Guerrazzi in Tuscany, and of Mazzini in Rome, also entailed some further disasters. According to M. Gallenga, "the Romans had to choose between Mazzini and the Pope! The French must needs force the Pope down their throats. Thus it was that they hallowed republicanism and made a demigod of Mazzini."

The grand-duke, for whose return his loyal Tuscans had paved the way, chose to make his solemn entrance into Florence in an Austrian uniform, at the head of Austrian bayonets. The two hundred millions of Catholics on whom Pius IX. had built his hopes, decreed that the Roman people were the property of a priest, and could have no voice on their own destiny. The French republicans took upon themselves the execution of the outrageous sentence: no wonder the very stones of the old city rose against them!

For the hundredth time Europe conspired to the destruction of Italy. Italy was resolved not to fall without a generous armed protest.

The iniquity of the attack called forth the resistance of despair. The defence of Rome, the no less glorious but more stainless deeds of Venice, the self-immolation of Brescia, the struggle in Sicily, ennobled in the eyes of Europe a cause which grievous errors and revolting crimes had, otherwise, irreparably condemned.

Who will venture to calculate the effects of dear-bought experience, of heart-burning disenchantment, the remorse of a people forcibly sobered down by the cruel downfall of their hopes? Who will despair of the future?

How many towns were taken by siege and storm, burnt and levelled to the ground, during the thirty years' struggle from the Diet of Roncaglia to the Peace of Constance, in the days of the Lombard League of old? How many times did the Italians fly before the iron-cased warriors of the north, how deplorably did they waste their strength in base municipal jealousies, how many of them did, in blind perversity of heart, swell the ranks of their common enemy, and lead the way in his work of destruction? But common evils at last brought the erring ones to their senses. The harshness of that common enemy taught them union in spite of themselves, and with union came confidence in their own forces; self-reliance made them irresistible.

That victory led to no lasting results, it is true; but even from that imperfect assertion of independent existence, the Italians derived sufficient vigour to be enabled for centuries to lead the van of European civilisation, and to confer on the sister-nations benefits which will not allow these latter, even at the present day, to look upon their fate with indifference, which must needs qualify the contempt with which their oppressors affect to treat them.

Italy was no worse off at the capitulation of Milan, in 1848, than she was at the burning of the same town in 1162. Yet from the latter catastrophe to the decisive battle of Legnano only fourteen years elapsed.

From the desolation of utter despair to the most signal triumph, fourteen years only!

And who shall wish to hurry God's work? Who shall despair of the future?

History itself is of little use unless it teaches us either to prophesy for the future, or to guide us in the progress of new events and circumstances. The lesson taught to M. Gallenga, by his able and comprehensive view of the past history of Piedmont, is future aggrandisement—the incorporation or absorption of Lombardy into the kingdom of the Lower Alps. This is, to say the least of it, opposed to his own prolegomena—"Piedmont is a state of God's own making." We will, however, let him have his own say:

We raise not the curtain of future events. We have merely been investigating the memorials of bygone ages, and would not even vouch for the accuracy of the saying, that "the Past is parent to the Future."

There are great facts, slowly and silently ripening in the womb of fate, with utter unconsciousness of the men that are mainly instrumental in their consummation. The race of Humbert only aimed at the increment of the State of Savoy; the result was the formation of the people of Piedmont. That people has, for the last seven years, been redeeming the Italian character, giving the lie to the ungenerous men who cried down a whole nation as hopelessly sunk and degenerate.

Piedmont is rehabilitating Italy, achieving a moral conquest a thousand times more glorious than any armed subjugation. Friends and foes will be equally convinced that either all Italy is to be raised to the level of Piedmont, or men must despair of God's justice upon earth.

In his bold, confident youth, an Italian patriot may have rejoiced in the firm belief that his age was destined to witness the rearing up of the whole edifice of Italian nationality. He must now be thankful to Heaven, if, dying, he can carry with him the conviction that the first stone—the corner-stone—is at least laid.

Italy may yet be a dream—but Piedmont is a reality.

King Victor Emanuel II. is daily expected on a visit to this country. An enthusiastic greeting is due to the prince, who, circumstanced as he has been, has not only defied Austrian insolence on the one hand, and Mazzini and his conspirators on the other, but has thrown down the gauntlet to the Pope; and while establishing constitutional liberty in his country, has at the same time rid it of the pious vermin with which it has been so long infested, and swept away the lazy herd of monks and friars.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS WARES.

FROM THE DANISH.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Good folks, good folks ! come buy of me,
 I've every sort of ware !
 A large collection you shall see,
 Your money do not spare !
 I've goods for all within my pack,
 There's everything that you can lack.
 Make haste ! Great bargains I will sell to-day—
 Come then, good folks, choose from them while ye may !

Come widows ! handsome husbands buy—
 They seldom sell so low.
 Come fops ! a little sense pray try—
 You need it much, you know.
 Are any hearts on titles set ?
 Here rank and station they may get.
 Make haste ! Great bargains I will sell to-day—
 Come then, good folks, choose from them while ye may !

Coquettes ! come see my airs and graces !
 The best of rouge I sell ;
 Time's cruel havoc it effaces,
 'Tis sure to suit you well.
 Old dotards come ! Here you will find
 Brides of eighteen quite to your mind.
 Make haste ! Great bargains I will sell to-day—
 Come then, good folks, choose from them while ye may !

For those who are with less content
 Fools' caps and bells I've got ;
 And eye-glasses, through which 'tis meant
 To view things as they're not.
 And spectacles I have for those
 Who cannot see beyond their nose.
 Make haste ! Great bargains I will sell to-day—
 Come then, good folks, choose from them while ye may !

Of Love sincere, and Friendship true,
 I own my stock is small—
 But customers, full well I knew,
 Seldom for these things call.
 And if such wares were asked for—well !
 I've counterfeits enough to sell.
 Make haste ! Great bargains I will sell to-day—
 Come then, good folks, choose from them while ye may !

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OUR grandsires seem to have considered that the greater horror they could excite by the severity of their punishments, the greater check it would be to crime—they never dreamed that they might convert public resentment into commiseration, and indignation at the culprit's crimes into pity for his sufferings. Thus perjury, cheating, libelling, retailing with false weights and measures, forestalling the market, offences in baking and brewing, as adulterations, &c., and forging title deeds, were punishable with the pillory—a sort of cage having a hole in which the neck was locked, and wherein the offenders were publicly exposed in the most frequented thoroughfares; and the wretch who would in this position have excited nothing but contempt or disgust, was made a martyr or a hero by having his ears nailed to the pillory and cut off, being whipped afterwards through the public thoroughfares, having his tongue bored with a red-hot iron, or his nose slit, or being branded with the initial letter of the offence for which he suffered—as “S. L.,” for seditious libeller, on either cheek; “M.,” for manslaughter, or “T.,” for thief, on the left hand; “R.,” for rogue and vagabond, on the shoulder; and “P.,” for perjury, on the forehead; and, as the papers always described how he bore the punishment “with great fortitude,” the coldest said, in pity, “Poor fellow!” whilst the enthusiastic, forgetting his crime in his sufferings, exclaimed in admiration, “Brave man!”

Boring the tongue was, as late as the reign of Queen Anne, a military punishment for an officer guilty of blasphemy, and, according to Grose, was the only corporal punishment an officer could suffer. The branding in the hand was generally inflicted in open court, and immediately after the judge had passed a sentence. “In many of the old courts may still be seen the iron staple, large enough for the fingers, and the half-handcuff on a hinge, to hold down the wrist, in which the culprit's hand was placed, and burnt with a small brand-iron on the brawn of the left thumb.” (1837.) But the branding on the cheeks or the forehead was performed by the executioner on the pillory.

The pillory was set up on such spots as Charing-Cross, Cheapside, Saint Paul's Churchyard (facing Ludgate-hill), Cornhill (by the Royal Exchange), the Poultry, and Aldgate. In the Poultry, Daniel De Foe was pilloried for publishing a libel in his “Shortest Way with the Dissenters,” which gave occasion for Pope's ungenerous line,

Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe.

And Curll and Mist, the booksellers, were also similarly punished for libels. And in this exalted position atrocious offenders were assailed by the mob with such gentle missiles as brickbats, stones, mud, dead rats or cats, rotten eggs, bad oranges, &c., as well as the foulest language, and with such violence that several died under the attack. But very different was the case with those who were supposed to be suffering for conscience's sake; they were loudly cheered, and the officers of justice roughly used;

and the "martyrs" converted the pillory into a desk from which to harangue the multitude or distribute tracts and pamphlets, and descended from it as from a car of triumph, working themselves into a frenzy of fanatical enthusiasm that soon produced a goodly crop of written violence, and spread as a contagion among those who witnessed them.

Such was, in these cases, the effect of the pillory. The process of the punishment may be judged from the following extract:

"Thursday, Japhet Cook, *alias* Sir Peter Stringer, who was sometime since convicted of forging deeds of conveyance of two thousand acres of land belonging to Mr. Garbett and his wife, lying in the parish of Claxton,* in the county of Essex, was brought by the keeper of the King's Bench to Charing-Cross, where he stood in the pillory from twelve till one, pursuant to his sentence. The time being near expired, he was set on a chair on the pillory, when the hangman, *dressed like a butcher*, came to him, and, with a knife like a gardener's pruning-knife, cut off his ears, and with a pair of scissors slit both his nostrils; all which Cook bore with great patience, but, at the searing with a hot iron of his right nostril, the pain was so violent that he got up from his chair; his left nostril was not seared, so he went from the pillory bleeding."—*Fog's Weekly Journal*, June 12th, 1731.

Here is a pillory scene from the *Annual Register* of 1759:

"June 25th.—Samuel Scrimshaw and James Ross stood in the pillory for sending a threatening letter to extort a large sum of money from Humphery Morrice, Esquire, and were severely pelted by the populace; but one of the sheriff's officers, having received an affront by being too near the pillory, drew his sword, and fell pell-mell among the thickest of the people, cutting his way indiscriminately through men, women, and children. This diverted the fury of the mob from the criminals to the officer, who, not being able to stand against such numbers, made good his retreat to an adjoining alley, where not above two or three could press upon him at a time, and so escaped."

The sheriff's officer was not worse treated than any passenger might have been at the moment; the mob always had a passion for chasing and tormenting *something*—they cared little for the crimes of the exposed culprits; any indifferent spectator, standing idly by, was equal game, and, as he wiped the mud from his brocaded waistcoat or embroidered coat, or picked up and carefully wiped his soiled laced hat, the roguish 'prentice was always ready with an excuse—" 'Twas a mistake, your honour—a sheer accident;" or perhaps the bespattered dandy got no apology but a hearty horse-laugh. What says Gay?

When elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board, the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones, pour
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs—a mingled shower
Among the rabble rain; some random throw
May, with the trickling yolk, thy cheek o'erflow.

To stem and control the violence of the popular fury, large guards were required, as in the following case from the *Craftsman* of November the 25th, 1786:

* This may be a mistake. We cannot trace any parish of this name in Essex. *Claxton* must be meant.

"Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, Mr. A——, the attorney, was brought from Newgate in an hackney-coach, and put into the pillory, which was fixed in the middle of Palace-yard, opposite Westminster Hall gate, and stood for one hour. He was attended by the sheriffs, under-sheriffs, and two city marshals, and about *six hundred* constables, who kept everything quiet. It is supposed that upwards of four thousand people were assembled; but, owing to the sheriffs and other officers keeping a continual look-out, and riding on horseback about Palace-yard the whole time, not any disturbance happened. He was then put into an hackney coach, and carried back to Newgate."

Another description of pillory, now nearly gone out of use, was the parish stocks, in which drunken brawlers were locked by the heels, with a block to sit upon, till they came to a sober repentance. On the same spot, forming, in fact, part of the stocks, was usually set up in each parish—generally in the market-place of a town, or the most public part of a village—a post, to which rogues and vagabonds were chained by the wrists, and publicly whipped.

But the most general form of whipping was what was called "flogging at the cart's tail," when the criminal was tied to the back of a cart, slowly driven, and flogged through the town by the common executioner, attended by the crowds of idle vagabonds who are always found, hardening themselves for their own turn, at such degrading and demoralising exhibitions. One Stroud, in 1751, was whipped through the streets several times, at monthly intervals, on a conviction for swindling.

Nor was this passion for corporal punishment and whipping (which we regret to see of late years regaining favour) restrained by any considerations of sex, for we find, in the *Westminster Journal* of October the 29th, 1774, that, at the Old Bailey in London, on October the 24th, "Ann Leaver, convicted of grand larceny, was sentenced to be branded in the hand; and (October 25th) Catharine Clark, for petit larceny, to be privately whipped."

In his "Coffee-House Politician," Fielding alludes to this mode of punishing women, making *Staff the Constable* say to *Old Politics'* daughter, "If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose" (Act I., Scene 1); and again, in his "Grub-street Opera:"

Smaller misses for their kisses
Are in Bridewell banged.

In his "Covent Garden Tragedy" he twice mentions it. Thus *Mother Punchbowl* asks *Bilkum* whether he would

Follow the attractive cart, and see
The hangman lift the virgal rod?

And, afterwards, *Gallows* says to her, he would give a crown to some poor justice to commit her to Bridewell, "where I will come and see thee flogged myself."

But if all these barbarities of punishment were publicly known, how much will remain for ever hidden that was inflicted within the depths of the Fleet and Bridewell prisons! The print of Hogarth, in the series of "The Harlot's Progress," shows us the interior of Bridewell at about the middle of the last century, and exposes the system which gave the power of inflicting severe punishments into the hands of ignorant, ill-regulated,

and brutal taskmasters. The unhappy prisoners were completely at the mercy of the governors, warders, gaolers, and turnkeys (for even the magistrates would accept bribes from these petty tyrants, to stifle any investigation into their cruelties and extortions), who abused their power most shamefully, and, at their caprice, if their wretched captives were unable or unwilling to perform the work allotted to them, they were punished at the whipping-post with little distinction of age or sex, or suspended by the wrists in a pair of stocks, or clogged with a heavy block round their ankles. The labour exacted from them (beating hemp) was of a nature to fatigue and exhaust the frame and debilitate the constitution, the dust arising from it causing catarrhs, asthmas, and pulmonary diseases, blinding the eyes, and irritating the throat; yet, if they paused for breath, or to relieve their wearied arms, the taskmaster was at their elbow, with his implements of torture ready for them. But even on the debtors confined in the Fleet prison the same cruelties were practised. What says Thomson?

The gloomy gaol,
Unpitied and unheard where misery moans;
Where sickness pines—where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While, in the land of liberty—the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants raged:
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth:
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed:
E'en robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton, to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes,
And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toiled or bled.

“Drag forth,” he cries,

Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pain they give!

The “legal monsters” were dragged forth into light, but, unfortunately, they were never made to feel the pain they gave. A committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1727 to inquire into the internal discipline of the Fleet; and a long catalogue of cruelty, extortion, and corruption, was revealed. The fees squeezed out of one prisoner alone, a Mr. Castell, an architect, before he was allowed to enter the prison, amounted to forty-five pounds, one shilling and, on his resisting a further extortion, he was arrested within the liberties of the prison, and would have had to go through the same process again, but that he caught the small-pox in the sponging-house, and died. Another victim examined, who fainted at the dread of returning to the Fleet, and ruptured a blood-vessel in his anguish, was a Portuguese, who had been chained in a loathsome dungeon for months. The instruments of torture that were brought forward caused a thrill of horror in the committee-room, and, a searching investigation being excited, it was discovered that it was not only Bambridge, the then warden, who had been guilty of these practices, but his predecessor, Huggins, and perhaps many before, had almost equalled him in cruelty. The corruption that had

been carried on was unbounded. A smuggler named Boyce was enabled to purchase such privileges, that Bambridge had several times broken down the prison wall to enable him to pass in and out. One prisoner was commissioned to purchase wines in France, whither he was permitted to go, with bills accepted by a tipstaff, who, at last refusing to accept more, the prisoner returned and divided his gains with his gaolers. At this prison, as well as at Newgate, the prisoners were allowed to stand at a wicket or grating in the wall which abutted upon the street and collect alms from the passers-by, with the doleful cry of "Pray remember the poor debtors!" And even this poor-box was pillaged by the keepers of the prison; and yet the perpetrators of these villainies were acquitted on a Crown prosecution, although, it is true, they were never reinstated in their posts.

The state of things at Newgate was little better; the same features of cruelty and corruption pervaded that prison. The poorer class of debtors were indiscriminately placed amongst the worst of felons; debtors of better means were charged a heavy rent annually for separate apartments, and even premiums were demanded varying from twenty to five hundred pounds. Filth, lawlessness, and disorder reigned throughout the gaol; most of the cells were destitute of beds or any description of furniture; a sort of canteen for the sale of vile spirits in short measures, and at exorbitant charges, was kept within the walls; and, to add to the horrors of the place, in one part was a room known as "Jack Ketch's Kitchen," from its being the chamber in which that functionary boiled the quarters of persons executed for high treason, in oil, pitch, and tar, prior to their being publicly exposed.

The abuses in the provincial gaols almost equalled those of the London prisons. The *London Magazine* of July, 1741, lets us into a strange secret connected with the county gaol of Hertford. It appears that the gaoler, one Oxenton, kept "an inn opposite to the prison," and only occasionally went over with his men to see that his prisoners were safe. On the 21st of June, in the year above mentioned, he visited it at four o'clock in the morning, when he found four highwaymen, who were lying under sentence of death, had succeeded in breaking their chains, and speedily overpowered him and his men. He contrived, however, to escape, and sent for Robert Hadsley, Esquire, the high sheriff, who, on the convicts being secured, ordered one of them, Charles Cox, "to be hanged on the arch of the sign-iron belonging to the gaoler's house, and the others to be immediately executed, pursuant to their sentence, in the ordinary way."

We can afford no further space to dwell upon the gross abuses of the prisons at this period, but those who are curious in these details we would refer to the opening chapters of Fielding's "*Amelia*," wherein the generous and not "trading" Westminster justice exposes the extortions to which the unfortunate prisoners were subjected; or to Miss Williams's pathetic story in Smollett's "*Roderick Random*," in which is revealed that scandalous practice, the setting of *unconvicted* prisoners to hard labour, under the penalty of most degrading punishments. She was only arrested on suspicion of a felony, yet, before trial, she says, she was "often whipped into a swoon, and lashed out of it;" and her attempt, goaded by torture and despair, to commit suicide, "was punished with thirty stripes, the pain of which bereft her of her senses."

Other abominable abuses, connived at by the administrators of the law, reigned without the prison walls, and whilst within the gaol the innocent were often punished with merciless rigour, beyond them, the notoriously guilty, the outlawed debtor, the highwayman with a price upon his head, roamed at large and unmolested in the sanctuary of the Old Mint. The sanctuaries of the Savoy and Whitefriars were broken up, but as late as the middle of the reign of the first George the precincts of the Old Mint in Southwark were uninvaded by peace-officers, untrodden by the feet of bailiffs. With a few of its immunities still left to it (although deprived of its principal ones by a statute of William the Third), its lawless inhabitants contrived to preserve it sacred from the visits of the law. A regular organisation gave security to the proclaimed debtor, robber, and murderer; the arm of justice could not—*dared* not reach him in the Old Mint. No bailiffs or police-officers were allowed to enter within its precincts; a “Master of the Mint,” with his body-guard and officers, was appointed for the internal discipline and government of the sanctuary; and, to guard against invasion of its privileges from without—even if such, in madness, should be attempted—scouts and sentinels were posted at all the outlets; and thus crime held it against law and justice until the statute of George the First swept away its few remaining exemptions and protections, and left it, what it long after remained, simply “a bad neighbourhood.”

The system pursued at the roundhouses, watchhouses, compters, and cages, was equally atrocious to that of the superior gaols—even murder has been committed and hushed up within their walls; but whilst a system of wanton barbarity, which had grown up in an absence of proper regulations and control, prevailed in all places for the reception of prisoners, tried or untried, a false system of treatment, engendered by erroneous notions and ignorance of the cause or cure of the worst malady that flesh is heir to, produced the same brutalising effects in our madhouses. All prospect of recovery was entirely extinguished by the course of treatment pursued, and the tottering reason for ever driven in terror from its throne by the stern treatment with which it was assailed. Chains and whips, hard words and harder blows, were the portion of the unhappy lunatics, even in the public asylums: they were to be restrained by manacles and handcuffs, by scourgings and violence—but not an effort was made to soothe, to comfort, to calm them. Some were half-starved, others left to filth and vermin; emaciated nakedness, matted filth, and murderous coercion, were to be met with in every cell of Old Bethlehem. Lunacy was dealt with as a crime, and its victims punished accordingly—the raving madman confined with the harmless idiot; males and females in the same wards; and the first beam of recovery and ray of returning sanity shut out by the darkened atmosphere around, and startled back by the screams of agony, the groans of neglected suffering, and the clanking of chains and fetters.

So much for the cruelties of legal discipline to repress outrage and “protect the public;” and to show the extent to which it was thought necessary to enforce respect to the laws, we may mention that, in one year alone, 1732, during the mayoralty of Sir Francis Child, five hundred and two persons were indicted at the Old Bailey in London only, of whom seventy received sentence of death, two hundred and eight were transported, eight fined, imprisoned, or pilloried, four burnt in the

hand, and four whipped, the remainder being acquitted. And this in a population by nearly a century and a quarter's increase smaller than it is now!

From these dismal pictures we may turn to witness an amusing freak of the law, when it took cognizance of scolding women, and punished them with the cucking-stool.

"Scolding women," says Chamberlayne, "are to be set in a trebuchet, commonly called a cucking-stool, from the French '*coquin*,' and the German '*stuhl*,' placed over some deep water, into which they are thrice let down, to cool their choler and heat." In 1705, one Mrs. Foxby was convicted of being a scold at the Maidstone sessions; and as late as 1776, according to Mr. Weeld's letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1803, the cucking-stool, or tumbrel, as it was sometimes called, was the preliminary punishment of women committed to the Liverpool house of correction. Gay alludes to this punishment in his "*Shepherd's Week* :—

I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool,
On the long plank, hangs o'er the muddy pool;
That stool the dread of every scolding quean.

West's Poems, published in 1780, also give a description of its application :

Down in the deep the stool descends,
But here at first we miss our ends;
She mounts again, and rages more
Than ever vixen did before;
So, throwing water on the fire
Will make it burn up but the higher.
If so, my friends, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake,
And, rather than your patient lose,
Thrice and again repeat the dose;
No brawling wives—no furious wenches—
No fire so hot but water quenches.

As we have already had occasion to remark, other offences which now-a-days would scarcely be noticed, or only visited with a nominal fine, were severely resented by the ever jealous law. Thus, in 1796, one Kydd Wake, for hissing the king on the 29th of October, 1795, and crying "No War!" &c., was sentenced to be imprisoned for five years, with hard labour, in Gloucester Penitentiary, to stand in the pillory once within the first three months, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for ten years; and in 1797, a clerk in the Post-office, named Wharton, was fined thirty pounds and imprisoned a week in the Compter for knocking at the door of one Sarah Slapp, between the hours of twelve and one in the morning of the 6th of January, and throwing stones at the windows.

The old forms of punishment under the ecclesiastical law continued in use to a later date than those of the criminal laws, which were occasionally revised and altered to suit the progress and refining feelings of the times. In the eighteenth century, the sight was not unfrequent of some conscience-stricken sinner going through the following punishment: "Public Penance.—The delinquent is to stand in the church-porch upon some Sunday, bare head and bare foot, in a white sheet and a white rod in his hand, there bewailing himself, and begging every one that passes by to

pray for him ; then to enter the church, falling down and kissing the ground ; then, in the middle of the church is he or she eminently placed, in the sight of all the people, and over against the minister, who declares the foulness of his crime odious to God and scandalous to the congregation," &c.

Christian burial rites, also, were refused by the Church of England to " persons dying excommunicate, to such as are hanged for felony, or that wilfully kill themselves, and to apostates and heretics ;" and, moreover, excommunicates were " disabled to be plaintiffs in a suit of law," &c.

The severest punishment in the internal discipline of the Church with which clergymen were visited, was "*Deprivatio ab officio*," "*Depositio*," or "*Degradatio*," by which he was entirely deprived of his orders, with the following ceremony: " The bishop, in a solemn manner, pulls off from the criminal his vestments and other ensigns of his order, and this in the presence of the civil magistrate, to whom he is then delivered, to be punished as a layman for the like offence."

The law was also very jealous of its dignity, and would not put up with being treated disrespectfully. " For striking in the King's Court, whereby blood is drawn, the punishment is that the criminal shall have his right hand stricken off in a sad and solemn manner;" but, " for striking in Westminster Hall, whilst the courts of justice are sitting, is imprisonment during life, and forfeiture of all one's estate." Rather a severe penalty for a hasty blow !

The House of Commons, too, was particularly fond of showing its respect for the constitutional liberty of the press, by pursuing with fire, if not with sword, any obnoxious publication. Thus John Wilkes's celebrated *North Briton*, No. 45, was burned by the common hangman, as were also Wolston's Tracts, Doctor Saccohavel's Sermon (in front of the Royal Exchange), &c.; and an entry in the Journals of the House, dated February the 25th, 1702-8, states that folios 11, 18, and 26 of De Foe's "*Shortest Way with the Dissenters*" having been read to the House, it " Resolved that the book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman in New Palace-yard." But the pitiful vengeance of this enlightened parliament was not satiated by seeing De Foe's plans go off in smoke—the writer was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned, and reckoned his pecuniary loss from this persecution to have amounted to three thousand five hundred pounds sterling.

As the imprisonment of the lord mayor and one of the aldermen by order of the House of Commons is so familiar a matter of history, we need only remind our readers, in illustration of the extraordinary " measures of repression" taken in those days, that the lord mayor and Alderman Oliver were committed to the Tower on March the 27th, 1771, for liberating two printers arrested within the city by a messenger of the House of Commons and the deputy sergeant-at-arms on a charge of printing the debates in parliament—an extreme measure taken in total disregard of the privileges of the city of London. The state prisoners (who received great ovations on their progress to and from the Tower, and who were visited during their confinement by many distinguished sympathisers) were liberated on the prorogation of the parliament, on July the 23rd, in the same year.

SOMETHING IN THE CITY.

BUT what? Precisely the question we have ourselves been on the point of asking scores of times, and have as often withheld, from the utter hopelessness of penetrating beyond these vague and mysterious words which enshroud so many of our fellow-creatures. We want to know why we are always to be told at dinner-parties that the stubborn-haired, white-chokered man, with the *£ s. d.* cast of countenance, is "something in the City," and why no further communication—as the *Times* says—can be admitted on the subject. We want to know what it is that entitles a man to be called "something in the City." Can the individual who is always offering for sale, and never seems to sell, straps and slippers in St. Paul's-churchyard, or the merchant of greater pretensions, who appears to drive an equally brisk trade in miniature coal-scuttles and diminutive frying-pans in front of the Mansion-house, lay claim to the distinction? Or, to carry our speculations still further, is our highly-respected friend, Mr. John Smith, as he walks down Cheap-side with the view of investing his little savings in legitimate Three per Cent. Consols, or somewhat dubious Five-and-a-Half per Cent. Abyssinian Stock (according to the advice of Messrs. Lowstock and Premium, his brokers)—is Mr. John Smith, we repeat, when passing through this phase of his existence, an embodiment of these symbolic words? We venture to assert that not even the ghost of Lord Eldon, or a City policeman, would hesitate to admit that all the three instances we have brought forward, both literally and physically, answer to the description. Consequently here we ought to rest satisfied; and this, we confess, is exactly the state of mind in which we are not. If the oldest ally of our highly-respected friend Mr. John Smith (who, we are bound to state, even at the risk of revealing professional confidences, holds a responsible office somewhere under her Majesty's government) were to assert publicly across a dinner-table that his friend was "something in the City," who would feel surprised if the said John Smith, who holds his service to his Queen to be the most cherished link—after Mrs. Smith and the numerous young Smiths—in the chain that binds him to existence, should meet that statement—and justly so—with an indignant denial? We must be admitted, therefore, to rest as much in the dark as ever. For as to the abstract question which is involved in deciding with accuracy where the physical presence of a man in the "City" begins or ends, it can be of no practical importance or interest except to the seedy-looking party in Fleet-street, who, having effected a rapid transfer of stock from his neighbour's pocket to his own, proceeds to execute an equally quick movement through Temple-bar from an uneasy consciousness that the eye of Sergeant Lurker, of the City detectives, is upon him, and that that active officer is rapidly moving up to the front in chase.

We have a lively recollection of being haunted by a certain individual in society, and on one occasion we were beguiled by a fatal curiosity to inquire into his antecedents. Again did those dread words which we have placed at the head of this paper—"only this and nothing more"—

fall upon our ears. Utterly disgusted, we attempted to retire within ourselves and forget the source of our mortification. But Bluebeard's bottle-imp had grappled with and overcome our judgment, and the more we saw of the man the more our imagination tortured us with fantastical solutions of the difficulty. We even faced him boldly, and endeavoured to extract from his observations some clue to his calling, but he was the reverse of the Israelite in whom there was no guile, and—unconsciously, as we thought then, only too consciously we are sure now—he baffled us in our attempts. At length, one evening, when we had for some time been watching him, and our speculations had been even wilder and more riotous than usual, the fatal truth flashed upon us. The prompt alacrity with which he sprang forward when there was a call for anything or anybody (it was a musical party)—the suspicious manner in which he hung about generally with a blandness of aspect scarcely ever disturbed—the rigid accuracy of the white tie, combined with an habitual disregard of certain rules of pronunciation, which, however neglected by some classes, are still held in veneration by the disciples of Lindley Murray—all these circumstances forced upon us the horrid conviction that we had been fraternising with a waiter—it might be the head man—from the London Tavern! So strongly have we become impressed with this idea, that we firmly believe not even an affidavit to the contrary, sworn by the man himself before all the commissioners for taking oaths of all sorts (and there are not a few of them), would induce us to relinquish this opinion. Admitting, however, for a moment, that we have done this man injustice—that, instead of having dropped the official napkin, with its attendant fees and salaries, and sought the repose of private life and the enjoyment of a tolerably good income, he should stand forward as the representative of some colossal house, with a near view of an aldermanic chair and a distant prospect of the civic throne—we may reasonably ask who is to blame for the mistake? Of course we protest against ourselves being considered in fault, and the ambiguous individual is, we presume, to be held equally blameless. Our only resource, then—and for which fortunately, we have very high authority now-a-days—is to attack the system; the system which is by no means uncommon of calling things by their wrong names, and indulging in a looseness and inaccuracy of expression generally.

Not the least strange part of the matter is, that the City appears to enjoy an almost entire monopoly of this peculiar nomenclature. Surely one profession has an equal right with another to indulge in an incognito, and yet who ever hears of this or that man being known as "something in Lincoln's Inn," or "something in Saville-row." Will any one be good enough to inform us why one class of men are expected to move about neatly placarded with a brass plate and an extract from the Directory, while another set are tolerated with a slovenly imitation of their "get up" in the shape we are now discussing? Neither law nor medicine (so evidently think their representatives) see any reason to be ashamed of themselves, and to appear like bandits at the Transpontine Theatres with slouched hats and darkly mysterious cloaks. Is it possible that we can unconsciously have dropped upon one cause of the indefinite existence of our City friends?—and so, because practices are carried on eastward of Temple-bar without (to say the least of it) "clean hands," and innumer-

able dirty tricks become the necessary consequence, our excellent friends in the same district of the metropolis are anxious not to be too particular as to their description of themselves? Because it is no libel to say that Mr. Melchizedek Shirk—who is *not* on the Stock Exchange—advertises shares in the North-east and South-west Tolbooth Mine at ten shillings each, and invariably informs his customers on inquiry that he can only procure them at one pound or five-and-twenty shillings (according to Mr. Shirk's fancy or the appearance of his victim), or that Wyndham Flasher, Esq., who also is not on the Exchange, but hovers on the verge of the sacred precincts, is choicest in his studs and particular about his tailor, fails some fine morning for a heavy figure, comprising therein the hard-earned savings of his friend Brown, intended by that deluded individual to have been safely lodged in consols,—are these, we want to know, sufficient reasons for men of the highest respectability being known as “something in the City?” Surely, when black sheep may be counted by the score, there seems to be so much the more reason for the untainted members of the flock to single themselves out at once, and so to do away with the necessity of quarantine regulations. We hasten, therefore, to repudiate our own suggestion, convinced that it can have no foundation in truth. The system alone must be to blame; and to the system, therefore, we should address ourselves; but it is clearly impossible that the expression, the abuse of which we are attacking, could have become so common, had it not been generally adopted and encouraged. If our friends in the City cannot show cause against it, the rule must be made absolute for them to be slightly less indefinite in speaking of themselves—whether they live in Crown-court or Cornhill. Seriously speaking, without calling upon all men to be mathematically exact, we may reasonably expect that those who are professionally engaged in the City shall not be known—algebraically speaking—as unknown quantities. If certain individuals wish to keep “dark”—well and good, they are at perfect liberty in this free country to do so. But then they must take the consequences. Society eyes them like a doubtful shilling, and very properly considers that the process of taking them in may be conducted—in the language of insurance offices—upon mutual terms.

END OF VOL. CV.





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